

She patted her face before searching for her phone to send a text message to Trisha.

The text message read: Trish, what does it mean if you're blushing and your heart beats fast when someone leaned close to you?

Trisha's reply was quick: I often experience this. My parents said that it's because I have mild autism and a social anxiety disorder. Are you also having these problems? Have you seen a psychiatrist?



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As Arielle recalled, the Wilhelms would bring her and Henry for medical checkups every year. The checkups, however, were always only physical, never psychological.

It might be true that she, like Trisha, could have a little mental disability.

It seemed like it was about time she consulted a psychologist.

Arielle's deep-rooted frustration evaporated instantly after she convinced herself that she was suffering from a mental disorder.

Night was drawing in slowly.

A thick blanket of darkness covered the earth. While the stars and the moon hung high in the sky, Rocher Private Hospital was illuminated as brightly as day.

In an emergency room.

“Adrenaline, stat!”

“Get more blood from the blood bank!”

“Platelet count is dropping!”

“It's no use. We need Queenie here. You, page Dr. Mill right now.”

“Yes, Dr. Ziegler.”

The situation in the emergency room was disastrous.

Half an hour ago, Malorie unexpectedly fell unconscious and was rushed to the hospital's emergency room.

On top of being anxious, Henrick was unable to sit still. He paced back and forth in front of the emergency room entrance. Smoking cigarettes as he paced, stick after stick, the ashes rained down and covered the floor.

At that precise moment, the emergency room's door opened.

A nurse rushed out from the emergency room.

Henrick rushed over and asked her, "How's my mom?"

Henrick's breath smelt strongly of cigarette smoke as he talked. The nurse tightened her mask and replied, "We're still trying to save her. Just a reminder, sir. You can't smoke in here."

"Okay. Okay." Henrick put out the cigarette in his hand. He begged, "You must save my Mom!"

The nurse nodded. "I'm going to page the greatest surgeon in the hospital right now. Don't worry, we'll do everything we can to save her."

"Thank you, thank you." Henrick continually nodded. He didn't want to disturb the nurse's work.

Queenie was writing a thesis on a robotic pacemaker in

her office.

She wasn't personally involved in the previous robotic pacemaker surgery. She could, however, write a thesis based on the meticulously kept operative report. She might be able to advance her career in medicine as a result of the thesis.

Queenie carefully studied the operative report. According to the report, the surgical operator was the doctor from General Hospital. However, Zachary mentioned that Arielle was the one who installed the robotic pacemaker.

Why didn't Arielle sign her name if it was actually her? Likewise, how could she have performed surgery while still a student? Zachary must have made a mistake. That idiot.

Even though the surgery was not difficult, it did require a high level of experience and precision. Such skills could only be attained by a highly experienced surgeon who was also well-versed in the costly robotic pacemaker.

The more assumptions Queenie made, the more certain she became in her judgment.

At that moment, Queenie's office door was slammed open. A nurse frantically rushed into her room and yelled, "Dr. Mill, you need to get to emergency room number one as quickly as possible. The elderly woman who needed the robotic pacemaker yesterday is unconscious."

“I’ll go now.” Queenie shut off her laptop and quickly followed the nurse to the hospital’s emergency room.

While walking, she asked, “Do we have the robotic pacemaker yet?”

“No. It would be great if we did. I think surgery is all you can do now.”

Queenie’s surgical history was perfect. She had never had a failed surgery. Therefore, she wasn’t pleased to learn that Malorie’s procedure was incredibly risky. Not to mention that Malorie’s vitals were critical. The procedure’s success rate was reduced to only three percent.

A three percent success rate might easily jeopardize her spotless surgical history.



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Queenie walked quickly. She dressed into a surgical gown and entered the emergency room through a private pathway.

Zachary was so stressed that he was drenched in sweat. It wasn't until Queenie appeared that he seemed to calm down. He thoroughly explained the patient's condition to her.

Queenie's brows furrowed in worry the more she listened to Zachary's explanation.

With the ongoing conditions, the surgery's success rate was far lower than the initial three percent estimation.

Zachary placed the patient's life in Queenie's hands. From the looks of her face, he knew what Queenie was thinking. He said, "The surgery's success rate is too low. I'll ask a junior doctor to do it."

For a whole two seconds, Queenie was silent. As a doctor, she had witnessed far too many deaths. There was no way Queenie would risk her career on the life of an elderly woman.

Two seconds later, she broke silence. She nodded faintly and said, "That's the only solution. Come on, let's talk to her family."

Zachary nodded in agreement as soon as he heard that, and replied, "Okay. I'll come with you. The lawyer is ready, and he should be in my office by now."

"Great. You go get the lawyer then. I'll find a doctor to

replace us for the surgery. Let's meet at the emergency room entrance after that.”

Both of them went their separate ways. In order to avoid bumping into the patient's family, they took a private pathway.

Not long after, Zachary and the lawyer arrived at the emergency door entrance.

At that exact moment, Queenie walked out of the emergency room.

She found Malorie an inexperienced surgeon. This surgeon had only operated once in his entire career. His success rate wasn't important to him as a junior. What was more important were his clinical experiences.

Obviously, the inexperienced surgeon would accept Queenie's offer. Naturally, the name of the surgeon in charge was also altered in the operative report to this surgeon's name.

This also meant that regardless of how the surgery went, Queenie and Zachary would be unaffected.

They would still hold a flawless surgical history.

As soon as Henrick saw Queenie, he rushed forward and asked, “Dr. Mill, how is my mom?”

When Queenie pulled down her mask, her lovely eyes were unveiled. She shook her head and, in regret, she answered, “The patient's condition is really critical. We

still don't have the robotic pacemaker. This surgery has a three percent success rate. I strongly advise you to be prepared for whatever may come your way.”

Those words were a head-on blow for Henrick, and his mind went blank.

Malorie was gone.

Even after chasing Arielle away, Malorie still couldn't make it out alive.

What could happen to the family's coal mining business in his hometown after this?

Could he give up Southall Group in Jadeborough and return to his hometown?

After much contemplation, he finally decided to sell all of Southall Group's shares and return to his hometown to manage the coal mining business.

Southall Group was operating at a loss year after year. Even if he remained in the company, he would be unable to turn the company around.

Even the funding of their capital chain that sustained Southall Group was sourced from the family's coal mining business.

Given that Malorie had passed away and that there was no longer a chairman for the coal mining business, why didn't he sell the company and return to his hometown?



In Jadeborough, he was seen as a nonentity. However, in his hometown, he had the authority to instill fear and respect in the hearts of others.

Henrick was meticulously planning his future in his head when, all of a sudden, he remembered something Queenie had said to him the day before.

The robotic pacemaker!

He hoped to take advantage of his mother's death for a substantial cash windfall before he headed back to his hometown.

For Malorie to just die in that manner without making something useful of her life would be a cheap sacrifice.

“Where's that lady?” Henrick glared furiously at Queenie and Zachary and continued, “Didn't you both say that someone promised to bring the robotic pacemaker over today? If it weren't for her promise, my mom's surgery would have been much more successful. She must be accountable for this! Get her over here now!”



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Queenie and Zachary had been waiting for the patient's family to bring up the incident.

The moment Zachary heard Henrick's words, he introduced the lawyer standing next to him by saying, "This is Mr. Benson. He is a lawyer from Jadeborough's most prestigious law firm. As this is a case of medical malpractice, the hospital will also hold the lady accountable for it. Sign your name below. Let's make her pay for what she has done by bringing a lawsuit against her."

Henrick was a cunning man himself. He realized right away that the lady must've had a strained relationship with the pair. If that was not the case, they would not have prepared a lawyer.

Henrick appeared to be fully on board with their purpose.

Since they were no longer against each other, Henrick repressed his rage. Not only that, as soon as he saw his name stating that he was the plaintiff, he signed the documents without even looking over the fine print.

Upon seeing Henrick's signature, Zachary went on to say, "Please wait here while I contact the defendant."

He dialed the phone and spoke with the doctor in charge of the cafeteria patient at Jadeborough Private Hospital, in which he presented the issue in full in a serious manner.

The doctor couldn't believe what he was hearing. He

immediately hung up and contacted Arielle.

Arielle was just about to fall asleep when her phone rang, jarring her awake. She sighed and then picked up the phone.

When she heard what the doctor had to say, her face grew grim, and she responded, "Tell him that the device will be delivered immediately. There's still time. It will almost certainly arrive before twelve o'clock."

With Arielle's assertions, the doctor felt a sense of calm returning to him. He dialed Zachary's phone number once more.

Zachary answered the call. With a grin on his face, he asked, "How did it go? Was the young lady startled that she peed her pants?"

The doctor in charge raged, "Zachary Ziegler, where have you gone wrong with your medical ethics? Is it necessary to be that cruel to a young lady?"

"Don't be mad. It's not you I'm going against. In fact, I'm not even going against anyone. I'm just playing by the rules. She got herself into this situation by telling lies, and that has cost someone else's life."

With a snort, the doctor replied, "I'm sorry, but your schemes will fail. The device is nearly finished. It's only a little past eleven o'clock right now. It will be there at twelve o'clock sharp, as you requested. Just you wait."

After finishing his sentence, the doctor immediately

ended the phone call.

Zachary appeared to be displeased.

Was there a significant difference between twelve o'clock and half past eleven? At this point, just accept the fact that the device could not arrive on schedule. Why is he dragging this out longer?

Didn't the doctor ask him to wait?

There wasn't much that he could do about it other than waiting.

Zachary walked back to the emergency room entrance. His face was contorted with rage as he repeatedly mumbled the words of the doctor.

Queenie looked pale. She said, "I believe Arielle is taken aback. She must be in the search for lawyers to help her resolve the situation right now."

Zachary responded with a chuckle, "Even if she were to come up with a solution, it would be pointless. What she did cost a person's life. She may be able to avoid the judgement of the law, but that doesn't mean she will be able to avoid the judgement of her own conscience."

After hearing his thoughts, Queenie had an idea.

She raised her brow and teased, "To deal with an irresponsible person like this, we must expose her awful character. You have the password to the hospital's official account, don't you?"

Following Queenie's hint, Zachary face-palmed as he got the idea. He replied, "Right. Her role as an ambassador led to a lot of fans of her work. Now is the time to reveal her true colors to her fans!"

As he talked, Zachary took out his phone and started logging into the account.

Two minutes later, a new post was uploaded to Rocher Private Hospital's official account.

"It's unfortunate that another life has been lost today. In our mourning, we would like to hold Arielle Moore accountable for this. Arielle, you promised the hospital that you'd provide ten cardiac devices by twelve o'clock. We postponed our surgeries to express our trust in you. However, we have yet to receive them, which has had a serious impact on the patients. Today, your irresponsibility resulted in the death of a person. I will be filing a lawsuit against you on behalf of the hospital and the patient's family. Please keep an eye out for court summons."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Rocher Private Hospital was a well-known hospital in Chanaea. They had the most medical resources and prestigious doctors.

Many people followed their official account, even though it wasn't as big of a fanbase as that of celebrities.

When he uploaded the post, Zachary had included the advertisement photo of the Sann Group robotic pacemaker.

Instantly, the comment section was overwhelmed with replies as soon as Zachary published the post.

“Arielle? Isn't she the same girl that appeared in the advertisement and was regarded as a goddess?”

“At first, I was captivated by her beauty. It's so unfortunate that a beautiful girl like her has ruined someone's life. This seemed like a sign of the beginning of her sentencing.”

“What good are false promises from someone with only good looks and nothing more? Great, you've now killed someone. This leaves me speechless.”

“I've heard about financial fraud. Medical equipment fraud, however, is something new to me. The device is rumored to cost billions. She must be insane to be taking advantage of the poor person's life. Isn't this a clear case of first-degree murder?”

Soon, everyone was siding with Rocher Private Hospital and chastising Arielle.

Carter had already taken over the management of all his father's businesses by this point. The news spread quickly to his ears. Upon hearing that, he got up and went straight to the hospital.

He wanted to witness for himself which idiot dared to take on the Chief online in a virtual conflict.

While Carter was on his way, he called up Arielle and told her everything.

Arielle answered slowly, in a raspy voice, "I was already aware of it. I would have already hired a lawyer if this wasn't your hospital."

"I'm sorry." Carter's tone was full of guilt and anger.

The person who uploaded the post, of course, was who Carter was enraged at.

Arielle continued, "Tell them the device will arrive soon. Also, ask them to delete the post. I'm about to scheme against Henrick. I don't want to reveal myself at this point."

"Okay, so take some good rest. Leave this to me. I'll take care of it." Carter hung up the phone as soon as he finished speaking. He didn't want to disrupt Arielle's sleep.

A knock came on Arielle's door shortly after her phone call with Carter ended.

"Sannie, something's going on online," said Vinson

through the door.

Arielle raised her voice, “Carter called me just now. The device will be delivered pretty shortly.”

“Have you truly gotten ten of the devices?” Vinson was suspicious. He went on to say, “If I'm not mistaken, even Carter could only get one. Do you know someone from Sann Group?”

Arielle replied, “If I told you I own Sann Group, would you believe me?”

There were two seconds of silence. “I would!” Vinson blurted confidently.

Arielle gulped. She put on a wry smile and said, “Why do you believe all that I say? Aren't you afraid that I might deceive you?”

“Not even a bit.” He gently smiled. Arielle's face blushed once more.

Cupping her face in her hands, Arielle felt as though she was relapsing.

She gritted her teeth and said, “I'm going to bed.”

“Okay, rest well then. You still have classes to attend tomorrow,” Vinson advised. The sound of his footsteps grew fainter and fainter as he walked away from her.

Arielle took a deep breath. She knew deep down that she needed to see a psychologist right away.



It can't keep going on like this!

In Rocher Private Hospital.

Carter ordered the chauffeur to keep driving. Finally, he arrived at the hospital in the shortest possible time.

He dashed to the hospital's emergency room, where he was met with a row of four people right in front of the entrance.

They were Queenie, Zachary, and Henrick.

There was another man there whom he had never met before. A law firm tag was dangling from the man's chest.

“Mr. Morgan.” Queenie was the first to notice Carter's arrival.



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Zachary looked over subconsciously.

Once he turned around, he saw Carter striding toward his direction with a darkened expression on his face.

At that exact moment, Carter was also staring at him. His dark, brown eyes bore a chilly and sharp gaze.

He felt a sense of oppression in the air with just a glance at Carter and instinctively held his breath.

For some unknown reason, Zachary felt guilty and stepped two steps backward in shock.

Bang! When his back hit against the emergency room door, he came back to his senses, touched his nose awkwardly, and greeted along with Queenie, “Mr. Morgan.”

Henrick recognized Carter and thought that he was here to help him. He smiled when addressing him. “Mr. Morgan, if I had known that you'd be here, I would have prepared a small gift to thank you for coming over for me during midnight just for this matter.”

“I'm here for you?” Carter was not someone who would save someone's face. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so mean the first time he witnessed Arielle's medical skills.

He scorned, “Henrick, it seems like you're thinking too highly of yourself. You're still not worthy for me to come personally for you.”

Carter knew Henrick was not Arielle's biological father.

Moreover, since they were no longer related by law, how he wished he could beat him up.

As soon as Carter finished speaking, Henrick's face was red out of anger as he felt humiliated.

However, Carter was not someone he could mess with easily.

Hence, this encounter strengthened his decision to leave Jadeborough.

When I'm back in my hometown, I'll see who would dare speak to me in this manner.

“I... You...” Henrick could not utter a complete sentence.

Carter paid him no mind then turned to look at Queenie and Zachary as he questioned coldly, “Which of you uploaded the post online?”

Instinctively, Zachary felt an ominous premonition. However, since Queenie was by his side, he acted calmly. “I did it, Mr. Morgan. Why did you ask? I just wanted her to be accountable. Besides, a patient dying during an operation would affect our hospital's reputation poorly. I did that for the hospital. If she hadn't promised that the medical devices would arrive on time, the risk for this operation wouldn't be so high. The blame is on her.”

“Ha!” Carter sneered, “I did not expect such loyalty from you toward my hospital. Should I hand over this

hospital to you?”

Carter's words sent a chill down his spine. His lips turned pale as he said, “No, I don't...”

“Your actions tell me otherwise,” Carter paused before continuing, “Since you're not interested, does that mean I'm still in charge of the hospital?”

“Of course!” Zachary responded immediately.

Carter arched an eyebrow and said, “Since I'm in charge, you don't have to work in this hospital from now on. My hospital can't accommodate someone like you.”

Hearing his decision, Zachary's face drained of its color. “Mr. Morgan! You can't do this. Are you firing me? What have I done wrong? Everything I did was for the benefit of the hospital...”

Queenie also added, “Mr. Morgan, I don't think Dr. Ziegler did anything wrong. The public wouldn't blame the hospital if we released the statement online. Moreover, it's a fact that she did not fulfill her promise, which caused a delay in the patient's operation.”

Henrick nodded in agreement.

“That thing did not arrive. So, she is the one who harmed my mother.”

Carter arched his eyebrow once again. “The person requiring that is your mother?”

“Yes.”

“Ha!” Carter laughed.

Henrick, this idiot, probably didn't know who he chased out of his home.

At that moment...



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A nurse ran toward them excitedly as she shouted, "Dr. Mill, Dr. Ziegler, it's here. It's here!"

When the nurse ran closer and saw Carter's face, she was surprised. Immediately, she greeted, "Mr. Morgan."

Queenie asked curiously, "What did you say is here?"

"The machine!" The nurse said, then added, "The robotic pacemaker you've all been waiting for. Ten of them have just arrived. Mr. Wahlberg went to check personally and he has confirmed that it's from the Sann Group."

The nurse almost shed tears of joy.

There is hope for the patient now.

However, Queenie and Zachary's faces fell.

The machines really arrived...

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?" Queenie grabbed the nurse's sleeve and demanded.

The nurse was confused by her reaction but answered, "Yes, I'm sure of it. Even if I made a mistake, Mr. Wahlberg wouldn't."

This is weird. They should be happy that the machines have arrived. Why are their expressions so odd?

"Heard what she say?" Carter asked coldly, "She did not

owe you anything and is giving you these for free. But, here you are, uploading that sort of posts online. Now that the things are here, someone needs to be held responsible.”

Queenie bit hard on her lips, still finding it unbelievable that Arielle could get her hands on ten robotic pacemakers.

Who does Arielle think she is. Could she really get ten machines from the Sann Group with her capabilities? They're probably counterfeit.

“Mr. Morgan, can I go have a look?” Queenie asked.

She needed to see for herself.

“Go ahead.” Carter shook his head. What a stubborn person.

Zachary wanted to follow along but was stopped by Carter.

“You don't have to go. From the moment you uploaded the post, you were no longer an employee of the hospital.” Carter snapped his fingers while talking and ordered, “Bring him to the HR department.”

The bodyguards behind him stepped forward immediately and arrested Zachary.

His eyes trembled with fear.

As if waking from a daze when the bodyguards held

onto him, he shouted, “Mr. Morgan, I know my mistakes and won't upload that kind of post again. Please forgive me this time. I'm begging you. I've contributed plenty of hard work for the years I've worked in the hospital.”

Carter scoffed, “I remember all your hard work well. Mr. Wahlberg had mentioned that you administered imported medicine for some of the patients to improve your performance. You've used Rocher Private Hospital to earn lots of dirty money all these years. Thinking of your past efforts working for the hospital, I won't ask you to return the dirty money, but you're on your own from now on.”

“No! Please, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan...”

Carter dug his ear impatiently. Seeing that, his bodyguard covered Zachary's mouth and dragged him off right away.

As Zachary walked past him, Carter said, “Of all the people in the world, why did you mess with Arielle? You're asking for trouble for yourself.”

Zachary widened his eyes in disbelief.

Mr. Morgan punished me severely this time was because I messed with a young lady? How could this be? Why did this happen? Who is she?

However, Zachary wouldn't be able to get his answer, as no other hospitals in Chanaea would accept doctors kicked out from the Rocher Private Hospital.



His future in the medical field was ruined forever, just from uploading one post.



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Although there must be a reason for his situation, he brought it upon himself.

Not long after that, Zachary was officially dismissed from his job.

At the same time, the assistant director logged into the official account and uploaded a new post.

While the netizens continued to reprimand Arielle, they saw Rocher Private Hospital's latest post.

The machines have arrived. Thank you, Ms. Moore, for donating. In regards to the previous post, it was due to a personal conflict between Zachary Ziegler, who worked in our hospital, and Ms. Moore. We have taken action and fired Dr. Ziegler due to his slandering behavior. Once again, we would like to express our utmost appreciation and apology to Ms. Moore. Moving forward, we would have someone to manage our official account to prevent something like this from happening again. Also, the internet is not lawless. We would like to urge all of you to stop verbally abusing and slandering Ms. Moore. Otherwise, we will start to take legal action.

Uploaded together with the post was a photo showing the ten robotic pacemakers.

Those that criticized Arielle on the internet were dumbfounded when they saw the post whereas, Arielle's fans started to retaliate.

I knew that my goddess wouldn't do this sort of charity

fraud. Those that scolded our goddess-- don't let me get a hold of you.

So, Dr. Ziegler uploaded the post due to his private conflict with my goddess. He is unworthy of being a doctor!

I feel so bad for my goddess. She donated such expensive medical devices but was still scolded by others. Is this what she gets for being kind?

When I saw the post, I was confused. Not to mention that the machine has arrived, but even if it hasn't, isn't it too harsh to say that she's a murderer? I'm really baffled by the distorted views of people nowadays.

Goddess is amazing. I've heard of this machine. It's hard to gain access to it. You may not even get to buy it even if you have money.

Always trust my goddess! I'm going to boycott Zachary. I'm not going to go to the hospital that hires him.

Meanwhile, Zachary was thrown out of the hospital together with his belongings.

He climbed up from the floor in his discomfiture. Never had he felt so humiliated.

I'm doomed. Everything is ruined. I shouldn't have messed with her. What should I do for the rest of my life?

Zachary was in agony, but he very quickly collected

himself.

I could still go to other hospitals if Rocher Private Hospital refused to hire me. With my “Golden Fingers Surgeon” nickname, I'm confident that other hospitals would accept me. Besides, no one would know that I got kicked out as long as I keep it a secret.

After convincing himself, he contacted Jadeborough Private Hospital.

“Hello, Mr. Beckham, I'm Zachary. I've resigned from Rocher Private Hospital. The career ceiling is too low. Hence, I plan to join your hospital. Are you possibly hiring?”

After remaining silent for a short while, John Beckham asked unbelievably, “Zachary, how do you have the audacity to work in my hospital? Max told me about that thing you did. Don't even think about joining my hospital in your next life. Bye!”

He hung the phone without hesitation.

“Max...?!” Zachary gritted his teeth.

Max was the doctor of the poisoned patient from Soir Coffee. I did not know that he was a gossipmonger. Damn it!

He stomped his foot in anger.

However, he did not dwell long on that and called Jadeborough General Hospital's director.

“Hello, Mr. Hurrell. I'm Zachary. I'm thinking about joining your hospital. Not sure if you're hiring?”



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As one of the top five hospitals in Jadeborough, Jadeborough General Hospital was not a bad place for working. Although it was not comparable to Jadeborough Private Hospital and Rocher Private Hospital, he could head the department there and wouldn't be oppressed by anyone all the time.

However, before Zachary finished speaking, Peter Hurrell laughed. "Zachary, do you have access to the internet? Everyone is boycotting you online. We can't afford to hire you. Please find the job elsewhere."

He didn't spare any second before hanging up the phone as soon as he finished speaking.

Zachary went on Twitter, and he saw that the first on trending was "Rocher Private Hospital's clarification."

He quickly tapped to see the post. Reading the post by Rocher Private Hospital, he turned pale.

I did not think that Mr. Morgan would be that harsh and call me out. In this case, everyone in Chanaea would know what I did. How would anyone hire me?

He trembled in fear, and his face drained of all its color.

At the moment, only did he truly understand that he was doomed.

On the other hand, Queenie rushed all the way to the front of the medical equipment building. She saw doctors and nurses surrounding the front door with excited expressions on their faces when she arrived.

“Excuse me.” Queenie tried to squeeze herself to the front. She saw Chris raising a sealed transparent box in amusement.

“This workmanship and skills... Sann Group is really impressive. It would be tough for Chanaea to reach their level.”

Queenie could see the content of the transparent box at a glance.

It was nothing other than the robotic pacemaker she had been researching on for so long.

“Mr. Wahlberg, can I please examine it?” Queenie asked when she walked forward.

Seeing that it was Queenie, Chris passed over the box in his hands and reminded, “Be careful, don't spoil it.”

“Okay.” Queenie took it indifferently and took out her phone to scan the QR code within the anti-counterfeit logo at the bottom of the box.

That was Sann Group's custom-made anti-counterfeit logo. Using the phone to scan could determine its authenticity.

Many people did not know about this anti-counterfeit logo, but Queenie knew it well.

Beep! When she heard the sound, she raised her phone to have a look. The webpage displayed Sann Group's anti-counterfeit web page. On the screen, she could

read, "This product is an original product from the Sann Group."

Original... This is really an original!

Queenie's face turned pale at that moment. The next second, as if she was crazy, she scanned all the anti-counterfeit logos on ten machines.

All were original.

The words on the screen were like high tide waves crashing against her heart.

"Queenie, is everything okay?" Chris asked out of concern as Queenie's expression didn't look well. He had a look at her phone.

Seeing that the machines were original, Chris laughed and said, "I've checked everything. This can't be fake. Besides, the delivery address is from Sann Group's international warehouse. It's impossible to be a counterfeit. Moreover, no one has the bravery and capability to imitate this. If it's possible, Chanaea would have done so a long time ago."

Queenie had to use all her energy to force a smile on her face.

However, her smile looked ugly.

Arielle had just executed something she'd never expected her to do. She thought Arielle was an actress in the entertainment industry but did not think that she



was the top student at Jadeborough University.  
Everything had been her assumption.

Who... is Arielle?



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Queenie was engulfed with an unprecedented feeling of stress and pressure.

Although she had to admit that Arielle's beauty surpassed hers greatly, she had never been threatened by Arielle.

After all, a mere pretty face was not good enough for Vinson.

However, that assumption was far from the truth.

Queenie was only jolted out from her thoughts when a nurse called out to her.

She slowly turned her gaze to the nurse, who said with a smile, "Dr. Mill, aren't you overjoyed? Haven't you always wished to operate a robotic pacemaker yourself? Your opportunity's here! Doesn't Mrs. Southall require it now? Quickly, grab a robotic pacemaker and start the operation."

The director also walked over and congratulated her. "Congratulations, Queenie. Your dream is going to be fulfilled!"

When Queenie heard that, she calmed down. However, she was soon reminded of how Arielle was the one who donated these pacemakers, and had a mix of emotions.

It was hard for her to accept it.

Determined to calm down and continue with the operation, she breathed deeply.

After all, she should be delighted that she could operate the robotic pacemaker personally.

Since she had missed the opportunity once, she must grasp it this time.

Queenie carried a robotic pacemaker and said to the director, "I'll go to the emergency room now and handle the procedures later."

However, he waved his hands dismissively and said, "Go on! You can deal with the procedures after the operation. Saving lives is more important, after all."

Most of the hospital's expensive equipment required rounds of approval before they could be used. However, in the case of extenuating circumstances, the equipment could be used before approval.

Queenie nodded and rushed to the emergency room with the robotic pacemaker, feeling conflicted.

Meanwhile, Henrick was at the entrance.

As he rarely read anything online, he did not know that Arielle had donated the machine.

He kept apologizing. "I'm sorry, I really didn't know anything. I'm very apologetic to the donor. I wish that you and that donor will not be bothered by it."

With an amused look in his eyes, Carter said, "I don't know if the donor will be bothered, but I am."

Henrick's heart lurched as he asked, "Are you... Are you unwilling to treat my mother?"

Carter shook his head. "I established a hospital to save lives, so I will never give up on any patient."

Henrick heaved a sigh of relief. "That's great!"

At that moment, Queenie arrived with the robotic pacemaker.

When Henrick spotted what she was holding, he asked anxiously, "Dr. Mill, is this machine going to be used for treating my mother?"

Queenie nodded and said, "There's still time. You're lucky that the machine arrived in time."

"Thank you! Please use it on my mother quickly!"

Queenie mumbled a quick response and was about to head into the emergency room when Carter suddenly said, "Wait a moment."

She turned around, puzzled. "What's the matter, Mr. Morgan?"

Carter said lazily, "A payment or an IOU is required before an operation, but he hasn't paid yet."

After a slight pause, Queenie replied, "The patient's family member has already paid for the operation."

However, Carter shook his head. "I'm not talking about

the basic operation fees, but this machine.”

Surprised, Queenie stared at him and reminded, “It has been donated to us for free...”

Since it had been donated, it should be available for the patient's use free of charge.

“Huh?” Narrowing his eyes, Carter glanced at her. “Can donated items be used free of charge? From today onward, we'll sell all donated items according to their market price and donate the money to the impoverished.”



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Carter was not actually that petty.

If it was someone else, he would definitely let the patient use the pacemaker for free. After all, not everyone could afford it. As long as the conditions were met, it was more important to save one's life.

However, it was a different matter for Henrick.

His money rightfully belonged to Arielle. Now that the opportunity had arisen, Carter planned to extort as much out of Henrick as possible and hand the money to Arielle.

Not knowing how much the robotic pacemaker cost, Henrick agreed quickly, "Of course! I know that it's donated to the hospital, not to me. I'll pay for it now."

Just when Henrick was about to leave, Queenie could not help but chime in, "Sir, do you have enough money? If not, our hospital can provide you with an IOU."

Thinking that Queenie was looking down on him, Henrick puffed out his chest and asked indignantly, "How is it possible that I can't afford it?"

Queenie nodded awkwardly. "It's great that you can afford it. As the machine cost one hundred million, not everyone can pay for it. That's why I reminded you. I don't mean to say..."

"What?" Before she could finish her sentence, Henrick interrupted in shock, "How much does it cost?"

“One hundred million.”

“One hundred million? Is it made of gold? Even gold isn't that expensive! Are you guys scamming me?”  
Henrick was about to lose his mind.

He thought that a piece of medical equipment would only cost a million or so. Never had he expected it to cost a hundred million.

Is there something wrong with my ears, or is Queenie out of her mind?

Queenie did not expect Henrick to react like that upon hearing the price. In fact, she almost believed that he was a huge billionaire.

The expression on her face turned solemn as she clicked on Sann Group's website on her phone. She scrolled to the robotic pacemaker and showed it to Henrick.

“This is the official price. Furthermore, the robotic pacemaker is sold via auctions. This current batch has already been sold out. According to what I know, the price for the previous batch had been raised from one hundred million to four hundred million. Despite so, everything was sold out within a second.”

Still in disbelief, Henrick took the phone and glanced at the price. Only then did he realize that Queenie was not lying to him.

The starting price was already one hundred million, so he was actually paying a discounted price.

“Um...”

Henrick was momentarily at a loss for words.

Although he could fork out one hundred million, he would only bear to do so if it was to save his life. When it came to saving Malorie, he was starting to have some doubts.

Is one hundred million worth it? Who knows how long she has left to live after it's installed?

Even if she's healthy, she's already a foot in the grave, considering how old she is. Her days are numbered, anyway.

Henrick paced around in frustration.

Queenie urged him, “Sir, you must decide quickly. Mrs. Southall can't hang in there for long. It's going to be twelve soon, so we must use the robotic pacemaker as soon as possible.”

Henrick suddenly froze in his tracks, having made a decision.

I cannot spend the one hundred million!

“I'm sorry.” Gritting his teeth, Henrick said awkwardly, “I can't afford one hundred million. Please proceed with the alternative treatment. I really have no choice.”

Queenie reminded again, “We can provide you with an IOU.”



Steeling himself, Henrick insisted, "I'm sorry, but I can't afford to take an IOU. My company's been suffering from losses recently, so I can't afford to pay that one hundred million."

Queenie glanced at him disdainfully before saying, "We respect your decision. I'll go in and take a look. Mrs. Southall's operation will probably not succeed, unless..."

Unless Henrick can find that miracle doctor who managed to cure the poisoned patient at Soir Coffee.



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However, finding the person required time and Malorie could not make it till then.

“Unless what?” asked Henrick anxiously.

Although it was the best-case scenario that Malorie did not die, there was no choice if she did. After all, he had already come up with a backup plan—he would sell Southall Group and pursue his career back in his hometown.

It was simple to control all those foolish people in his hometown. If Malorie could do it, he could do it too.

However, Queenie shook her head. Deciding not to tell him, she said, “It's nothing. There's no time.”

“In that case, please let my mother pass away more comfortably.” Henrick pretended to wipe his tears. In reality, when he made the decision to return to his hometown, he had already steeled himself for Malorie's death.

In his opinion, Malorie was about to die anyway. It was sufficient to live to such a ripe old age, so her death was an event to be celebrated—there was no need for him to grieve.

However, he still had to put up a show.

Queenie nodded and said, “We'll try our best.”

Not daring to look at Carter, she strode into the emergency room.

A rookie doctor was performing an open-heart operation on Malorie. While he sweated profusely, an assistant wiped his forehead for him.

When the assistant turned around, he saw Queenie entering.

His eyes lit up upon spotting what she was holding. He quickly reminded the surgeon, "There's hope for the patient! Dr. Mill's here with a robotic pacemaker!"

"Really?" The surgeon immediately froze.

However, Queenie said coldly, "Her family member said that he can't afford to pay for the machine, so you should just continue with the operation. The family member's already mentally prepared. Regardless of what the outcome is, he won't kick up a fuss."

The surgeon was stunned for a while, but he quickly resumed his actions.

For the operation, the ruptured blood vessels needed to be reattached first before the heart could be operated on. However, as the surgeon was inexperienced, he spent a long time attaching the vessels.

Despite watching by the side, Queenie did not intervene.

It would not be good if she intervened and had her name recorded in the operative report.

To maintain her perfect track record of having a

hundred percent success rate for her operations, she could not take this risk.

Finally, the blood vessels were reattached.

However, the heart surgery encountered problems shortly after. The vital sign monitors started to beep loudly.

“Dr. Mill!” The surgeon glanced at Queenie and said, “The patient can't hang in there anymore...”

Queenie nodded indifferently. “Okay, I'll make a notice saying that she's in a critical stage. Just try your best.”

“Okay.” The surgeon gritted his teeth and nodded.

When Queenie left the emergency room with the notice, the assistant director was talking to Carter about Zachary.

“Why didn't you hold Zachary accountable for his previous fiasco and only pursue this matter?”

Carter raised his eyebrow. “Well, it's to give him a last glimmer of hope. Once he finds another place to work, we'll expose his dark past... Isn't that a better way of handling it?”

True despair was after getting struck down a second time after having a brief illusion of hope.

When Queenie heard their conversation, her hands trembled.

Carter is more ruthless than I imagined. Luckily, Zachary, that fool, did not expose me. Otherwise, I can't imagine how Carter will treat me.

However, Queenie was not that afraid. As she was not interested in that insignificant money, she did not have a dark past like Zachary's.

However, at that moment...



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Carter suddenly spun around and glanced at her.

Queenie straightened her back instinctively and greeted him with a stiff smile, "Hello, Mr. Morgan."

"Hello." Carter adjusted his spectacles before saying coldly, "I hope that what happened to Zachary will not happen to you. I think of you highly, so don't disappoint me. Also, don't mess around with anyone whom you're not supposed to."

This was meant to be both a warning to and a chance for Queenie.

Knowing clearly who Carter was referring to, Queenie bit her lip as fury surged through her.

Why is Carter protecting that woman? I don't understand!

Queenie mumbled a response. Not wanting to discuss this topic with Carter anymore, she turned around and walked toward Henrick.

"Mrs. Southall's vitals are failing, so we're afraid that she can't hang in there for long. Please sign here to acknowledge that the patient is in critical condition."

"Okay." Henrick signed quickly before sending a message to Cindy.

Cindy, Mom might pass away soon. Tell Alfred to order a coffin and prepare for the funeral.

Cindy, who was taking her pregnancy supplements, stood up abruptly from the couch when she received the message.

Malorie might pass away soon!

Initially, she suspected that there was something fishy going on behind Malorie's fall, so she checked the surveillance cameras.

The surveillance cameras showed that Malorie had indeed fallen down the stairs herself. However, that slight fall was enough to endanger her life.

After being startled for a while, Cindy calmed down gradually.

Now that Arielle had been chased out of the Southalls, Malorie's death was a good thing for her. After all, a shrewish woman like Malorie might switch targets to her after dealing with Arielle.

If Malorie died, she would be the only lady of the house. That would be an outcome worth celebrating.

This is amazing!

After replying to Henrick's message with 'Okay', Cindy summoned Alfred over.

“Mrs. Southall is about to die, so go and prepare the funeral.”

“W-What?” Alfred was dumbfounded.

As Cindy could not be bothered to elaborate, she waved her hand and dismissed Alfred, signalling him to prepare for the funeral.

Having observed everything, Larissa snuck out of the manor and sent a message to Arielle.

The message was very simple: Mrs. Southall is about to die.

As it was already past midnight, Arielle had already fallen asleep and did not read the message in time.

Meanwhile, in the emergency room in the General Hospital, the surgeon gave up on his struggle.

Sighing, he said, "Let's stop everything and sew the patient's chest up. By then, the anesthesia's effects will subside and she might regain consciousness for a while. We'll invite her family member to see her for the last time."

"Okay."

The surgeon heaved a deep sigh. He looked for Queenie and thanked her, "Dr. Mill, thank you for giving me this opportunity. Although the operation failed, I learned a lot."

Queenie's eyes crinkled as she smiled. "You're welcome. I'm going back to my work, so please deal with the aftermath."

"Sure, goodbye."



The doctor watched attentively as Queenie left.

The nurse could not help but exclaim, “Dr. Mill is such a good person, Dr. Pam. With your level of experience, you can only become the main surgeon after two or three years. Thanks to Dr. Mill, who has given you so many opportunities to operate, you've been the main surgeon for more than twenty operations.”

Henry nodded in agreement.

“Dr. Mill is a good doctor. Unlike Dr. Ziegler, she's not arrogant despite being so capable. However, my skills are simply too poor. Out of the twenty operations, only two were a success.”

“It's fine. If you learn slowly and accumulate more experience, the rate of success will increase.”

“Yeah, it's my honor to work with Dr. Mill.”



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The emergency room was filled with praises for Queenie, yet no one wondered why she would push all the operations to Harry.

Soon, they finished sewing Malorie's chest up and the effects of the anesthesia subsided gradually.

"I..." Malorie mumbled in agony, "I'm in so much pain."

Harry quickly instructed his subordinates, "Administer some painkillers for the patient!"

"Okay."

Since it was only moments before her death, administering her some painkillers was the least they could do as doctors.

After she was injected with the painkillers, Harry instructed his assistant to summon Henrick in.

Although Malorie was exhausted, her mind was still exceptionally clear. She suddenly realized that if the doctor called her family in while she was still on the operating table, it meant that she did not have much time left to live.

"Am... Am I going to die soon?" asked Malorie as she grabbed a nurse's arm anxiously.

The nurse chuckled drily before reassuring her, "Mrs. Southall, we're letting your family member in to alleviate his worry. Don't overthink."

“I don't believe you! Treat me now! Otherwise, I'll sue the hospital till its reputation is ruined.”

When the nurse remained silent, Malorie's scoldings became louder and harsher.

With a sudden burst of strength, she grabbed the nurse's hair and smashed her head against the operating theatre.

Bang! The nurse's head hit the table so forcefully that she felt dizzy.

“Stop! Stop it!” The others in the emergency room rushed forward and pulled both of them apart.

However, as Malorie was used to hard labor, her hands were extremely strong. When the two women were separated, a huge chunk of the nurse's hair was ripped off, revealing parts of her scalp.

The nurse had never seen a patient who was so unreasonable despite being on the brink of death. Furious, she stroked her head and spat, “Let me tell you this! You could've been cured, but your son is so petty that he's unwilling to spend money on a robotic pacemaker. So, there's no hope for you now. You're going to die soon!”

“Stop talking!” Harry quickly stopped her, but it was too late—Malorie heard every single word she said.

“W-What did you say?”

At that moment, Henrick entered in a surgical gown.

“Mom...”

As he spoke, he noticed that the atmosphere in the emergency room seemed a bit weird. When he met Malorie's furious gaze, his heart lurched in fear.

“Mom?”

“Henrick Southall!” Malorie demanded furiously, “They said that you're unwilling to pay for a robotic pacemaker. Is that true?”

Henrick blushed. Although he was an egoistic man, money was more important than his pride.

Gritting his teeth, he walked forward and protested, “Mom, you've only broken a rib. The machine will be useless! Just sleep for a while and the operation will be over in the blink of an eye.”

Henrick thought that he had put on a convincing act. However, as his mother, Malorie saw right through him.

“You... You...” Malorie wagged her finger at him, unable to utter a single word.

After her husband died in a mine, she became a widow and went through a lot of difficulties to raise her son. The hard work and toil she had experienced were unimaginable.

Yet, her child, whom she had raised with so much blood, sweat and tears, was unwilling to pay for a machine for her operation!

“I... I...” Malorie was unable to catch her breath. The strength that had suddenly returned to her disappeared in an instant. As if all her energy had left her, her arm fell limp.



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Seeing how weak Malorie had become, Henrick's feelings of fear and guilt faded gradually.

Holding Malorie's hand, he coaxed, "Mom, don't worry. When you reach heaven, I'll pray to you more frequently. Over there, you will have a carefree life..."

Malorie panted while the vital signs monitors in the emergency room beeped frantically.

She wanted to hurl insults at her useless son and curse at how cruel fate was, but she could not utter a single word. When she opened a mouth, she spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood landed right on Henrick's face.

After vomiting all that blood out, she did not even have the strength to open her eyes.

At that moment, a lot of things flashed across her mind. She remembered Maureen and her deceased husband...

"Henrick, you'll die a horrible death!"

After yelling that out loud, Malorie had exhausted all of her energy. Her body trembled and fell limp while she closed her eyes slowly.

A flat line appeared on the heart rate monitor.

"Time of death, twelve fifty-four."

The doctor recorded the time of death emotionlessly.

Grabbing a bandage from the side, Henrick wiped his face and cursed at how unlucky he was.

He should not have entered to send Malorie off.

“My condolences,” said Harry to Henrick with a conflicted feeling.

It was his first time seeing a family member act like that when sending the patient off.

The patient could have lived for ten more minutes, but she died prematurely out of fury at her son.

You reap what you sow, I guess...

Henrick left the emergency room grimly. When he exited the hospital, he bumped into Carter.

When Carter noticed the look on Henrick's face, he walked toward him with an ambiguous smile. “Mr. Southall, do you know who donated the robotic pacemaker?”

Not knowing why Carter asked that, Henrick frowned and asked, “Who?”

Carter's grin widened as he adjusted his spectacles. “It's someone whom you'll never expect. If you know the donor, I'm sure that you'll be extremely surprised.”

With that, he crossed his hands behind his back and left happily.

I've heard about how shrewish Malorie was. When Maureen was still alive, she had treated her very harshly. I'm sure that she bullied Chief frequently back in the Southall residence. Now that she's dead, it might be a good thing for Chief!

Bewildered, Henrick stared at Carter's back.

What does the donor have to do with me?

Since Malorie is already dead, it doesn't matter whether I know the donor or not. After all, I still have to pay for it! I don't want to waste my money on nothing.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Arielle read Larissa's message the moment she woke up.

Mrs. Southall is about to die.

Her eyes lit up and her drowsiness disappeared in an instant.

So, she's dead!

The reason why the old Southall estate project was progressing so slowly was that everyone was afraid of Malorie. Now that she was dead, the progress would be much faster.

However, she was curious about how Malorie suddenly died.

Was the fall really that severe?



Arielle shook her head, dispelling that thought from her mind. Now in a good mood, she got up and made breakfast.

Her breakfast was very simple—a scrambled egg sandwich. She made a serving each for herself, Vinson and Trisha.

However, after Vinson found out, he quickly devoured his own sandwich before reaching out for Trisha's.



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Before Arielle could react, Vinson finished the sandwich in a few gulps.

“That is Trisha's!”

“I know,” blurted Vinson before rephrasing his sentence. “I'm not full. Anyway, she might have already eaten breakfast, so it'll be a waste. It's better that I eat it.”

He did not want to share what his wife made with anyone else, even if the sandwich was huge and his stomach was stuffed.

Arielle did not think much about it and merely assumed that Vinson had a huge appetite.

After taking a sip of milk, she told him about Malorie.

“Malorie's dead.”

Surprised, Vinson asked, “What happened?”

“She had a fall, which was probably quite serious.”

Moments after Arielle spoke, Carter called her.

When she listened to him, a mocking smirk played on her lips. “Got it. Thanks!”

Arielle ended the call and burst out laughing. “Malorie didn't have to die. However, Henrick refused to pay for the equipment I donated to the Rocher Private Hospital, so her operation failed. She died around midnight.”

There was an incredulous look on Vinson's face.

“I've always known that Henrick is a selfish man, but I've never expected him to be so immoral.”

Arielle raised her eyebrow. “I'm not surprised. If he's willing to pay for Malorie's operation, I'd have to admit that I'm wrong about him.”

“Oh, right.” Remembering Cindy, he said, “Blake and Sasha went to Manchernius today. We'll get updates regarding Cindy's medicine soon.”

Arielle nodded and glanced at her watch. “It's time for me to go to school.”

“I'll send you there.”

When they went downstairs together, they bumped into the woman who had given fruits to them yesterday.

With an ambiguous smile, she greeted them, “Are you lovebirds leaving for work?”

Arielle was stunned. Before she could react, Vinson already replied, “Yes. Thank you for your fruits yesterday. I'll ask my wife to invite you to our place for a meal.”

“Sure!” Smiling, the lady went upstairs.

Arielle blushed and glared at Vinson. “Who are you calling your wife?”

“You, of course.” Vinson glanced at her. “Aren't you?”

Biting her lips, Arielle decided to avoid Vinson's gaze. The moment she looked into his eyes, her heart would start pounding frantically.

I must visit a psychiatrist soon!

When Arielle arrived at the entrance of Jadeborough University, she spotted Wendy and a group of teachers.

At that moment, she also saw Trisha, who was going out to buy breakfast. Trisha mumbled softly, “They're waiting for that professor from Maxwell University. Look at how Wendy keeps staring at us!”

Arielle glanced over and noticed the envious look blazing in Wendy's eyes when she saw Arielle getting out of Vinson's car.

Not bothered by her, Arielle said to Trisha, “I'm busy, so I can't accompany you to buy breakfast.”

“It's fine. Go back to class first and I'll buy some milk for you.”

“Okay.” Arielle nodded. After watching Trisha leave, she walked into the school briskly.

She did not want to meet the professor from Maxwell University just in case she got recognized.

The moment Arielle entered the school, a car stopped by the road.

The teachers immediately rushed forward to welcome the guest.

“Welcome, Prof. Harlem!”

An elderly man got out of the car and replied with a thundering voice, “Hello everyone!”

Although he was speaking in clumsy Chanaean, Wendy praised him with a feigned Lightspring accent, “Your Chanaean is really fluent!”

Thomas glanced at Wendy and shook his head. Reverting back to Ustranasion, he said, “I just learned Chanaean, so I know that I'm bad at it. I can't possibly accept your compliment. However, your grasp of Ustranasion is quite similar to my Chanaean.”



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As a top professor, Thomas had seen all sorts of people. Amongst them, he detested those who liked to flatter others the most.

Blushing, Wendy bit her lips.

She did not expect Thomas to speak in such a direct and blunt manner. Despite feeling utterly humiliated, she had no choice but to remain silent and endure the embarrassment.

Arthur shot Wendy a displeased glance and tried to salvage the situation. "Prof. Harlem, I apologize on her behalf. Let's take a look at the school museum first before going on a campus tour."

Nodding, Thomas followed Arthur in.

As the top university in Chanaea, Jadeborough University had breathtakingly beautiful scenery. Thomas soon forgot about the unpleasant incident earlier and started admiring the campus.

Meanwhile, Wendy was squeezed to the back of the group by the teachers. She could not even join the conversation, let alone make amends for her mistake.

A long time passed before they finished touring the campus.

Initially, Wendy wanted to use this opportunity to socialize with a professor from Maxwell University. She wanted to pave her way to entering the university. However, because of her earlier compliment, the task

had become much harder.

Wendy felt extremely troubled and frustrated. Her initial good mood turned into one of gloominess.

After the campus tour, Thomas said that he would like to settle the official matters first.

Nodding, Arthur finally brought up Wendy. "The teachers have lessons in the afternoon, so Wendy will help to translate your lesson plan."

Thomas was not one to hold grudges. Smiling, he said, "Go ahead with your work. I'm already apologetic that I'm holding all of you up. You're Wendy, right? Let's meet your Mathematics professors."

Wendy was overjoyed, thinking that her chance had come.

She nodded enthusiastically and brought Thomas to the lecturers' block.

Some of the professors, who did not have classes for the afternoon, were already waiting in the meeting room. However, before reaching there, they needed to pass by the field.

Afraid that she would say something wrong, Wendy decided to lead the way silently.

At that moment, Thomas suddenly halted in his tracks.

"That student..."

Puzzled, Wendy glanced toward the direction in which he was pointing. The students from the preparatory class were jogging on the track, while Thomas was pointing at a girl excitedly.

Wendy immediately recognized her as Arielle.

Why is it Arielle again? Why did she catch Professor Harlem's attention? Is it because she's pretty?

Wendy clenched her fists enviously.

This mustn't happen! I've spent so much effort stealing this opportunity from Arielle's grasp. No matter what, I mustn't let her snatch it back again!

“Prof. Harlem!”

Wendy rushed forward and blocked Thomas' vision.

“What are you doing? We need to go now.” Wendy smiled, trying her best to appear likeable.

“Wait a moment. I think I saw someone familiar.” Thomas nudged Wendy, who was blocking his way, aside and glanced in front.

However, all he could see was a group of giggling girls. The person he was looking for was nowhere to be found.

“Someone familiar?” Wendy said, “Isn't it your first time visiting Jadeborough University, Prof. Harlem? Why would you see someone familiar? Are you



mistaken?”

“No way...” Thomas rubbed his eyes. “I actually saw her...”

“You must be mistaken! Mr. Baxter isn't around, so you probably don't have any acquaintances here.”



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Professor Harlem continued scanning the field persistently. He sighed when he could not find the person he was looking for. "I must have been mistaken. How could she ever appear here, let alone wearing a uniform?"

Based on her capability, she could have been a lecturer at Jadeborough University or more. Previously, she had even rejected the opportunity to stay at Maxwell University when a group of professors offered her a position.

I think I'm getting old. My eyes are starting to deceive me.

"I saw wrongly. Let's go." Professor Harlem waved his hands, gesturing Wendy to continue leading the way.

Heaving a long sigh in her heart, Wendy ushered him away.

At the field, Trisha ran behind a basketball stand, looking completely baffled.

"Arielle, why did you come here all of a sudden? The PE teacher wants us to go and learn yoga now."

Arielle put a finger to her lips and shushed Trisha. Then, she pulled the latter backward while sticking her head out of the stand to take a peek at the fence.

When she saw that Wendy and Professor Harlem had gone far ahead, she was relieved. "Phew, that was close. Thank God I wasn't found."

“By whom?” Trisha was confused.

Arielle shrugged her shoulders as she walked away from the basketball stand. “By an annoying old man. Anyway, I'm good to go now. Let's go do some yoga. I haven't tried it in real life although I've seen people practicing it on TV shows.”

Trisha tilted her head. “Are you serious? Plenty of people do that at the gym or in the park!”

Upon noticing that she nearly gave herself away through the slip of tongue, Arielle straightened her back and hurriedly explained, “I grew up in the countryside. You know, the seniors there are mostly farmers. So, yoga is too fancy for them.”

Nodding, Trisha dropped the topic. She held Arielle's arm, and the both of them darted toward the PE teacher.

Meanwhile, at the Southall residence, sympathy banners could be seen hanging all over the manor. A traditional coffin was placed in the middle of the backyard.

Cindy pretended to bawl her eyes out while her scheming mind was planning how to take over Southall Group.

Henrick, who was lighting a candle nearby, muttered, “Please don't be mad at me, Mom. A dead person gets to go to heaven whereas the living continue to toil for their daily lives. I did it in order to survive. Please don't blame me. I'll burn you a truckload of paper money, and I pray that you have an abundant afterlife.”

Cindy could not hear him clearly. She rubbed her eyes and asked, "It's been half a day now. Why isn't anyone here to pay their last respect?"

"I didn't inform them."

Cindy was shocked at his words. "Why? This is a golden chance to get to know some of the elites in Jadeborough. Remember Shandie's funeral? You took advantage of it and scored a big project."

Henrick finished lighting the rest of the candles. Standing up, he said, "Come over here, Cindy. I've got something to tell you."

She nodded and followed him into the study.

Seeing his downcast face, she thought that he was saddened by the passing of Malorie.

Yet, she was puzzled by Henrick's decision to pass up such a good opportunity to mingle with the rich and famous. Why? Is it because he's feeling overly dejected?

Cindy suppressed her urge to inquire further. She trailed behind Henrick quietly.

When they got to the study, he took out a document from the drawer and handed it to Cindy. "Take a look."

She accepted the document and read its contents carefully. Her eyes widened and her pupils dilated in shock!



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Instantly, Cindy doubted her eyesight. She stared at Henrick. "This... This is...?"

"Just as what's written on it," he said placidly. "I'm going to sell off Southall Group."

As soon as he said that, Cindy fell into another gulf of self-doubt. Not only my vision has turned bad, my hearing has deteriorated too.

After what felt like an eternity, she snapped back into her senses. Immediately, she reviewed the documents once more for confirmation. Two minutes later, she found herself asking in a quavering voice, "Why? I can understand that you're sad about Mrs. Southall's passing, but you don't need to do this. If she were to see you giving up on yourself like this, I'm certain she'd be displeased."

"I didn't do that for Mom." Henrick shook his head. "The company has been in the red. The only profit comes from the branch office which manufactures high-tech robots. However, the investment needed for product research before each launch is extremely costly. It's not worth it."

He added, "I plan to bring you back to our hometown and start anew there. We will sell off all of our properties here, keeping only the manor. So that we still have a place to stay when we return to Jadeborough."

Upon hearing his words, Cindy found it hard to breathe as though her heart was being wrenched repeatedly by an invisible large hand.

The main purpose of her marrying Henrick was to take over Southall Group. Never in a million years would she had thought of him wanting to sell it off!

I've wasted my youth for nothing? Oh Lord, what have I done to deserve this punishment?

“You... You...” stammering, she pointed a finger at Henrick.

He passed her a glass of water. “I know that you're very used to Jadeborough, and you probably can't accept this within a short span of time. But please know that I did this for you as well as our kid. The environment back home is so much better for you to spend your pregnancy there. Moreover, we don't need to put up with anyone there. If you're worried about the chores, we can relocate the housekeeper there too. Let's build a mansion bigger than this one. You can continue living comfortably as Mrs. Henrick Southall.”

“No, I don't want any of it!” Cindy broke down completely. She grabbed his collar while staring daggers at him with a pair of bloodshot eyes. “Henrick, you can't do this to me! Absolutely not!”

Seeing her unexpected big reaction, Henrick was shocked to the core. He quickly consoled her, “Don't be so upset. Otherwise, it might affect the baby. Listen, I was thinking for our child...”

“I don't want to listen to you. I disagree, and I'll never say yes to this!”