

Like a mad woman, Cindy struggled to break free from Henrick's arms. She yelled at the top of her lungs, "I'll divorce you if you sell the company!"

Henrick froze. After hesitating for two seconds, he called for his butler.

"Mrs. Southall's emotions are unstable right now. Please bring her back to her room."

The new butler acknowledged the command and promptly dragged Cindy away with the help from two bodyguards.

Feeling frustrated and crossed, Cindy was crying and screaming in her room. She really wanted a divorce. Left without an option, Henrick kicked the door open and bellowed, "Fine, I'll give you what you wish for, a divorce! Deliver the baby and then we'll go on separate ways."

After leaving her with a harsh sentence, the enraged Henrick stormed off. On his way out, he instructed the bodyguards, "Keep an eye on her. If anything untoward happens, I'll make all of you pay for it!"

"Noted!" the bodyguards replied in unison and shut the door.

Cindy collapsed on the floor, wailing uncontrollably.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Cindy knew Henrick very well. Since he had made up his mind and ordered his men to detain her, the chance for him to change his decision was very slim.

Her lifetime dream was to take over Southall Group from Maureen. She had the confidence that she could develop it better than her sister.

Money was not her priority. Rather, her ultimate goal was to surpass Maureen's achievements. She was determined to do so.

If Henrick sells off the company, those oldies would definitely gang up. When that happens, it will be extremely challenging for me to kick them out one by one.

She laughed and cried at that thought, mocking herself for choosing the wrong person and ending up in a mess.

After a long while, Matthias came to her mind.

She whipped her phone out and immediately gave him a call.

“Hello, Matthias. Please check how much cash we have in total that I can withdraw from our foreign company.”

Matthias was taken aback. “Why do you want to find out about this all of a sudden?”

“Don't ask so much. Just do it.”

“Sure,” Matthias obliged. Within seconds, he texted her

a series of numbers.

Cindy calmed down after seeing the figures.

If nobody offers a higher price than this, I'll be able to obtain Southall Group. I must first get a divorce, or else we're back to square one with him sharing half of all our properties. I can't make a loss.

At that moment, Cindy regretted her decision to fake her pregnancy.

I can't come clean to him at this critical moment. He'd definitely kill me. No, I can't reveal this to him. Neither can I get a child on my own at this age!

An idea suddenly dawned on her and made her eyes sparkle.

Right, there's Arielle! I can use her to fake a miscarriage.

Meanwhile at Jadeborough University, Arielle sneezed.

She rubbed her nose and continued typing a letter to her subordinate.

Mrs. Malorie Southall has passed away. Spread the news. Also, think of a way to let the people know how lavish Henrick's lifestyle in Jadeborough is. Let them know that the Southalls do have money to pay them salaries. However, they are reluctant to do so. They want to deny their responsibility.

As soon as she sent the text message, a glass of water appeared in front of her.

“Hi, care for a drink?”

Arielle lifted her eyes, and was met by a stranger. There were a few other guys standing nearby, whistling.

She shook her head. “No, thanks.”

The guy scratched the back of his head awkwardly and left.

Giggling, Trisha teased her, “Wow, how many bottles of water have you received within one PE lesson?”

Arielle shrugged. “That's why I don't like PE lessons.”

Trisha narrowed her eyes at her. “Out of the few guys who came to offer you a drink, two of them were actually quite cute. I heard that they are the heartthrobs of their respective faculties. You didn't like any of them?”

Arielle shook her head again. “I'm not interested.”

“Fine.” Trisha sat next to her and asked, “When we were messaging each other last night, I asked you a question, and you haven't answered me. Have you seen a psychologist? Do you think it will be like my case? Is there something wrong?”

“Not yet. Do you know anyone?”

“Of course I do as I've been consulting one all these while. I'm much better now. It's dismissal after PE lesson. Shall I bring you there?”

“Sure!” Arielle nodded. She was keen for a consultation.

Whenever she saw Vinson, her heartbeat would race rapidly. If the symptom continued, she was afraid that she would die of heart attack after staying under the same roof for several days with him.

I haven't avenged for Mom, so I can't die so soon.



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Soon, the PE lesson was over.

The two girls bought some bread as their quick and simple lunch before taking a cab to the clinic which Trisha had recommended.

During the journey, Vinson called. "Let's have lunch together. I'm on an inspection near your campus."

Stunned, Arielle realized that her heart skipped a beat just by listening to his voice. The whole experience was like riding a roller coaster.

She gulped while glancing at Trisha who had dozed off next to her. "I guess not. I'll eat with my classmate."

"Which one? The one you brought breakfast for?"

Arielle was almost at a loss for words. "What breakfast? You chomped it all down. Have you forgotten?"

"It's her then." Vinson continued indifferently, "When she's free, I'll treat her to a hearty meal as a token of appreciation for taking care of you in school."

Somehow, Arielle had a feeling that his words sounded like a threat.

Was I mistaken?

She coughed lightly and said, "If there's a chance, I'll invite her and my two other friends home for dinner. I'll let you know in advance, so that you can tidy up your things. It's not nice if they discover we live under the

same roof.”

On the other end, Vinson exuded a hostile aura, causing the manager of the shopping mall to tremble in trepidation.

Everything was fine just now. Why did he turn sullen all of a sudden?

Arielle heard him acknowledge briefly over the phone, to which she replied with a goodbye message before hanging up.

She was puzzled. Why is he angry?

Right then, the driver turned to give them a friendly reminder. “Ladies, you will reach your destination soon. Do remember to take all of your personal belongings with you.”

“Sure.” Arielle nudged Trisha. “Trish, we're almost there.”

As soon as she said that, the cab pulled over.

“Sorry, I took a catnap. Oh, let's get off, Sannie.”

The friendship between the girls developed super fast. Within one PE period, Trisha had already started addressing Arielle by her nickname.

“Okay.” Arielle got off the cab first. When she raised her head, she saw a big signboard which wrote “Meio Mental Health Clinic”.

“It's here. Let's get in. Dr. Meio is a wonderful person.”

Arielle nodded and walked behind Trisha.

A nurse welcomed them with a big, bright smile when she saw Trisha.

“Trish, you're here to see Dr. Meio?”

Trisha shook her head. “Not me, but my friend is consulting today.” She pointed at Arielle.

The nurse froze for two seconds before asking, “You're Arielle Moore, aren't you?”

Arielle exclaimed, “You know me?”

“Who doesn't know the gorgeous ambassador for Soir Coffee? I'm your die-hard fan. Oh my, I can't believe that I get to meet you here. Can I get your autograph later?”

Arielle felt rather uneasy. She never knew she had a fan. “Um... Sure...”

Three of them chatted for a bit while walking toward Dr. Meio's office.

The nurse entered the office to briefly report on the case. Moments later, she returned to call upon Arielle, “Ms. Moore, Dr. Meio is ready to see you. Trish, let me usher you to the waiting room for a cup of tea. I brought some tea leaves today. You should try some.”

Trisha nodded. She gestured Arielle to relax before leaving with the nurse.

Arielle was not nervous at all. In fact, she could not wait to find out what was wrong with her.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Arielle knocked on the door politely. A friendly voice replied, "Please come in."

She pushed the door open, only to see a foreign doctor sitting in the room!



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Although he was a foreigner, Dr. Meio spoke Chanaean fluently. One could not have guessed his nationality right just by listening to his impeccable accent.

Dr. Meio seemed to be able to read her mind like a book. He explained, “I came to Chanaea with my parents when I was ten, so I can speak good Chanaean. Please take a seat, Ms. Moore.”

Just like that, Arielle felt that he was quite clever.

As she sat opposite the doctor, he passed her a few sheets of paper. “This is a psychology questionnaire that I've created. I do think that it's better than the generic survey used internationally. Go ahead and fill it out as we have a little chit-chat.”

“Okay.” Arielle nodded.

She took approximately an hour to complete the detailed survey.

“Please wait a moment,” uttered Dr. Meio. Few minutes later, he returned with an analysis in his hands and a confused look on his face. “Ms. Moore, from our conversations as well as the questionnaire report, there's no issue with your mental health. In fact, you're doing very well psychologically. The results show that you're comparatively more assured, strong, and resolute than the majority. May I know why you are seeking consultation?”

Arielle hesitated, but decided to share all of the weird encounters she had experienced recently with the

doctor.

The more she described, the more peculiar he looked at her.

Frowning, she stopped and asked anxiously, "What's wrong, Dr. Meio? Is my condition extremely serious?"

Dr. Meio rubbed his nose, unsure how to respond to her.

He thought for a while. "Ms. Moore, have you ever been in a relationship?"

Arielle denied, "No."

Dr. Meio fell silent again. Subsequently, he pursued further, "Ms. Moore, do you watch any soap operas, romantic movies or read any romance novels?"

"No, I don't," she replied. "Those are for people to kill time. Free time is so sacred, I'd treasure it by watching financial news."

Perplexed, Dr. Meio found her response simply unbelievable. "A girl at your age enjoys watching financial news... Wow, Ms. Moore, I can't wrap my head around this. There's no wonder your first reaction was to consult a psychologist upon feeling what you felt."

"What do you mean by that?" Arielle was dumbfounded.

Grinning from ear to ear, Dr. Meio stood up and shook

her hand.

“Congratulations, Ms. Moore, you're in love!” he declared.

Meanwhile, Trisha was sipping tea at the waiting room.

Just when she was about to make the fourth run to the bathroom, Arielle finally appeared.

“Sannie!” Trisha dashed to her and queried, “What did Dr. Meio say?”

With a complicated expression hanging on her face, Arielle shook her head as though her soul had left her. Then, she said with a hoarse voice, “Let's head back to campus first. It's almost time for lecture.”

“What's going on?” Seeing how downcast Arielle was, Trisha was worried sick.

Coincidentally, Dr. Meio approached them and overheard Trisha's questions. He chuckled. “Don't you worry, Trish. Your friend is absolutely fine.”

“But...”

Arielle's despondent look says otherwise. How is this considered all is well?

During the journey back, Arielle was exceptionally quiet. She stared blankly out of the window and at the landscape in reverse motion.

Trisha developed an uncanny feeling toward Arielle's unusual behavior, and it bugged her a lot.

She faltered several times, holding back the urge to find out exactly what happened. She was scared that her questions might trigger something unhappy. In the end, Trisha chose not to say a word.



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In Chanaea, people did not know much about mental health, and often had a misconception that those who consulted a psychologist must be crazy.

When Trisha was brought by her parents to see one, she dared not tell anyone about it, fearing that people would view her differently.

Perhaps, that's what Arielle feels like right now.

At that thought, Trisha decided not to pursue the matter further. When they got off the cab, she pretended like nothing had happened, and she continued discussing academics with Arielle.

The latter was not paying much attention to her. Trisha acted casually, and they strode toward the lecture hall.

At the lecturers' block, Wendy was sweating profusely as she stared at the pile of lesson plans before her.

Initially, she thought that it was a piece of cake to translate the lesson plans. Therefore, she volunteered to do it on behalf of the advanced mathematics lecturers.

Who would have known that it took her more than an hour just to complete translating one lesson. She could barely do it, and the translation was amateurish.

While Professor Harlem was engaged in heated discussions with the advanced mathematics lecturers, Wendy's body became stiff, as if she had fallen into an icy abyss.

This was because she realized that she could not translate the second lecture.

If only there are internationally used punctuations on the pages to act as guidelines while translating the contents... There's none on this one! It's filled with broken Chanaean. How am I going to even translate them all?

Sweat rolled down her cheekbone and onto the keyboard.

For a moment, she was unsure if it was her lack of ability in doing this or the lesson plan was too challenging for her.

It was undoubtedly a mission impossible for her to doubt herself. Hence, the lesson plan was the main problem.

Between Arielle and I, neither of us could perfectly translate the documents. After all, it's not a translation for casual daily conversations. It's advanced mathematics lesson plans we're talking about! Professor Sleight and Mr. Baxter have overestimated us.

Suddenly, a lecturer with a cup in her hand came over to check on Wendy's progress. "How's the translation work coming along?"

Subconsciously, Wendy turned while blocking her laptop screen with her body. She plastered a smile on her face and replied, "I'm still doing it albeit a bit slow."

“That's fine.” The lecturer added, “Accuracy is more important than speed. Prof. Harlem is going to be here for two days. So, you have two days to finish the task. You can make an appointment with the respective lecturers to revisit the lessons missed over the weekend. No worries, I've informed Mr. Baxter and the rest of them.”

Upon hearing that, an idea dawned on Wendy. She stood up instantly. “May I continue my work at the library? I can concentrate more over there.”

“Of course. It's not a classified one, anyway. Come with me and let Prof. Harlem know.”


“All right, thank you so much.” Wendy followed the lecturer obediently.


Professor Harlem did not have an opinion about Wendy's request. “Just do your best. If you're stuck, do consult the Ustranasion lecturers on campus. Their language skills are above average.”


Wendy shook her head. “I can do it, Professor Harlem. This is a great opportunity for upskilling. I want to accomplish it on my own. When I'm done, I'll let the lecturers proofread my work.”

Professor Harlem was impressed by Wendy's learning attitude. “Go ahead then. I plan to do some sightseeing. I heard that there are countless of delicious delicacies in Chanaea. I wish to try them all.”

“Oh, I know all the good places for food. Once I'm done translating, I can be your tour guide,” Wendy offered.

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Thomas waved his hand. "You don't have to. I'm used to doing everything alone. If you all stick to my side, I might even feel restrained."

Upon hearing that, Wendy could only relent. She didn't want to cause his dissatisfaction now that her remarks had left a better impression on him. Moreover, she hadn't known him well yet, so it could be better for her not to accompany him for now.

"In that case, I'll take my leave to the library first."

"All right. Go on then."

With that, Wendy left with a stack of lesson plans in her hands.

Her workload at the moment was heavy. After all, she had to summarize all the lesson plans into one chapter.

Initially, these had to be done by the Ustranasion professors at Jadeborough University. However, since Marcus hoped to send more students to Maxwell University, he asked the professors to give the chances to the students.

After she left, all the professors turned toward Thomas and said, "Prof. Harlem, we have so many excellent students in our university. Maxwell University has always been recruiting international students, yet you only have a few spots for Jadeborough University. Thus, we hope that you can communicate with the principal once you're back to increase the number of spots offered to us."

Thomas let out a laugh. "We would never reject an excellent student. As long as your students are good enough, the number of spots would never be a hindrance."

All the professors also chuckled upon hearing his blunt words.

"Yes. We agree. All the rules are bullsh*t! As professors, everything we do is for the students."

Thomas nodded in agreement. "Yes. It's a chance for Jadeborough University as well. As long as the translation of the lesson plans goes well, you'll get our attention for sure."

"You can rest assured then. Wendy is from the preparatory class. The students in that class are all outstanding."

"Is it? Then, I'll have to get to know them if I have the chance."

"You should. Anyway, you'll meet them in the lecture tomorrow."

Meanwhile, only a few students were lingering in the library since most of them were having classes at the moment.

After finding an empty floor, Wendy took a seat, took out her phone, and called Cecilia.

"Mom, I want you to find me a high-standard

Ustranasion translator to help me to translate some documents immediately.”

Cecilia asked out of curiosity, “What are the documents?”

“I can't tell you now. Just keep in mind that it can secure my spot at Maxwell University. Please, hurry up! The time is running!”

At that, Cecilia quickly replied, “All right. I'll start finding right away!”

Soon after, her mother managed to get her a translator.

After connecting with the translator online, they started the translation task together.

Gradually, as the minutes passed, it was soon evening.

When Donovan reached downstairs in all black, Alice, Donovan's mother, who was preparing dinner, quickly stopped him.

“You're attending a blind date, not a funeral, so please return to your room and change into clothes of a brighter color. If you keep dressing like an old man, you'll never find a girlfriend.”

Donovan frowned. “But, this is my usual dressing style.”

“I don't care about your dressing style. Quick, go upstairs and change now! They will be here soon. Don't

waste your time anymore!”

Donovan opened his mouth but eventually swallowed his words.

Well, I should find a girlfriend indeed. I must have been single for far too long that I feel attracted to someone like Arielle.

As he thought of Arielle, he couldn't help but frown further.

Next, he turned around and went upstairs without a word.

By the time he showed himself again downstairs after changing his attires, his date also arrived just in time.



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Alice quickly took off her apron and went out to welcome them in utter delight. While leading them to the living room with a smile, she said, "Finally, you're here! I've been waiting for you for quite some time already. Come, have a seat. I just finished preparing the dinner."

Then, Ava's voice sounded. "Why trouble yourself by doing so much? Hell, you even cook for us."

"It's not troublesome." Alice quickly replied as she wiped her hands dry. When her gaze fell on the woman standing beside Ava, she instantly uttered, "You must be Queenie. Wow, you're even beautiful in real life than in the photo! I'd even carried you in my arms when you were young before."

Queenie gave Alice a stiff smile before lowering her gaze and greeting, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Baxter."

"Quick, sit down." Upon seeing Donovan, Alice urged, "Don, come over and pour Ms. Mill a cup of tea."

Queenie trailed Alice's gaze to see a handsome man in a white suit. He had an unconcealable aura as his dark eyes shone profoundly.

She held her breath for approximately two seconds, yet she recollected herself soon after.

He's undoubtedly handsome. However, he isn't a match for Vinson at all.

Indeed, after meeting someone as excellent as Vinson,

how could an ordinary man pique her interest?

Donovan greeted her first, "Hi, Ms. Mill. What tea would you like to have?"

"I'm fine with anything." Queenie smiled.

She wasn't an idiot to reject a suitor straightaway even if she didn't like him. After all, it was never a bad thing to have another subordinate like Zachary.

Unfortunately, Zachary was too dumb that he got caught by Carter.

Oblivious to her, Donovan had something in his mind as well.

It had been quite some time since he slept with a woman, so he needed some release recently. Moreover, he wasn't disgusted with the woman in front of him.

Queenie looked beautiful and vibrant. At the same time, her eyes were tranquil and calm, just like Arielle's.

That similarity managed to cease his resistance toward the blind date.

Despite that, Queenie was only a woman who could ease his urge, as he had no plan to get married any time soon.

Sensing the harmonious atmosphere between the two youngsters, their mothers exchanged glances and smiled heartwarmingly.

Ava then said intentionally, “Do you have ketchup? I like it so much that I have to eat whatever dishes with it.”

Alice understood instantly. “Don, you can pour the tea later. Go to the hypermarket to buy branded ketchup for Mrs. Mill first.”

Ava chimed in, “Queenie, go with him and buy some fruits. Mrs. Baxter had prepared us a table of delicious meals, so it's impolite for us to visit empty-handed.”

Despite realizing their intention to create an opportunity for them to bond with each other, Queenie chose to act dumb as she nodded and said, “We come here by car, so I'll drive us there.”

“All right.” Donovan nodded and walked in the front, leading the way.

Alice and Ava, on the other hand, sent them away joyfully.

With that, Donovan and Queenie headed to the only hypermarket nearby, the one near Jadeborough University.

In the meantime, Arielle decided to invite Trisha, Jared, and Henry to have a meal together at her house.

After sending a message to Vinson, telling him not to come back first, she went to the hypermarket near the university with the three of them to buy the ingredients.

Once they arrived at the market, Arielle spoke to Trisha. “Trish, you guys can go ahead and choose the fruits and drinks you like. I’ll go to the vegetable section instead.”



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Henry's weight was enough to prove that he was a big eater. Upon hearing Arielle's words, he instantly cheered and rushed toward the fruits section.

Jared couldn't help but shake his head in utter speechlessness. Next, as a gentleman, he turned toward Trisha and suggested, "Let go over as well."

Trisha was at a loss about what to respond to him. After a while, she nodded with her face flushed and followed after him.

Arielle, of course, noticed how anxious Trisha was in front of Jared. All of a sudden, she recalled Dr. Meio's words.

"Congratulation, you have fallen in love with him. From feeling nervous and flustered whenever you see him to feeling especially anxious whenever you're alone with him, all these are symptoms that you love him. Falling in love doesn't mean that both parties have to be together. Even if it's one-sided, you're falling in love as well. Ms. Moore, from what I see, you're quite mature and extraordinary, yet never would I expect the pureness from you when it comes to relationships. But then, it's somehow expected as well. After all, you'd never experienced one before, so it's normal if you have no idea of it at all. However, no matter how smart one person is, you would never be complete without involving in a relationship. I assure you that you'll grow regardless of how this relationship ends. Thus, again, congratulations."

Arielle bit her lip before heading to the vegetable

section.

After pondering for one afternoon, she finally understood that she wasn't sick as she had thought before. In reality, it was all because she liked Vinson.

A few months ago, she couldn't imagine how she would interact further with Vinson. Yet, surprisingly, after a few months, she fell for him.

She hated beating around the bush, so naturally, she would want to tell him her feelings directly.

However, she hesitated, afraid that it would affect their friendship if he didn't reciprocate her feelings.

That was why she asked Trisha and the others to come over to have dinner together and told Vinson to stay at another place, as she wanted to be alone that night to consider whether or not to confess to him.

I'll think of it later tonight. With that, Arielle took in a deep breath and forced herself to focus on choosing the vegetables instead.

At that moment, an unfamiliar voice sounded behind her, greeting, "Ms. Moore?"

Arielle turned around curiously to see a beautiful woman, looking so pure and calm without makeup. To men, she was undoubtedly an ideal wife.

Unfortunately, Arielle had no impression of her at all.

When the woman approached her, Arielle asked cautiously, "Who are you?"

The woman stretched her hand. "Oh! It really is you! Ms. Moore, I'm Queenie Mill, a doctor in Rocher Private Hospital. It's my pleasure to meet you here."

Only then did Arielle remember Zachary mentioning her before.

Her impression of doctors was good since the Wilhelms were both doctors. Thus, she lowered her guard and shook her hand. "Nice to meet you, Dr. Mill. The pleasure is mine."

A smile crept onto Queenie's face as she replied, "What a coincidence! Initially, I had planned to ask Dr. Ziegler to introduce us, yet he got himself caught in something and resigned yesterday. I thought I would never get to know you anymore. Who knows? We bumped into each other in the market. Did you come here alone?"

Arielle shook her head. "No. I come here with my friends."

"Would you mind exchanging contacts?" Queenie fished out her phone as she said.

Arielle couldn't possibly reject her now that she had handed her phone. Thus, she agreed.

After successfully exchanging their contacts, another familiar man's voice rang from behind abruptly.

“Arielle?”

Arielle turned around in surprise. Donovan came into her sight instantly. With a bottle of ketchup in his hand, he walked over in a frown.



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Arielle was glad that she wouldn't have to see Donovan, as she didn't have his class that day. But apparently, luck decided to joke with her.

So unlucky of me!

Despite feeling disdainful, she had to force a smile. "Good evening, Mr. Baxter."

Donovan felt his heart race uncontrollably upon taking in her smile.

Instantly, a bad feeling settled at the pit of his stomach, causing him to frown deeper.

Meanwhile, Queenie, who heard their conversation, was surprised as well. "Do you know each other?"

Donovan glanced at Queenie in stun before explaining, "She's my student. You know her?"

"Oh, so she's your student." Queenie didn't answer his question. Instead, she said, "Seemingly, we're fated to meet, Ms. Moore."

Arielle smiled. "I didn't know that you come here together. In that case, please excuse me."

Before Queenie could nod, Donovan interrupted in a cold voice, "You live alone, so why did you buy so many vegetables?"

Apparently, the pile of vegetables in Arielle's shopping cart didn't go unnoticed.

Hearing that, Arielle couldn't help but feel hilarious. What the hell! It has nothing to do with you, so why bother?

Yet, she could only let out a small huff. "I've invited my friends to come over to my new house to have a meal together."

Queenie had seen the announcement of Arielle getting chased out by the Southalls when she investigated Arielle. Thus, she said discreetly, "Congratulations for moving into your new house."

"Thank you." Arielle nodded.

Before she could leave, Donovan once again stopped her. "If so, it's merrier to have more people. Since Queenie and I are free now, can we join you guys? I'll treat it as a home visit then."

Arielle couldn't help but widen her eyes in disbelief.

A thought immediately came to her mind. What a shameless man!

Shock painted Queenie's face as well.

He still called me "Ms. Mill" when we were on our way here, so why am I "Queenie" now? Moreover, are we free? Aren't we supposed to bring the ketchup home later?

All of a sudden, Queenie sensed something fishy.

It is undeniable that Arielle's face could attract a man at ease. However, they are teacher and student. Isn't it inappropriate for a teacher to fall for his student? Moreover, he is having a blind date with me now. So, he likes Arielle? Am I overthinking?

Queenie decided to stop pondering and nodded. "Yes, we have nothing to do at the moment. But, are we disturbing you?"

Up until that point, Arielle had no choice but to suppress her discomfort and nod. "Don't worry. What do you want to eat?"

"I'm fine with anything," Queenie said in a carefree manner, and Donovan remained silent.

"In that case, I'll get more ingredients." With that said, she quickly headed toward the vegetables section, leaving them behind.

Just as she was busy cursing her luck internally, Trisha and the others came over.

Henry instantly uttered, "Boss, we saw Donovan Baxter just now."

Arielle nodded. "He even invited himself to the dinner. Just bear with him for now."

"Damn! The hell with the home visit! We're in university now! I'm pretty sure that he's targeting you. Oh, wait! It's all of us who got enrolled with a connection that he targets." Henry then looked at Trisha

and continued, "Don't worry about getting targeted by him, Trishee. He would surely fawn over you since you're a good student."

Trisha blushed at the nickname and corrected him. "I'm Trisha."

"Well, it's only a nickname."

At that moment, Queenie and Donovan approached them.



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“Ms. Moore, both of us didn't want to cause you too much trouble. We'll have a few bites only, so don't buy too much.”

Upon seeing Queenie's kind smile, Henry's eyes lit up instantly.

“This beautiful lady-”

Instantly, Jared let out a cough, snapping Henry out of his trance. Only then did Henry notice Queenie was standing beside Donovan.

Thus, he quickly changed his stance. “Could it be that this beautiful lady here is Mr. Baxter's wife?”

Queenie just smiled and let Donovan explain it instead. Yet, to her surprise, he brushed it off, saying, “The ingredients are enough already. You don't have to buy more. Let's go.”

Arielle didn't want to trouble herself for Donovan. Thus, she dropped putting on an act and spoke to Jared. “Let's go then.”

At the checkout, Donovan walked ahead and took out his card. “Since you all are still students, let me pay instead.”

“You don't have to, Mr. Baxter.” Arielle instantly stopped him.

However, Donovan looked at her and said, “Your student loan will only be credited to your account half a

month later. I want to help you pay first. If you insist on paying back, you can do it after you graduate.”

Upon hearing that, Queenie smirked coldly inside.

How hilarious am I to think of a woman who relies on a student loan as a threat? But at second thought, something seems amiss. If she has to pay her fees with a student loan, how can she afford to purchase ten utterly expensive robotic pacemakers at once? Something is off!

However, Queenie couldn't put her finger on what it was currently.

It's too absurd if she's a hidden chief like those shown on the television.

Right then, Jared pulled the card in Donovan's hand back and said, “Mr. Baxter, we really don't need it. This hypermarket belongs to my family, so we can leave without paying.”

Donovan raised his head in shock. As if proving Jared's words, the cashier bowed respectfully and remarked, “Mr. Jupiter, have a good day.”

“Okay.” Jared nodded nonchalantly before turning to Arielle and said, “Let's go.”

Immediately, his face fell as embarrassment flashed across.

Seeing that, Queenie whispered to him intentionally,

“It's surprising that her friend is so wealthy when she has to apply for a student loan herself. Mr. Jupiter? I guess he's from the Jupiters, one of the four most prominent families in Jadeborough. Is he pursuing Ms. Moore?”

Hearing that, Donovan's scowl deepened.

In a hoarse voice, he said, “They are classmates, so don't jump to any conclusion. Moreover, you can stop calling her 'Ms. Moore' already. After all, she's just an ordinary person now.”

His reply answered her doubt instantly. Donovan really does harbor feelings toward Arielle!

As the realization hit her, slight displeasure surged through her. If it's mine, even if I don't care a sh*t about it, I won't give it up to someone else. Not even Arielle is allowed to snatch it away.

Yet, Queenie changed her mind in the next second. If Arielle ends up with Donovan, she won't get between Vinson and me anymore regardless of what peculiarity she possessed.

At the thought of that, Queenie's eyes brightened.

If I can get rid of a threat, why not?

Thus, she raised her brows and provoked purposefully, “That's right. I shouldn't call her 'Ms. Moore' anymore since it might make her recall her sad memory of getting banished from the Southall residence.

Nevertheless, with the help from Mr. Jupiter, her life won't be too difficult. Therefore, you don't have to worry about her.”

As soon as she ended her remarks, as expected, Donovan knitted his brows further.



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Back at Donovan's house, Alice was a bit worried when both Donovan and Queenie hadn't returned after quite some time.

Finally, she lost her patience. "I hope nothing bad happened. No, I should call them and ask about their whereabouts."

Ava smiled and persuaded, "Hey, don't. Have you forgotten how the youngsters nowadays don't like eating at home? Perhaps they found a restaurant they preferred out there when they wandered around. Thus, stop worrying about them. Let's start eating."

Convinced, Alice quickly put down her phone.

"You're right. How silly of me. I nearly disturbed them."

Soon after that, Arielle and the others arrived at her new house.

Donovan's mood finally elevated at the sight of the shabby furnishing in her house.

"Trish, help me to pour some tea for them. I'll wash the vegetables first."

"All right." Trisha mustered her courage and did as instructed.

After taking a sip of the tea, Queenie stood up. "You're guests as well. So, sit down, please. Since I know how to cook, I'll help Arielle."

With that, she headed toward the kitchen.

When she stepped into the small, open kitchen, she couldn't help but feel suffocated.

While trying hard to hide her discomfort, she approached Arielle. "Let me help to wash the vegetables."

"There's no need for that. You're a guest, so you should stay put."

"Don't worry about it. I work in a hospital, so I'm used to a busy schedule that I can't sit still without doing anything."

Upon hearing her passionate remarks, Arielle had no choice but to accept her offer. "In that case, please help me with the cabbage."

"Okay." Queenie wasted no time and started washing the cabbage.

Halfway through her chores, she cast a glance at Arielle and asked worriedly, "Arielle, you must be living a difficult life after your family chased you out."

Arielle paused as hostility flashed across her eyes.

As quick-witted as her, she instantly sensed that Queenie wasn't as easy to get along with as she looked.

A moment later, she replied calmly, "Not really."

Queenie lowered her gaze and chuckled. “How can it not be? You don't have to act tough. If you face difficulties in the future, you can find Mr. Baxter or me for help.”

“Thank you.” Arielle's tone was placid at that point.

Yet, Queenie continued, “You all have misunderstood. I'd never met Mr. Baxter before, and today marks our first meeting. Our mothers are close friends, but both of us are only friends. So, I'm not his wife.”

Arielle nodded nonchalantly. After all, she didn't care about their relationship at all.

Seeing that, Queenie instantly understood that Arielle had no feelings toward Donovan at all.

Seemingly, Donovan is carrying a torch for her. Well, I should help him then.

“Oh, right! I need to thank you for donating ten robotic pacemakers to our hospital. However, they are expensive. Moreover, there seems to be something odd with Sann Group -- it's normally difficult to purchase their products. So, how did you manage to even buy ten of them at one go?”

While mincing the meat, Arielle answered, “I asked my friend, who happened to know the boss of Sann Group to help me with that. “

“Is it?” Queenie then glanced at Jared in the living room and asked, “Was Mr. Jupiter the one who helped you?”

Arielle hesitated for a moment and nodded. “Yes.”

“Oh! No wonder!”

I knew it! She can never afford ten robotic pacemakers by herself.

Initially, she had assumed that Vinson was the one who helped Arielle. Now that she got the answer, relief washed over her.



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After Queenie got the answer she wanted, she had no more intention of helping out. With that, she found an excuse to go to the washroom and left the kitchen.

She did not realize Arielle was staring at her back figure for a long while.

Arielle finished preparing a table full of dishes in the blink of an eye.

Queenie pretended to be impressed. "Arielle, I didn't know you're so good at cooking. Usually, a beauty doesn't cook this well."

Arielle let out a faint smile without saying anything.

With Donovan present at the scene, even Henry started behaving cautiously. After taking only a few bites, he stood up and wanted to leave.

Jared too had no intention to stay in the same room with Donovan any further. "We'll excuse ourselves first."

With that, Trisha stood up also. "I'm done too."

Arielle knew they did not want to hang up with Donovan, and she did not stop them either. "Let me escort you guys down then."

"Okay."

Just then, Arielle shifted her gaze toward Donovan, waiting for him to say goodbye too.

However, Donovan still sat at his seat, without any intention to leave.

Meanwhile, Queenie lowered her head while eating without eye contact with Arielle.

As such, Arielle had no choice but to send Jared and the rest down first.

After the four of them left the scene, Queenie opened her mouth. "Mr. Baxter, I'm a straightforward person. Let's cut to the chase."

Donovan could not wrap his head around it. "I'm sorry, Dr. Mill. I don't get you."

Putting down her spoon, Queenie looked right into Donovan's eyes. "Donovan, you have a thing for your student, don't you?"

Donovan's heart skipped a beat as he furrowed his brows slightly.

Queenie's words pierced through his heart like a merciless blade.

Initially, he thought he had feelings for Arielle merely because he had not been with a woman for a long time. That was why he agreed to a blind date with Queenie.

But after he met Arielle in the supermarket, he suddenly found his true feelings for her.

And now, Queenie's words made him even more sure

about it.

Yes. I've fallen for Arielle.

Nonetheless, as most people disapproved of a teacher-student relationship; naturally, Donovan would not be honest with Queenie. Plus, he did not know Queenie for long yet.

Donovan uttered faintly, "I like all my students. That way I could serve them better."

"Haha." Queenie let out a chuckle. "Donovan, there're only two of us here. There's no need to hide from me. You like Arielle, don't you?"

A dark expression loomed over Donovan's face, but he did not refute anymore.

Upon seeing that, Queenie continued to speak, "To be frank. There is someone I like. I went on a blind date with you because my mom kept forcing me. However, since you got someone you like too, let's be friends from now on."

After pondering for a few seconds, Donovan nodded. "Okay."

Queenie's lips curled into a smile.

She took a perfume bottle out from her pocket and handed it to Donovan. "This is my gift for you as a friend."

Donovan rejected right away. “Thanks. But I’m sorry, I don’t have a habit of using perfume. I appreciate your gesture, though.”

Queenie raised her brows slightly. “This is no ordinary perfume. I made it. I know some ancient Chanaean medicine. Spray a little on the other people, and it will make them hallucinate and fall in love with you.”



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Upon hearing that, Donovan cast a befuddled look toward Queenie.

“Dr. Mill, are you kidding me? How could something like this possibly exist in this world?”

“You do not know medicine, not to mention ancient Chanaean medicine. But you have to believe me. Why would I lie to you? Not only does this perfume consists the effect I mentioned, but I've also combined it with a herb from Manchernius. With that, the person who smells it will become strengthless and delirious.”

Queenie handed the bottle over to Donovan as soon as she finished her sentence.

Donovan's instinct told him that he should throw it away, but a second thought came across his mind.

The next moment, Donovan grabbed the bottle firmly with his hand.

Seeing that Donovan was still hesitating, Queenie continued to encourage him. “Donovan, do you want to let go of such a golden opportunity? Even I can see that Arielle has no feelings for you. And there are a lot of good men around her. Not to mention, you're her teacher. Hence, if you don't make a move now, it will be impossible for you to be together!”

“Shut up!” Donovan's veins were bulging from his forehead.

However, Queenie did not seem to be intimidated at all.

“Please don't get mad. I'm merely helping you to analyze the situation. Let me tell you. An ambitious woman like her would never settle for a university professor like you. But what's done cannot be undone. If you do as I suggest, you would be able to marry her without any challenge. Not to mention, the law allows the university graduate to marry the professor.”

Donovan bit his lips tightly in annoyance.

The next moment, he cast a cold glance toward Queenie. “Why would you bring this thing with you? Were you trying to set me up?”

“Haha!” Queenie let out a boisterous laugh. “Why would I do that? Our mothers are friends, so we're friends too. Why would I do such a thing to my friend? There's nothing I can get from you either. I just want to help you!”

“Tell me then why you bring such a thing with you?”

Queenie was instantly taken aback.

She did not want to confess the reason as she still needed to win Donovan's trust.

Biting her lips, she explained, “Because I have someone in my heart that I couldn't possibly get. So I bring this with me all the time, hoping that I might run into him, but it hasn't happened till now. Since you need it now, I figure I'll give it to you first. So, Donovan, have you made up your mind?”

Donovan fell silent as he contemplated the options.

At that moment, he realized he indeed had a great desire to possess Arielle.

He could feel that Arielle did not like him at all, or she might even hate him.

To him, Arielle was like a wild stallion.

I would love to tame a wild stallion.

If only I could make her look at me with admiration and passion... that would be amazing.

Donovan swallowed as he stood up abruptly. "How do I use this thing? Would I get affected?"

"Don't worry, here's the antidote. Eat it now and spray the perfume on yourself."

Donovan followed the instruction without much hesitation.



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“Yes. That's right. That's about the right amount.” Queenie ate an antidote as she saw Donovan spraying himself all over.

She reminded him. “No matter how much you spray, the effect will last for only an hour. And the effect will take place within three minutes after the other party smells it. So please be more alert within three minutes. Don't screw up and I'll help you out.”

“It's all right.” Donovan cast a glance at Queenie. “You may leave now.”

“I'll leave after I'm sure you don't need my help.”

Indeed, Queenie could leave now, but she wanted to confirm that Arielle belonged to Donovan before leaving.

After all, reputation is the most important thing for a woman. After the perfume she invented took effect, she could take intimate photos of Arielle and Donovan.

And after she posted those photos on the internet, Arielle's fans would see them. Let the fans see how she looks like in bed.

By then, Arielle would be left with no choice but to marry Donovan.

Right at that moment, there was a footstep approaching the door.

“Ahem! Ahem!” Queenie cleared her throat, implying

that someone was coming.

Donovan nodded slightly and walked toward Arielle.

Arielle had just sent off Trisha and the rest, and she wondered how to send Donovan away. But as soon as she entered, she saw Donovan walking toward her.

Her eyes lit up right away. "Mr. Baxter, are you leaving?"

Donovan was not dumb as he noticed the delight in Arielle's eyes.

Is she really so unwilling to see me?

With that, Donovan nodded helplessly. "Yes, I'm about to leave. But before that, I've got something to tell you."

Upon saying that, Donovan took a step forward, leaning closer to Arielle.

Arielle felt strange as she smelled a herb fragrant from Donovan's body. She could not wrap her head around why Donovan would wear such a rare perfume.

She tried to identify what ingredients were used in the perfume.

She was startled as she discovered the herbs used could cause hallucination and paralyze the central nervous system. She knew that because those were the exact herbs Yvette and Mason used to drug her back then.

What the he*1 is Donovan up to?

Arielle immediately held her breath to prevent herself from inhaling too much perfume from Donovan's body.

“What's wrong?” Just then, Donovan sensed an awkward expression on Arielle's face. He got close to her and pointed at the couch. “Come on. I want to talk to you about Maxwell University.”

Arielle tried to keep calm, pretending to be ignorant.

She almost lost her breath as she uttered, “I almost forgot. Trisha did not return the bedroom key to me. I suppose they're still downstairs. I'll be right back.”

Upon saying that, Arielle cast a faint smile at Donovan and Queenie, and she ran out of the door.

As Donovan was about to sit down and wait, Queenie realized something off with Arielle.

Right then, she shouted suddenly, “Get hold of her! She knows!”

Before Donovan could react, Queenie had already charged toward Arielle.

Arielle tried to run out as fast as possible, but she suddenly felt a heavyweight on her back, making her fall onto the floor.

“What are you guys trying to do? Let go of me!” Arielle struggled desperately, trying to get free from Queenie.



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Queenie sat right on Arielle's waist, making the latter unable to stand up.

The next moment, Queenie cast a glare at Donovan. "What're you staring at? Close the door now!"

Donovan widened his eyes in bewilderment. "What you're doing is illegal..."

"Illegal? Hahaha!" Queenie could not believe her ears. "So if she didn't find out, it wouldn't be illegal then?"

I'm doing him a great favor. But even at this moment, he's still trying to act nobly. What a hypocrite!

"Donovan, there's no turning back for us now! Tie her up! If she escapes, both of us will be doomed!" Queenie started threatening Donovan.

Donovan paled in fright upon hearing that. Under Queenie's continuous urging, he bit his lips and immediately found a rope.

Queenie's right. There's no turning back for me the moment I put on that perfume. Since I've got nothing to lose, I might as well put it all in and try to have Arielle! After I managed to sleep with her, she could only listen to me. After all, who would have thought that I would rape my student? They would even though she was the one seducing me. After all, we're in her house. They would think she is the one who let me in.

Arielle tried to flee, but as a doctor, Queenie knows well about the human body. Even though Arielle was

strong, she could not exert any strength as Queenie had gotten hold of the power points on her body.

“Please stop struggling. A good woman shouldn't be so violent.” Queenie stretched out her hand and gently stroked the scattered hair on Arielle's forehead, observing her face closely.

A natural beauty could wear a potato sack, and they would still be beautiful. Arielle was indeed one of the true beauties.

Her face was only as big as a palm, with less flesh on it. It meant that her face would not become saggy quickly even as she aged.

Not only that, her facial features were with a golden ratio. Everyone who had this golden ratio on their face shape was always good-looking regardless of their sexes.

Queenie sneered with displeasure. “The world is truly unfair.”

Arielle was enraged and puzzled at the same time upon hearing Queenie's abrupt words.

“Why are you guys doing this? Mr. Baxter, if you don't want me in your class, just tell me. Please let go of me. I'll talk to Mr. Brown tomorrow and have him switch me to the other class. Please let's talk properly.”

Donovan bit his lips and sprayed some more perfume on himself. After that, he approached Arielle again.

Then, he used the rope to tie up Arielle's hands and legs while he told Queenie, "You can leave now."

"There's no need to chase me out so fast. I'll wait in the sitting room for the perfume to take effect. I'll leave as soon as the effect kicks in, and I won't interrupt you at all. How does that sound?"

Donovan glanced at Queenie without any expression. He eventually complied with her, and he carried Arielle into the bedroom.

Arielle was still struggling desperately, trying to escape from Donovan's arms.

Disgusted by Donovan's hug, a surge of fear and irritation rose within her heart.

"Donovan! Let go of me! What on earth do you want?"



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Meanwhile, at Nightshire Entertainment.

“Mr. Nightshire, so are we going to assign the new batch of artists under Ms. Melanie, including Jason?”

“Yes, let her handle them for now. Then we can reassign suitable managers for each of them based on their specialties and characters.”

“Alright, Mr. Nightshire.” The vice president bowed toward Vinson. The next second, a name came across his mind. “Actually, compared to this batch of new artists, there's someone that I'm more interested in.”

“Who?”

“She is someone under your company—Arielle, the ambassador of Soir Coffee.”

“I see...” Vinson cast a side glance at the person in charge and uttered, “Just give up on this one.”

How could I bear to let my future wife work for me?

The vice president was confused. “Why? Sam has approached me numerous times for now. He's still looking for a perfect candidate for his movie.”

Vinson had no interest in further discussing the matter. “That's all for our meeting today. I'm leaving now.”

Seeing Vinson did not want to talk, the vice president ended the conversation and escorted him out.

“Rayson.” The vice president grabbed Rayson's sleeve and asked in a low voice, “Why did Mr. Nightshire ask me to give up on Arielle? Didn't the Southalls chase her out? A homeless girl is the easiest target.”

“A homeless girl?” Rayson cast an indifferent look at the vice president. “You don't need to know more. Just give up on her.”

Upon saying that, Rayson swung the vice president's hand away and caught up with Vinson's pace.

After the meeting ended, Vinson switched on his phone and received a text from Arielle.

A friend is coming over for dinner. Please find somewhere else to stay tonight.

A dark expression loomed over Vinson's face right away. Rayson noticed it and dared not make a sound.

“Drive now!” Vinson commanded coldly.

“Where are we heading?” Rayson asked with a trembling voice.

“Arielle's house.”

Rayson nodded vigorously. “Okay!”

That's good. Finally, he's going to see her. His mood will surely improve after seeing her.

Back in Arielle's house.

“Donovan! Let go of me! Don't touch me!”

Arielle struggled forcefully, but soon she noticed her strength began fading.

What feared her more was that her vision was getting blurry.

She instinctively had an ominous feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

That thing I smelled in is taking effect!

But still, she could not comprehend why Donovan was doing this to her.

Does he really hate me so much that he wants to destroy me?

With that in mind, a sudden wave of nausea filled her stomach.

Seeing that she was about to get carried to the bed, Arielle was left with no choice but to go the hard way.

She warned indifferently, “Donovan, if you dare to do anything to me, I swear your career as a teacher will be over! You'll spend the rest of your life in prison!”

Just after she finished her sentence, she got thrown onto the bad.

She wanted to get up, but her hands and feet were tied by rope, while her whole body was feeling weak.

The next second, Donovan pressed himself on her.

Goosebumps rose all over Arielle's body instantly.

I can't accept this! Please don't do this to me!



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As if he was possessed, Donovan sat on top of Arielle and looked deeply into her eyes.

Then, he trapped her into place before slowly leaning down onto her.

Immediately, Arielle snapped her head to the other side and yelled, "Donovan! Wake up! We don't need to become enemies forever. I know that you hate me, so can you let go of me if I'll make sure not to appear in front of you?"

Despite being strong and courageous, she was still a woman and thus could not bear it if something like that happened.

Her heart skipped a beat just by imagining the horrific scene.

Vinson! Suddenly, the man's face popped into her mind.

I shouldn't have texted Vinson and told him not to come back. Otherwise, there's no way Donovan would have a chance to do this to me.

"Look at me!" Donovan grabbed her chin, forcing her to look him in the eye.

Arielle could feel a throbbing pain from how hard he was gripping her chin, and she shot daggers at him.

"What are you trying to do? You're a teacher, so you must be aware of the consequences of your actions."

"It looks like you still don't get it." Donovan shook his

head and gazed at her grimly. "Can't you tell that I like you?"

"W-What?" For a moment, she was stunned.

"Well, I've only gotten to know about my feelings just recently. Thus, there's no way you would find out earlier than me." Donovan started to caress her eyebrows.

Upon hearing that, Arielle widened her eyes in disbelief.

Did I hear him correctly? Did Donovan say he likes me? Is this the reason why his attitude toward me changed drastically?

When she felt his hand gently caressing her face, she found it utterly revolting.

"Don't touch me!" Arielle screamed. "How can you call yourself a guy when you treat a girl you like this way? The 'love' you have is distorted! You'll pay for doing this."

"Close your eyes," ordered him while covering her eyes. "Be quiet. Once you're mine, I'll treat you well and do my best to get you inside Maxwell University." While saying so, he pressed a kiss to her forehead.

When his lips touched her forehead, he could feel himself tensing up.

Every single cell in his body was screaming at him to take her.

“Is this your first time? Don't be so nervous. I'll be gentle on you.” At the same time, Arielle could sense Donovan's scent getting stronger.

Her mind was getting blurrier, and hallucinations would soon be crowding her mind if she did not act fast.

Clenching her fist, she bit hard on her lip.

“Ouch...” Blood immediately started to flow out of her lips, and the pain caused her to regain consciousness.

When Donovan saw that, his expression darkened.

“How long can you withstand it? Or perhaps that our feelings are mutual, and you want to do it with a clear mind?”

Arielle spat a glob of saliva onto his face in reply.

“Dang it!” Donovan wiped the saliva off his face and got closer to her.

As he inched closer to her, he started to take off his clothes.

“No!” she screamed and closed her eyes shut. “Vinson, save me!”

Upon hearing that, a hostile glint flashed in Donovan's eyes.



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Donovan's face was filled with humiliation and rage, and it was a horrifying expression.

While gripping her face, he retorted coldly, "You're calling for Vinson? How dare you mention his name at the moment! Let me tell you that he doesn't return your feelings."

When Arielle wanted to speak, a piercing loud shriek suddenly sounded. "Ahhh!"

The voice belonged to Queenie.

However, her scream was soon cut short and replaced with a dull thud.

Immediately, Donovan had his guard up and asked, "Queenie, do you want to leave now?"

A loud bang sounded when he finished his sentence, and dust flew up everywhere from the door being kicked down.

Obviously, the person was not Queenie, for she would never do something like that.

Instantly, Donovan turned his head around. However, before he could do so, he was kicked right in the waist.

As the kick was powerful and Donovan was caught off-guard, he toppled down from the bed.

The sound of him grunting in pain and a thud sounded at the same time, and his face turned pale.

However, he ignored the pain and turned toward the door.

Who the he*! is this person and how dare he kick me?

In the next moment, he managed to catch a clear glimpse of the person.

It was a tall and handsome man. He had eyes that could seem to see through someone.

Fu*king he*! It's Vinson.

Immediately, Donovan bulged his eyes wide open in disbelief.

Although it was not showing on his face, one could sense that Vinson was fuming.

Donovan's surroundings seemed to have grown colder after Vinson walked inside.

“V-Vinson.”

Bang! As a response, Vinson grabbed him by his collar and punched him in the face.

Just like that, Donovan's nose was broken, and blood gushed out from it.

Instinctively, he covered his nose, which was already numb from the pain. Then, he backed away and spoke.
“You-”

Before he could say anything else, another punch came swinging his way.

This time, Vinson hit his ribs.

Crack! Donovan's ribs were broken just by a punch.

“Ah!” Donovan felt his vision go black and almost fainted from the pain.

Walking up to him, Vinson gave him a harsh beating.

“Vinson! That's enough!” Arielle stopped him, fearing the significant consequences toward the man if Donovan was killed.

At that, Vinson stopped beating but grabbed Donovan's collar instead. “Who do you think you are? How dare a disgusting cockroach like you touch her!”

Meanwhile, Donovan was practically lifeless as he gazed at him through his swollen eyes.

I've never seen someone so scary when they're angry. It's like he's a demon and not a human anymore!

“I-” Before Donovan could finish his sentence, he fainted on the spot.

Kicking Donovan away, Vinson ordered his subordinates to take him out before he checked on Arielle.

After making sure there was no visible wound on her

body except for the red marks caused by the ropes, he let out a sigh of relief.

After all, Vinson found it hard to accept even an injury as minor as a red mark.

Lowering his eyes, he muttered guilty, “I'm sorry that I'm late.”



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If Vinson knew that something would happen, he would not have proceeded with the meeting.

He would rather Nightshire Entertainment go bankrupt than for him to turn up late to her rescue.

Hostility filled his face. I'm going to make both Donovan and Queenie pay for this!

Although Vinson's expression was scary, the hand that held Arielle's hand was surprisingly gentle.

His thumb was rubbing over her wrist, trying to get rid of the marks on it.

When Rayson saw that, he quickly led the other bodyguards out of the room.

After massaging it for a moment, Vinson looked up and asked, "Where did Donovan touch you?"

Arielle could feel her panic subsiding as she calmed down.

Without answering his question, she said, "I thought you wouldn't come."

After all, it was logical for Vinson not to appear after she sent the message.

Looking deeply into her eyes, he answered, "Do you believe in telepathy?"

She could feel her heart pounding uncontrollably as Dr.

Meio's words rang in her mind.

Congratulations on your new relationship!

Biting her lip, she gazed at him and answered, "I do."

Vinson was stunned for a moment as he did not expect that answer. Then, he noticed that the look in her eyes was somewhat different from the usual coldness.

But what's off with it?

"You-"

Arielle pressed a finger to his lips and shushed him before explaining, "I don't think I can persist any longer, so listen to me. I'm a bit... Lethargic right now as Donovan had some sort of perfume on him. Tell your men to wait for the scent to wear off before..." She mustered up all her energy to go through her plan to Vinson.

After hearing that, Vinson's expression turned colder.

I can't believe he dared to drug his student! A monster like him deserves to die!

He gritted through his teeth and mumbled, "Why do we need such a complicated plan? We should just kill him!"

Arielle could feel the energy slipping out of her body, causing her to hold onto Vinson for support.

"Phew..." After taking a deep breath and calming

herself down, she tried her best to speak. "We're letting him off too easily if we just kill him. Death is a relaxing way to end the life for someone like him, for he only needed to close his eyes. However, I want him to be in agony! In fact, I want to cause him pain for his entire life to repay my misery!"

Gazing into her eyes, Vinson nodded and answered, "I understand. I'll follow with your plan."

"Also, Queenie was the one who gave the perfume to Donovan, so we can't let her off either. Would you please bring me outside? I need some fresh air."

"Okay." He wrapped his arms around her waist and escorted her out of the bedroom carefully.

Inside the living room, Rayson was furious and doused cold water on Donovan as revenge. After that, the former instructed the bodyguards to give him a good beating.

At that moment, Donovan had passed out for the second time and was lying in his pool of blood. One could no longer make out his handsome face, for it was swollen and even bigger than Henry's face.

On the other hand, Queenie was tied up and a piece of rag was stuffed in her mouth as she sobbed.

After seeing Vinson coming out of the bedroom, she widened her eyes in fear. Then, tears flowed down her face as if she was begging him for mercy.

Rushing over, he kicked her in the stomach and sent her flying some distance away.

Right then, Vinson looked as scary as a demon.

However, Queenie could only feel jealousy eating her whole when she saw Vinson wrapping his arms around Arielle's waist.



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Queenie was unsure why Vinson would appear there and at the right timing.

Why is he still helping Arielle when she's already kicked out of her house? Our plan would have worked if he were late by half an hour. After all, he would never be together with a woman who is not intact! It's such a pity, for the plan was so close to succeeding!

A mixture of different emotions swarmed inside of Queenie.

Ignoring Queenie, Arielle turned to look at Donovan.

As Rayson had poured water on him, the perfume on him was significantly milder than before.

At that, she heaved a sigh of relief, for she no longer needed to worry that the bodyguards would be infected.

Therefore, Arielle instructed Rayson, "Go on and search for his perfume."

"Of course." Rayson immediately walked over and found a perfume bottle in Donovan's pocket.

After taking a sip of cold water, Arielle finally found herself sobering up after feeling pain from the wound inside her mouth.

Upon seeing that, Vinson ordered his bodyguards to open the windows to disperse the remaining scent.

Arielle would have dealt with both Queenie and

Donovan at ease if not for the perfume. Both of them would not even have gotten the chance to even go near her.

She could only blame her carelessness, as she did not expect a teacher to do something like that.

It seems that I need to put my guard up to the people around me.

Arielle rested for a while and double-confirmed that she was no longer under the influence of the perfume. After that, she walked in front of Queenie while holding the perfume.

When Queenie saw what she was holding, her pupils constricted.

Leaning down, Arielle removed the rag from her mouth and asked expressionlessly, “Did you give this to Donovan?”

Immediately, Queenie shook her head and replied, “I- It's not me. I don't know anything about this. I have nothing to do with this plan either.”

“Is that so?” Arielle muttered amusingly. “So it wasn't you that held me down when I tried to escape?”

Queenie's face turned pale, and she shivered when feeling the gaze Vinson was sending her way.

I can't let Donovan drag me down!

Nibbling on her lip, she explained, "Donovan forced me to do this. When you went downstairs to send them off, he threatened to get rid of me if I disagreed. I gave in as I was too scared of him. Arielle, I don't have any motive to harm you! I'm a victim too, so don't do this to me." When she was speaking the final sentence, she gazed at Vinson with teary eyes, trying to invoke pity from him.


Although she knew that she was quite the looker, Vinson would never pay her any heed no matter how hard she tried.


Letting out a snort, Arielle grabbed her hair and said, "The last person that provoked me just had their funeral. It seems you're not willing to tell the truth even on the verge of death. Am I right?"

However, Queenie overlooked the vicious intent in her eyes and continued denying, "Mr. Nightshire, I'm also an alumnus of Maxwell University. I even helped you out back there at Soir Coffee. You can't look on as she slanders me!"

Staring at her coldly, Vinson threatened, "So you're Queenie Mill? If you don't tell the truth, I'll get rid of not only you but your entire family. Don't make her ask for a second time. Hurry up and say it!"

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Queenie's heart immediately shattered into pieces.

It was clear to her that Vinson's trust toward Arielle was unwavering and he intended to protect her no matter what.

Queenie had never reckoned Vinson would allow a girl to occupy such an important place in his heart. He was not a man who easily opened himself up to others, and he rarely trusted anyone.

Besides, his attitude toward girls had always been indifferent as well. That might have explained why he had never been involved in any scandals throughout all those years.

So, what's happening now? Could he really have fallen for Arielle, a girl who's an absolute nobody?

She shut her eyes for a moment and then reopened them to reveal a pair of sorrowful eyes that also held a resolute look at the same time.

"It really wasn't me," she firmly denied it again.

Queenie was not a fool. Being aware of how much Arielle meant to Vinson, she knew she could not possibly admit to the act without invoking Vinson's wrath.

Glaring at Queenie with eyes that were cold as ice, Arielle shook her head as she stated, "I'm giving you one last chance. Out with the truth, or I'll slap you for every lie you tell."

“It really wasn't-”

Slap!

Arielle struck her with a tight slap before she could even finish her sentence.

Queenie's head swung to the side at once, and her left cheek instantly swelled up before everyone's eyes.

“Y-You slapped me?” Queenie's eyes widened with disbelief as she stared at Arielle.

As the only daughter of the Mill family, a revered family of doctors nonetheless, she had been raised like a precious little princess and had never ever been slapped in the face like this before.

“Yes, I did. So what?” Arielle raised her chin at her threateningly. “If you still won't spit the truth, I will do it again. And I promise the next slap will be harder than the last one.”

The drug's effect was fading away, and she was beginning to regain her strength.

Thus, the slap she had just given Queenie was nothing.

Gritting her teeth, Queenie shouted, “How dare you? I'm the only daughter of the Mill family! You don't even belong to the Southall family anymore, and yet you're threatening to hit me?”

The Mills were among one of the most prominent

families in the field of medicine within Chanaea. Being highly proficient in ancient Chanaean medicine, they were all superb physicians.

To the members of the high society, the only thing more valuable than wealth and power was their lives. Thus, they would never intentionally offend the family with renowned doctors.

“Oh, is that so?” sneered Arielle. With that, she raised her hand again and struck Queenie with another slap across the face.

Immediately, Queenie's head filled up with a buzz as her head twisted sideways again.

In fact, Arielle was deliberately holding back her strength. She did not want to end up killing that girl.

“Y-You...” Queenie was trembling with anger from head to toe. “How dare you hit me! Don't expect to be treated by any good doctors if you ever get sick again!”

Taking a step forward, Vinson let out a derisive laugh. “Didn't you know she's the miracle doctor herself? What makes you think she needs your treatment?”

Utterly stunned, Queenie stammered as she asked, “M-Miracle doctor? W-What do you mean?”

Vinson glanced at Arielle with a proud look on his face. “Arielle was the one who treated and cured the customers who went down with food poisoning at Soir Coffee the other time. She chose not to expose her

identity because she preferred to keep things on the down-low. I am only telling you since you asked. Her medical skills are way superior to yours and anyone in your family.”

“H-How could this be possible? She's too young to be the miracle doctor!” Queenie practically screamed out those words in disbelief.

It was not that she had never suspected of this before, but after examining the poison and listening to Zachary's explanations, she became certain that the miracle doctor had to be someone else.

“It's up to you what you choose to believe.” Vinson's voice was soft, but his tone was brimming with impatience.

Staring at him intently, Queenie realized that he was indeed speaking the truth.

Arielle is the miracle doctor I've been hoping to train under?

There was simply no way she could accept that fact.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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All this time, Queenie had been hoping to take the miracle doctor, who had neutralized the snake venom, as her master. And now, Vinson had just revealed that Arielle was the very person she had been looking for.

She absolutely refused to believe it.

Glancing at her impatiently, Vinson went on snappishly. "That's it. I've talked enough nonsense with you. Getting back to business, explain to me why on Earth did you develop this sort of drug to help Donovan harm Arielle?"

Arielle stepped forward, her mind filled with befuddlement. "As you said yourself, there is no bad blood between us, so why did you do this? It's obvious that Donovan couldn't have acquired this drug by himself. It must have been made by you. Now, just drop the act and answer me."

With one swift motion, Vinson wrapped his fingers around Queenie's neck brutally and barked, "Tell us!"

Struggling beneath Vinson's grip, Queenie gazed into his eyes, which were entirely devoid of sympathy.

He obviously held no regard for her at all.

Whatever feelings she thought he had toward her were solely products of her own imagination.

As the pain of suffocation overlapped with the agony in her heart, she was filled with nothing but sheer despair.

At that moment, all the hopes and wishes she had on Vinson instantly collapsed.

“Hahaha...” A burst of maniacal cackle escaped her lips.

Looking at her, Arielle frowned as if she was looking at a madwoman.

In fact, Queenie was a madwoman.

She had completely lost her rationality, laughing ceaselessly until tears poured out of her eyes.

“Why? Why did you have to snatch what's supposed to be mine from me?” she screamed at Arielle hysterically.

Arielle merely stared at her, completely bewildered.

Turning to Vinson, Queenie went on. “I've been in love with you for years, Vinson, but you've never cared about me! Because of you, I spent all my years in university drowning in inferiority, feeling as if I would never deserve you. Even after graduation, I've never given up any effort to keep improving. Because of you, I gave up the opportunity to study abroad and chose to stay at Morgan Enterprise instead. And you? You chose to be with this girl with no background who is nothing but a pretty face! So, tell me, Vinson, how is any of this fair to me?”

Suddenly, everything became clear to Arielle.

I see... So, this is all about jealousy. Looks like she's been ill-intentioned toward me ever since we met at the

supermarket.

Then, she took out her phone and stopped the voice recorder.

The reason they had spent so much time interrogating Queenie was so that she could obtain the recording of her confession.

After saving the file, she glanced sideways at Vinson, only to see that he had not budged an inch and his expression had turned even colder.

His voice was filled with scorn when he spoke. “Do you think I must love you just because you fell in love with me? I feel sick just thinking of that!”

Queenie stared at him, wide-eyed, as the sparkle in her gaze vanished without a trace.

He feels sick by my love toward him?

Hearing Vinson's words, Arielle felt a slight shudder on her fingertips as well.

If he knows about my feelings toward him, would he feel the same?

With a wave of his hand, Vinson summoned his bodyguard and ordered him, “Send her to Grandview Hotel but don't use the front entrance. Let her have my private suite.”

Sensing something wrong, Queenie snapped back to her

senses at once and asked in a panic, “What are you trying to do? No, I don't want to go to that place! Let me go!”

Taking over the “perfume” in Arielle's hand, Vinson stated coolly, “Weren't you thinking of using this to sabotage her? It's about time we return this favor to you!”

Suddenly getting why Vinson ordered for her to be sent to the hotel, Queenie began to struggle vigorously under the bodyguard's grip.

“No! Let me go! Let me go!”

However, she was hardly the opponent of those tall and strong bodyguards.

With a firm blow to her neck, one of the bodyguards knocked her out instantly.

“Other than that perfume, give her some aphrodisiac as well,” commanded Vinson in a frigid tone.



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Since she resorted to playing such a filthy trick against Arielle, Vinson felt it was only fair to feed her own poison back to her.

Just then, Donovan woke up and caught the word “aphrodisiac.”

He was no fool either. Watching Queenie being dragged out of the room, he instantly understood who the aphrodisiac was supposed to be used on.

“Vinson! You mustn't do that! That's against the law!”

Hearing that, Vinson immediately swung a kick toward Donovan's abdomen.

“Did it ever cross your mind that it's illegal when you used the drug on Arielle?”

“I...” Donovan opened his mouth to speak but could not find a word to defend himself.

He thought his plan was perfect, but he had not foreseen Vinson's appearance.

“Take him away as well!” Vinson ordered at the top of his voice and added, “He has a broken rib, which might impact his movements. Find him an orthopedic to stop his pain temporarily and treat his other wounds before giving him the drug.”

“Yes, sir!” The bodyguard then dragged Donovan out of the room, with Rayson following closely behind.

Then, only Arielle and Vinson were left in the room.

Arielle instantly felt her breath quickening as if the air in the room had suddenly grown thin, and her heartbeat began racing as she shot a glance at Vinson.

“Vinson, I...”

“Hmm?” Vinson's voice was tender as he turned and gazed deeply into her eyes.

Taking in a deep breath, Arielle mustered all the courage she could garner and said, “I met with a psychologist today.”

Vinson froze for a moment, asking uncomprehendingly, “What for?”

Clenching her fists tightly, Arielle gulped before answering, “B-Because I've been experiencing some symptoms that I found puzzling.”

“Puzzling? In what way?”

“I-I was puzzled over the strange feelings whenever I saw you, I-”

Before she could finish her words, however, Vinson's phone rang.

“Sorry, please excuse me for a moment,” he apologized before picking up the call.

A moment later, a deep frown formed on his forehead as

he spoke into the phone, "If he rejects this one, then just assign him someone else. Don't accept any offers for him within the next month."

With that, he hung up the phone and turned back to Arielle at once. "Sorry about that. You were saying something puzzling happens to you whenever you see me? What was it?"

Arielle felt like a deflated balloon. The courage she had summoned with great difficulty earlier had disappeared as soon as her speech was interrupted.

"It was nothing. Let's talk about it another time. By the way, what was that on the phone? Did something go wrong at work?"

Vinson shook his head. "Not really. It's just that we signed a few new artists lately, and there's one called Jason Sleight. He rejected the manager assigned to him by the company."

"Jason Sleight..." Arielle thought the name sounded familiar to her but didn't give it much thought. "Well, I'm rather tired. I think I'll take a shower and have a rest."

Sweeping a quick gaze across her, Vinson nodded and agreed, "Perhaps you should. Don't worry about that disgusting b*stard just now."

Arielle nodded before hurrying to the bathroom and shutting the door behind her.

With her back pressed against the door, she took a few deep breaths before her heartbeat slowed down.

I was so close! I almost said it!

She thought she would be brave enough to do it, yet she had swallowed back the words even though they were already hanging by her lips.

She was overwhelmed with fear.

More than anything else, she feared he would feel sick when he heard her confession, the way he just did when he heard Queenie's.

The friendship between her and Vinson did not build up easily, so she did not want to risk ruining it.

Shaking her head vigorously, she stepped into the shower, feeling incredibly frustrated.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Although Queenie and Donovan had gone missing for the entire night, neither of their families were bothered by it.

In fact, their mothers simply assumed everything had fallen into place between those two and were afraid of disturbing them, so much so that they did not even send them a text.

In the early morning, Arielle was woken up by the sound of Vinson knocking on her door.

“Wake up! It's showtime!”

Her eyes lighting up, Arielle hastily leapt out of bed.

She had suffered a long and arduous night of bad dreams. Now was the time to make those two pay for her nightmares.

The previous night, at Grandview Hotel, Donovan's broken ribs had been tended to by a top-notch physician using ancient Chanaean medicine.

After that, things unfolded naturally for him and Queenie with both of them being drugged at the same time.

Just as Donovan wished, it was too late to stop it from happening. After an entire night of aggressive “workout,” they fell asleep soundly in the same bed.

Meanwhile...



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Meanwhile, the students of the Jadeborough University preparatory class were doing their revisions before class started.

The first class they had that day was advanced math taught by Donovan.

However, Donovan, who had never been late to his classes, did not show up.

Grabbing a few articles, Wendy was about to leave for the library when a student called out in shock, “Guys, quick! Look at the school's forum! Mr. Baxter just...”

His voice trailed off as an awkward expression came across his face.

Puzzled, Wendy opened the forum at once and saw a post made by an anonymous person.

Shocking News! Professor Charming Checked Into A Hotel Room With A Girl!

There was only one person who was nicknamed “Professor Charming” on campus, and that was Donovan.

Wendy quickly tapped into the post. It was attached with a video in which Donovan was holding a tall and slender girl in his arms as they walked into a hotel room together.

The classroom immediately erupted into a frenzy.

Laughing mockingly, Henry said, “And I was just wondering how it's possible that Mr. Baxter is late today. This video was posted at four in the morning. Looks like he's had some crazy fun!”

At that, the other guys let out a hoot of laughter while the girls instantly blushed in embarrassment.

Just then, one of the guys called out, “Hey, is it just me, or does this girl look like Arielle...”

Her heart skipped a beat, Wendy whirled around to look at Arielle's seat.

It was empty, which seemed to confirm the guy's suspicions.

Suddenly, a swirl of mixed emotions surged in her heart.

On one hand, she was glad because she knew Arielle would be completely defenseless if Vinson confronted her about this incident.

On the other, she hated the fact that Arielle seemed capable of easily seducing all the most outstanding men in existence.

Just then, the bell rang, indicating the end of the class session.

As Wendy was coming out of the restroom, she overheard an exchange between Trisha and Jared.

“What now? I still can't get through the line.” Trisha sounded frantic. “After we left yesterday, there were only Arielle and Mr. Baxter left. What if it's really them in that video?”

Jared, on the other hand, could not be bothered. He simply waved his hand dismissively, saying, “What's there to worry about? Wasn't there another woman with Donovan yesterday? I bet Boss simply skipped class to deal with some matters. Don't worry about this anymore, or people would think Boss and Donovan are indeed involved in something indecent together.”

“All right. I'll stop talking about it.”

A look of disdain washed over Wendy's face as soon as she heard all that.

So it was indeed Arielle! How despicable is that girl, seducing even her teacher? I wonder what her parents would think once they knew about this?

Wendy's eyes brightened suddenly as she was struck with an idea to turn this into a big mess.

She had heard about Henrick's personality before and knew he was a man who valued his pride more than anything else on Earth.

Even though he had already kicked Arielle out of the house, if he knew she hooked up with her teacher, he would inevitably fire up with rage.

Feigning ignorance to what she had just heard, Wendy

walked down the staircase with a neutral expression.

After she returned to the classroom, she turned to the guy sitting next to her, saying, “I’ll be spending the rest of the morning translating lesson plans for the teacher from Maxwell University. Could you help me let the teacher of our next class know?”

“Mmm,” the student mumbled before continuing to chat with the student behind him about Donovan’s scandal.

The post on the forum attracted so much attention that even the principal came to know about it, yet no one managed to contact Donovan.

Delighted with the way things were unfolding, Wendy sent the pictures of the documents to her translator before hailing a cab and heading toward the Southall residence.



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Soon, Wendy arrived at the Southall residence.

Cindy was still locked up in her room, while Malorie's ashes were still in the backyard. Although she was already cremated, the funeral was still three days away.

For the past two days, Henrick had been looking for someone to take over the company and wanted to sell his shares and assets at the best price possible. He did not need to leave the house to do all that, so Wendy found him as soon as she arrived.

“Mr. Southall, my name is Wendy Greene. My family is the founder of Greene Corporation in Horington, of which my father is the chairman.”

Once he heard Wendy's self-introduction, a pleasant smile spread across Henrick's face, and he enthusiastically asked the housekeeper to pour her a cup of tea. “Did your father send you because he's interested in buying my shares?”

“Your shares?” Wendy shook her head as she explained, “No, I'm here because of something else. It's Arielle. I'm her classmate, as well as her best friend.”

Henrick's face clouded over the moment he heard Arielle's name, and he almost wanted to shoo Wendy out of his house.

However, on second thought, he remembered he had yet to get back the shares he gave Arielle before this. Thus, he could only force suppress his irritation and asked, “What's up with her?”