

“It's this.” Wendy opened up the school forum's page and showed him the photo. “This girl looks a lot like Arielle, and she didn't come to school today as well. I was just worried that she might have done something silly and came over the moment I saw this post. As you know, Mr. Southall, my family is largely based in Horington. We don't have many connections here and definitely, would not dare to simply barge into the hotel...”

Taking over the phone, Henrick saw only the back of the girl who was held in the man's arms, but he thought she indeed looked eighty percent similar to Arielle.

Added with the fact that Wendy just mentioned that Arielle did not turn up in school on that day, Henrick was one hundred percent certain the person in the photo could be no one else but Arielle.

His face darkened, he immediately roared with fury, “This girl has no sense of shame at all! How dare she do all this shameless stuff and continue to embarrass me! And now, she's even hooked up with her teacher? What nonsense is this!”

Arielle promptly advised him, “Mr. Southall, now's not the time to be angry. Arielle isn't in any way that kind of girl. Maybe Mr. Baxter... Why don't you go and have a look, Mr. Southall? What if Arielle's the victim in this case?”

In fact, Henrick could not care less about whatever disaster struck Arielle. However, he thought about the fact that Arielle was secretly married to Vinson.

If Vinson sees this, then I might get embroiled in this mess as well!

The more he thought about it, the more panicked he became. Finally, he slammed his hand on the table and asked, "Which hotel is she at? Take me to her at once!"

"Yes, Mr. Southall." That was precisely what Wendy wanted to hear. Without further ado, she led him straight to Grandview Hotel.

On the way there, Henrick pondered deeply about the current situation and figured there was no better moment to snatch back Arielle's shares than now.

Regardless of whether she had gone to the hotel willingly or not, sleeping with her teacher was a very disgraceful act.

He planned to offer to help her suppress the scandalous news. In exchange, she would have to give up her shares to him.

He figured she would not want Vinson to know about this scandal and would have no option other than to rely on him to cover it. To him, it was a simple feat as he could easily hire someone to do with a small fee.

Hmm, what a great idea indeed!

Henrick felt extremely pleased with himself and urged the driver to speed up.

Meanwhile, Wendy was not idling around either. She

had just sent Susanne a text to inform her about the incident.

About half an hour later, they arrived at the hotel.

To their surprise, there was already a huge crowd of reporters at the entrance, blocked by the hotel's security from entering.



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Gazing upon the mob of reporters gathered in front of the hotel, Wendy could not help but wonder why they were there.

Mr. Baxter isn't involved in show business, nor is he in any way a famous person on the internet. How could he have attracted all these reporters here? Or are they here because it's been exposed that the woman in the video is Arielle?

At this thought, Wendy's heart filled up with glee.

Compared to Henrick, the reporters were an even scarier threat.

Once the scandal started to spread, that would surely be the end of Arielle.

The moment Henrick found the hotel manager, he ordered the latter at once, "We need to go upstairs. Give us the elevator card now!"

The elevator of Grandview Hotel could only be accessed with a room key card or an elevator card.

Seeing that neither of them was the hotel's guests, the manager apologized, "I'm sorry, but we keep our guests' information confidential. You are not allowed to go up."

"Why not? My daughter is a guest in your hotel! Why can't I go and look for her?" Henrick retorted in anger.

"Well..." The manager's expression turned awkward.



Just then, a woman's voice rang out, "Let me have the elevator card."

Both Henrick and Wendy turned sideways toward the source in unison. In the next instant, Wendy's eyes lit up as she hurried over to the woman.

"Ms. Stone!"

Susanne responded with a nod before repeating her words to the manager. "The elevator card, please."

The hotel was owned by Nightshire Group. Thus, it only took a moment for the manager to recognize Susanne. He immediately took a step back and handed the elevator card to her respectfully.

The three entered the elevator together. Meanwhile, the reporters had broken through the security's defense line. Having no access to the elevators, they went up through the staircase.

In the elevator, Wendy put on a worried look as she hooked her arm around Susanne's. "Hopefully nothing's happened to Arielle, Ms. Stone."

An unpleasant expression hung on Susanne's face.

Ever since she found out she would have to choose Wendy as her daughter-in-law, she had decided she did not want to be bothered about matters concerning Arielle anymore. In fact, she almost ignored Wendy's text about Arielle. However, when the late Maureen's face popped up in her mind, she reconsidered and

finally came anyway.

If Arielle had been forced into this situation against her will, then Susanne would be able to seek justice for her. But if Arielle had gotten into this willingly, she would simply snap a picture of the scene and show it to her son so that he could see for himself the sort of woman he had fallen for.

Nobody knew her son better than herself. She had figured out Vinson's feelings toward the girl a long time ago.

As for Henrick, he simply stood at her side, too afraid to even utter a single word.

With Susanne's sudden appearance, he knew there was no way he could suppress the news anymore.

There was no doubt it would soon spread to Vinson.

With this turn of events, he figured there was nothing he could do now except to give Arielle a tight slap across the face and hope to stay out of the whole affair.

What none of the three of them knew was that Arielle and Vinson were, at that moment, sitting in the hotel's security room and viewing the surveillance footage.

Watching those three in the elevator, Arielle furrowed her brow in puzzlement. "Why are Henrick, Wendy, and your mother here? Do they know Queenie or Donovan?"

“I have no idea.” Vinson looked just as puzzled. He stood up and said, “I think it's about time. Shall we go up to have a look?”

“Sure.” Arielle stood up as well. However, she did it so hurriedly that her foot got caught with the leg of the chair and she tripped over, falling toward Vinson.

With lightning reflexes, Vinson caught her in his arms just as her lips pressed into his collarbones.

Cheeks flushing beet red, she immediately leaped out of his arms, apologizing with her head lowered, “I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.”

In fact, he wished she had meant to.

But of course, he would never have spoken those thoughts out loud. Instead, he merely let out a gentle laugh and reassured her. “It's all right. There's no law against that, anyway.”

Arielle stared at him, thoroughly confused.



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Before Arielle could figure out what he just meant, Vinson stroked her hair fondly and stated, "All right, let's go. The show's about to start."

"Huh? Oh, right..." Arielle took a moment to snap out of her daze before hurrying after him.

Gazing at the back of Vinson's figure, she could not help but wonder if he really only regarded her as a regular friend.

Would it be possible that he's also slightly attracted to me, the way guys are attracted to girls?

The moment those thoughts entered her mind, Arielle shook her head vigorously in an attempt to force them out of her head.

This isn't the time to think about such nonsense. I don't even know what Wendy and Henrick are up to yet.

After snapping back to reality, she entered the elevator with Vinson and they went to the suite on the top floor together.

By then, the reporters had run tirelessly up to the top floor and crowded the hallway.

They had received a tip that the famous physician Queenie Mill had hooked up with a married man. Being an attractive lady and the youngest among the renowned physicians in Chanaea, Queenie had gained quite a large fan base. Her scandal would inevitably become the next trending topic on the internet.

Seconds before the reporters arrived at the top floor, Henrick had unlocked the suite's door with the hotel's master key.

Kicking the door open, he stormed into the room, followed by Susanne and Wendy.

Wendy went in quickly. With the faint beams of light seeping into the room through the curtains, she saw that there was indeed a couple lying on the bed.

Taking in a sharp breath, she caught a trace of the dirty scent of lovemaking lingering in the air.

As for the couple on the bed, they were sleeping peacefully in each other's embrace, completely oblivious to the outside world.

Wendy's heart almost burst with joy. Arielle had indeed hooked up with Donovan, just as she had guessed.

Despite the delight spilling out of her heart, she put on a stunned expression as she turned toward Susanne. "L- Looks like I was wrong, Ms. Stone. It looks like A- Arielle came here willingly..."

At that moment, Susanne's face was dark as thunder.

With Maureen's noble and graceful nature, how did she end up giving birth to such a rebellious and shameless daughter? Look at her, hooking up with her teacher and staying overnight with him in a hotel room! If Maureen knew about this, she might even leap right out of her coffin in horror.

“I don't care anymore!” Giving up, Susanne turned and made her way to the exit.

She could not believe she had thought Arielle was forced against her will into this predicament. After seeing the couple pressing against each other that way, it was obvious that she had willingly found her way into that bed.

Not only was Susanne mad that she had wasted a trip for nothing, she was also thoroughly disgusted by what she had just seen.

Just as she was leaving, she heard Henrick yelling with uncontrollable rage as he bolted for the bed, “You b\*tch!” Yanking the woman by her hair with one hand, he slapped her savagely with his other hand.

Slap! As the sound reverberated in the room, Wendy felt a pleasant sensation spread throughout her body.

That's right! Hit her! Or better yet, hit her to death! Once that girl is dead, everything will be as it should be. Vinson can't possibly be hung up on a dead person, could he?

As Wendy screamed those deranged thoughts in her mind, Henrick indeed landed a second slap on the woman's face, harder than the first one.

With that, the woman, who was semi-conscious earlier, instantly jolted awake, screaming as she covered her face, “Ah! What are you doing? Who the hell are you?”

“I'm your father!”

Tightening his grip on her hair, Henrick forcefully dragged her out of bed. Just as he was about to kick her, her face appeared beneath her messy hair.

A ray of light happened to fall upon her features.

Henrick saw the woman's delicate face gazing up at him, with one side badly swollen and unsightly.

“What the-”

Henrick's actions froze as he stared at her in shock, his eyes almost popping out of their sockets.

This isn't Arielle!



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What the heck is going on?

Henrick stood still as he was stunned.

Wendy felt something was not right about the woman's voice and was stunned when she saw her face.

This isn't Arielle. Wait a minute. Are we in the wrong room? But that can't be! The room number was 1201 in the photo, and this is 1201!

During her moment of stupefaction, Donovan jolted out of his sleep. He scrunched the bed sheet while trying to recall what had happened the night before.

All he remembered was that Vinson got him a doctor and sent him and Queenie to the hotel. There were lingering traces of sexual pleasure, and his foggy memories identified the woman who he'd made love to as Arielle.

However, the woman by the bed was actually Queenie.

It must've been the perfume she gave me! Okay. So I slept with someone else. What about the two people standing there? Why is Wendy and Arielle's father here?

Meanwhile, Susanne heard something and went back to the room. She was worried that Henrick might throw a violent fit and kill his daughter in the process.

When she got to the bedroom, she was startled to see Queenie.



Susanne knew that Queenie was a young and famous doctor, but she did remember that Wendy told her Donovan was with Arielle.

Confused, she turned toward Wendy.

“Wendy, what's going on? You told me that Arielle's here.”

Henrick suddenly got back to his senses and released his grasp on Queenie's hair. “What's going on? Are you messing with me?” He got closer to Wendy and demanded an explanation.

Wendy was so dumbfounded that she couldn't formulate a reply.

It should've been Arielle! What happened?

Tap, tap, tap... Reporters barged into the room, pushed everyone aside, and went into a photo-snapping frenzy.

“Stop! Stop!” Queenie lunged onto the bed and covered herself with the same comforter that Donovan was using, but that only geared up the reporters' fingers.

“Stop, please. I beg all of you.” Tears were gushing out of Queenie's eyes.

Donovan scowled. “Get out!”

Yet, the reporters simply ignored him and kept flashing at Queenie's face.

“Ms. Mill, rumors online had it that you're having an affair with a married man. Any thoughts?”

“Ms. Mill, when did this affair start? You're always known as someone aloof. What made you seduce a married man?”

“Do you feel sorry for what you've done?”

“Do you still think that you're fit to be a doctor?”

Upon hearing those questions, Wendy, who was squeezed out of the room, checked her phone.

The Affair Between Queenie Mill, A Famous Doctor, and A Married Man. was on the top of the trending list.

So, it wasn't Arielle who was in Donovan's bed all this while but Queenie? What! This is completely off the target! What am I going to tell Susanne?

Blood drained from her face.

“Wendy, so, this was your intention of bringing Mr. Southall here? You led this flock of spectators in here because you thought it was me on the bed?” It was Arielle.

Wendy's eyes darted toward the voice and saw Arielle by the door. Vinson appeared stoic as he stood behind the latter.

Chills went down Wendy's spine as she could smell something sinister brewing.



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Wendy could only seek help from Susanne in this havoc.

“Ms. Stone, I don't know what's going on. I heard that the person in the photo looked a lot like Arielle, and that's why I went to you without delay. I was worried about her.”

Susanne took her hands and gently soothed them. “It's alright. It's just a misunderstanding. I know you did it because you care about her.”

“Because she cares? If she was genuinely worried about Arielle, shouldn't she have called the police? Why did she look for you and Henrick instead?” Vinson wasn't having it.

As pale as a ghost, Wendy tried to defend herself. “Mr. Nightshire, please mind your words. Are you saying that I'm trying to blow this scandal up? What's the point of me doing this? It's not Arielle who's having an affair. It's just an honest mistake.”

Vinson saw no point in arguing with her. “I don't care if it was a mistake. I've told you to move out of the manor, and why are you still there? Do you really want me to throw you out?” He gave her an ultimatum.

Feeling humiliated, Wendy sobbed and again, turned toward Susanne. “Ms. Stone...”

Susanne thought Vinson was too much and glared at him. “How could you speak to Wendy in such a manner? She's your wife-to-be. Where do you suppose

she move to if not back to the manor?"

"She's going to be my what? Wife?" Vinson narrowed his eyes.

Susanne frowned and glared back at him. "Vin, don't you dare look at me like that."

"I forgot to tell you something, Mom," Vinson spoke again before Arielle could persuade him to stop quarreling with Susanne.

For some reason, she palpitated in uneasiness as if she knew that Vinson was going to announce something unnerving.

"And what is that?"

"I already have a wife."

What! Arielle's opened her eyes so wide that they almost popped out of their sockets. "Stop it, Vinson!" She tugged his sleeve.

Looking at how the two interacted,

Wendy's heart wrung, and fear engulfed her.

Before Susanne could question any further, Wendy jumped in. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Vinson weaved his fingers into Arielle's and brought them near his chest. "I already have a wife, and she is Arielle. We're legally married."

Arielle closed her eyes tight. She couldn't believe that Vinson announced their marriage under this circumstance.

One thing that she was trying to wrap her head around was the reason behind his actions. She thought their marriage was nothing but a scheme that could deliver mutual benefits. If it really went public, then things would get real.

Wendy was swirling in a pool of mixed emotions.

She was shocked, delighted, and somewhat felt astray at the same time.

Being the gutsy Arielle, she took a deep breath and clasp Vinson's hand even harder. "Ms. Stone, Vinson and I have signed the papers and we're officially married. There's no need to arrange for Vinson to go on blind dates anymore."

"W-W-What? You said t-that... you are m-m-m-married?" Susanne was so baffled that her words tumbled uncontrollably out of her mouth.

Whereas Wendy's eyes expanded as wide as a tarsier's, and her mind went blank.

At this point, the reporters had taken enough pictures for their headlines.

They were relentless on Queenie and Donovan, but no one dared to aim their cameras at Vinson.

After they were done with their job, they slithered silently out of the room.

Donovan and Queenie quickly put on their clothes, and they overheard the conversation when walking out of the bedroom.



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Vinson and Arielle are married?

Donovan was livid.

How could they? How could he snatch away the girl I have my eyes on!

Queenie had come to terms with the fact that Vinson and she would never be together. Therefore, the news of him being married to Arielle barely ruffled her. Even she herself was slightly surprised by her own calmness.

She perfectly understood that Vinson was already out of the equation. As for Donovan, he wasn't too bad of a candidate either.

He was from a good family and had an honorable job. Plus, he took her virginity. To her, getting married to a man like that wasn't too bad. It was the only way for her to discredit the scandal.

She looked at Donovan and suggested, "We need to respond fast. Let's write up an official statement and post it on the net. They said that you're married. We need to deny that and get married soon."

"Shut the f\*ck up!" Donovan cursed and strode out of the suite.

Queenie hurried behind him. "Wait up, Donovan!"

Meanwhile, in the suite, Susanne was still in a state of denial. "No. I don't believe that you're married! I didn't agree to it, so how could it have happened?" She was



trembling.

“You can check if you want to. We've signed the papers.”

Susanne drew her phone out in a flash and called Geoffrey.

“Mrs. Nightshire, Mr. Vinson is legally married.” That was the reply.

It shook Susanne even more, so much that her mind went blank for a couple of seconds.

“How could you...”

Susanne pointed her quivering finger at Vinson. She wanted to lash out, but all the words were stuck in her throat.

The next thing she knew, she was gasping for air, her eyes rolled, and she blacked out.

Vinson swiftly glided under her before she collapse onto the ground.

“Send Mrs. Nightshire back to the manor!” he shouted.

After Susanne was carried out of the room, it regained its peace.

Wendy didn't hear what Geoffrey said but got the message from Susanne's jumpy reaction.

So, Vinson and Arielle are married. Then, what becomes of me?

Wendy used to treat Arielle contemptuously, saying that the latter was out of Vinson's league, but look at who was laughing now? Wendy had indeed become the joke.

When Arielle walked up to Vinson, a hand was abruptly stretched out in front of her.

“Arielle!” It was Wendy who was seeing red.

Arielle was so concerned about Susanne that she hurled the hand away. “I will settle the score with you next time. Scram!”

Embarrassed and infuriated, Wendy yelled, “Both of you will suffer!”

That managed to stop Arielle. She turned around and looked at Wendy. “I'm afraid that you're going to be disappointed. We will have children and live a happy life. As for you, you'll only be able to watch us from afar.”

When she turned back, she saw Vinson leaning on the door frame and looking at her with a subtle smile.

That added some light-hearted flirtation in his once steely dark eyes and drove Arielle's cheeks as red as tomatoes. It felt as if Vinson had looked right through her thoughts.

She forced a composure and asked, “Why are you here?”

Where's Susanne?"

"She's awake. I got them to send her back to the manor."

Vinson gave Wendy a sidelong glance and uttered icily, "You have one more day. Move all your things out of the manor by tomorrow night."



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Wendy shuddered. She moved her lips but couldn't make a sound.

"Let's go." Vinson swirled his eyes toward Arielle and his coldness melted immediately. He was caring, and his tone sounded gentle.

The two contrasting treatments knocked Wendy onto the ground. Her knee buckled and she cried hysterically on the floor.

What is this world so unfair? Why does the guy whom I like fancy that b\*tch I hated most?

After pouring her emotions out, she pulled herself together and phoned her mother.

"M-m-mom?" Queenie sobbed. "Vinson's ma-ma-ma—married. He's married to someone else! When are y-y-you coming to Jadeborough!"

"What! When was this? I didn't hear any news about it. This is outrageous! How could they ask my dearest daughter to stay at his place when he's married! You wait for us right there. Your dad and I will come to you once we're done with the business on hand!"

Cecilia's reassuring words managed to slightly soothe Wendy's broken soul.

Wendy got back on her feet and decided to pack her bags at the Nightshire Manor immediately.

So what if they're married? Susanne obviously didn't

want Vinson to be married to Arielle. Once Dad and Mom get here and pressure Vinson, the tables might turn! But before that, I need to stop this lunacy. I have to look graceful and elegant.

Meanwhile, Vinson and Arielle were walking to the elevator.

After they got in, Arielle wanted to break the awkward silence, but before she could speak, Vinson blurted, "Did you really mean what you've said back there?"

"Huh?" Arielle was like a deer caught in the headlights.

This time, Vinson softened his tone and jogged her through her memories. "You said that you will have children with me and we'll live a good life."

Arielle's cheeks burned.

"I-I—"

"Arielle," Vinson placed his hands on her shoulders, "Since my mom already knew about it, it's only a matter of time before it goes public. Maybe, we could, you know, be married for real?"

Every inch of Arielle's muscles stiffened as she looked into Vinson's mesmerizing eyes.

"I—"

Ding! It's their floor. Outside the elevator stood two hotel guests.

Arielle looked at them, wide-eyed, but Vinson kept his cool, took her by the hand and walked out with the gait of a soldier.

Arielle wanted to squirm but that only made Vinson's clutch tighter.

"Isn't that Mr. Nightshire? He actually has a girlfriend?" The two guests started their titter.

"Well, he's at that age, anyway. But coming out of a hotel might only mean that she's a sex partner and not a girlfriend."

The elevator that was about to close suddenly opened again.

It was Vinson who'd slid his hand between the doors.

"M-Mr. Nightshire..." The two men shrivelled.

"She's not my sex partner but my wife." Vinson told them the truth.

The men were left open-mouthed while Vinson took his leave and held Arielle's hand again.

After the elevator doors successfully closed, the men were enlivened by their befuddlements and speculations.

Arielle heard Vinson's every word.

The moment he took her hand again she contemplated,

but this time, she didn't shake it away.

Henrick was waiting for Arielle at the hotel entrance. When he saw the couple holding hands, he hesitated.

Hmm, should I go up to her?



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Henrick came to ask for his shares. Yet, with Vinson by Arielle's side, he wouldn't have the guts to talk about it.

He pondered and finally decided to leave.

He believe that he'd be able to take back what was his one day.

Arielle's heart was beating like a drum, and she would peek at Vinson every time she got the chance to do so.

Does he also like me?

She couldn't stop doubting as Vinson had this plain expression on his face and said nothing since they walked out of the elevator.

“Shall I send you back to school?” he finally asked.

“Yes, please.” Arielle nodded.

She was hoping that he would extend their conversation but he was as quiet as a log.

At the school gate, Arielle looked quizzically at Vinson. “Bye?”

He gazed into her eyes, slowly traced his eyes down her cheeks, and onto her lips.

Seconds later, he flicked his gaze away and let out a cough. “I'll pick you up after school and we'll pay my mom a visit. What do you say?”



“Vinson, do you like me?” Arielle bit her lips for a while before mustering enough courage to hurl Vinson this question.

She had asked him the same question once before but had gotten a negative answer.

Click! Vinson unbuckled his seatbelt and moved closer to Arielle, and before she could react, his soft lips were pressed firmly against hers.

“Of course, I like you. Arielle, I really like you. I've never been in a relationship and I don't know how to woo girls. But I promise I'll learn so I could please you.”

“Pfft! Vinson, you're sillier than me!” Arielle chuckled, got off the car, and scuttled into the school.

She somehow felt that the flowers around the school were blooming for her. Every breath she took in smelled of sweet floral fragrance.

Vinson likes me. He really likes me!

Meanwhile, Vinson had his palm against his chest in the car. He'd never experienced such a sensation before.

Only God knows how anxious and scared he was when he kissed Arielle. He feared that she might push him away.

But she didn't push me away. She didn't! Yes!

The over six foot CEO giggled like a child in his car.

A few seconds later, he gave Jordan a call.

“I'm gonna give you five million. Show me your way of wooing girls.”

Jordan staggered for a bit before he gave his secret.

“The way to girls' hearts are fresh bouquets and a good sense of humor.”

“A good sense of humor?”

“You have everything but you're too boring. Girls like men who are fun and you're anything but that. They'll eventually lose interest in you.”

“There goes your five million.”

Huh?

“No, no, no! You're a humorous one! How about this, watch this romance drama called The CEO And I. Since the guy in the show is a CEO like you, you might learn a few tricks that work for you.”

While Jordan was trying to save his fleeting five million, another episode was brewing at the hotel.

Before Donovan could hail a taxi outside the hotel, Queenie caught up and stopped him.

“You can't just leave like that, Donovan!”

“What is it that you want now? If it weren't for you, things wouldn't have gone south.” Donovan threw a glance back at her.

“You're the one who spritzed the perfume onto yourself and you are the one who put me onto your bed. Now that things are messed up, am I the only one to blame? I'm also the victim here, okay! You're going to be responsible for what had happened.”



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Not only was Donovan cold toward Queenie, but he also despised her.

“What if I say no?”

“That's not going to happen. You will have to be responsible, and the only solution to this catastrophe is to marry me.” Queenie crossed her arms confidently.

“In your dreams!” Donovan pushed her away.

Queenie fell onto the floor and scraped her knee.

“Donovan Baxter!” She was up in arms.

The heartless man turned a deaf ear to her screams, got a cab, and headed straight to Jadeborough University.

Reporters were churning articles and posts, trying to remold Queenie's image into a temptress who loved having flings.

Her fans, after seeing the pictures of her and Donovan under the same sheets, were shocked to the core. They were convinced that she was a temptress and started bombarding her with menacing remarks.

When Ava and Alice saw the news, they immediately contacted Queenie.

She rushed to the Baxters and insisted that she was framed.

Being a teacher all her life, Alice had never come across

anything like this. She almost cried, and with a quivering voice, asked, “Who framed you? What do we do now? I still can't reach Don, though. He's fine, right?”

“Yeah, he's not that popular online. A hundred percent of the comments are directed at me. He won't get into any trouble, but... Mrs. Baxter, it seemed like I need to get married to Donovan as soon as possible.”

Although she was still anxious, Alice couldn't conceal her delight. “Is that it? Getting married?”

“Yes. If he declared that he's single, and then we get married, this whole disaster will be over.”

Not only would the disaster come to an end, but it would also attract Queenie more fans. The fans who had turned their backs on her would regret their actions and would be more loyal to her in the future.

Alice bobbed her head in agreement. “Then let's do it. Once my husband gets back to Jadeborough, we'll start planning the wedding.”

“Okay.” Queenie smiled, but something felt fishy.

That was easy. Could it be a trap? If yes, what would they trap me for? Bah! I'm just thinking too much.

She shook herself out of her worries.

Since things had gotten so bad at this point, she had no other option but to marry Donovan. To her, it didn't

matter who her husband was if it wasn't Vinson. Under one condition, though—he had to be in her league.

Donovan was from a family of scholars and like her, graduated from Maxwell University. Things would only get better in the future. They won't be like Zachary, who was loathed by millions.

Queenie believed that Donovan would yield in pretty soon.

True to her expectations, Marcus called Donovan into his office when the latter got back to the university.

Marcus slammed hard on his table. He was boiling.

“Donovan! Look what you've got yourself into!” He then shoved his phone into Donovan's hands

Donovan was still oblivious to the fact that the pictures of him and Queenie on the same bed were all over the internet. His face scrunched when he saw them.

“Mr. Brown, it's all a misunderstanding. I'm not married and we're just—”

“I don't care if you're married or not. If the press knows that you're a tutor here, it will taint the name of the university. Fix it before they find out who you're. In the meantime, you can go on leave. I'll get other tutors to cover your classes.”

“But, the exam for the preparatory class is just around the corner. The rest of the tutor won't be able to—”

“Enough! If you actually cared for your students, you shouldn't have been involved in a scandal like this!”

Donovan's gloom deepened as he walked out of the principal's office.

Just when he thought things couldn't get any worse...



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Donovan felt that Marcus was being dramatic.

What's wrong with me having a scandal or two? I'm at a suitable age for marriage anyway.

I'm the victim who was taken a photo of. Why am I the one who's getting suspended?

Nevertheless, his streak of bad luck had yet to end. Right as Donovan stepped out of the office, he received a call from his mentor at Maxwell University.

“Mr. Noah?”

Noah snapped, “News of your scandal has reached all the way to my side. Have you ever thought of actually graduating?”

Caught off guard, Donovan widened his eyes momentarily before anger took over. “Mr. Noah, how did you know about that? Who told you about it?”

Was it Vinson?

Was it Arielle?

No, it can't be Arielle. Arielle's only a student; she can't be possibly spread the news to Maxwell University. It must be Vinson, then!

Not only did he take who's mine away, but he's even destroying my reputation.

His mentor continued in a stern voice, “What's the



matter? Are you afraid of hearing news of your scandals despite having the courage to do it? The Institute of Education values upright behaviors the most. You've violated the university rules. If you don't resolve this matter soon, the university is about to kick you out, let alone give you a graduation certificate!”

Alarmed, Donovan hastily asked, “Mr. Noah, is it that serious?”

“What do you think? Perhaps this would have been blown over if you were in a different institute, but you're in the Institute of Education. Our motto is to be a good role model for our students. Look what you've done. Your photos were even taken and uploaded to the internet. They're now everywhere online! You really have to resolve this issue soon, or else... I might not even be able to save you.”

At that, Donovan bit down on his lower lip, finally realizing the severity of the incident.

“Are you listening?” his mentor questioned.

“Yes, I'm still here,” Donovan muttered. “Mr. Noah, how long more do I have?”

“I've asked around, and as of now, the lecturers who are in charge of your graduation still have no idea about it. You have to deal with this matter before they catch wind about it. The best would be for you to finish dealing with this by the same day in Chanaean time.”

“Today?”

“Yes, if you still want to graduate, that is. That's all the time you have,” Noah said before ending the call.

Donovan's expression was as dark as the night.

He finally found out why Queenie was so sure. It was because he had no other choices.

Donovan was trapped in a world of remorse and frustration.

If he had been able to foresee the future, he would not have heeded Queenie's words the day before.

The veins on Donovan's temples popped, and he took a few deep breaths to recompose himself. Then, he turned on his phone and called his mother.

“Mom, could you contact Queenie for me?”

A sigh traveled out of his phone speakers before his mother said, “You're finally picking up the phone. Good. Queenie is just right beside me, so go ahead and talk to her.”

When Queenie went out of the house a few seconds later, she said, “I knew you were going to agree with it. When shall we marry?”

“Today.”

Queenie froze for a brief second before chuckling. “It seems like Jadeborough University has given you quite the pressure.”

Queenie still did not know that Donovan had yet to graduate from Maxwell University; she thought that he was bowing under the pressure from Jadeborough University.

Nevertheless, Donovan did not clarify her mistake. “Cut the crap. I'm in a rush. Let's meet right outside City Hall. Once this blows over, we'll get a divorce. It's what you owe me.”

Instantly, Queenie's tone turned icy. “This isn't what I owe you because you agreed to do this at the start. Listen now, Donovan Baxter. Our family places utmost importance on reputation. Once we're married, I'll never get a divorce from you. Otherwise, let's not get married.”



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Donovan scowled in response. He was not going to spend the rest of his life with a woman he did not love.

Narrowing his eyes, he asked, “Queenie Mill, are you threatening me?”

“I don't care how you're interpreting this at all. Are you going to marry me or not?”

The veins on Donovan's temples popped again as he sneered. “We'll meet at City Hall.”

So what if Queenie doesn't want to get a divorce? Once this is over, I have more than enough chances to make Queenie get a divorce with me.

After all, no woman can stand suffering from neglect and emotional abuse, especially a haughty woman like Queenie. I'm not at all worried that she'll refuse to get a divorce.

After ending the call, Queenie went to Donovan's mother and told her the news of them getting registered today.

Donovan's mother was delighted and surprised. In the end, she gave Queenie the household registry.

Then, she took off her bracelet and put it on Queenie before softly saying, “From now on, you're one of us. Both you and Don still need some time to get to know each other better. From tonight onward, you should move in here. That way, the two of you can develop more feelings for each other.”

“All right,” Queenie said with a smile and a nod before heading out with the household registry in her hands.

No one knew that Queenie had picked Donovan and agreed to marry him right away was not only because Donovan was somewhat a good match, but also because the head of the Mill family was about to change.

The current head of the Mill family was Queenie's father, but there was a rule in the Mill family. The head of the family must be someone who was married and had a family. Moreover, they were not allowed to have a divorce.

That was to avoid having non-Mills learn the skills of ancient Chanaean medicine.

Queenie's father had two sons—one was married, and the other was a minor and younger than Queenie.

Thus, the opportunity had presented itself. She could get Donovan to marry into her family so that she could compete against her older brother to become the head of the family. That was the reason for Queenie to have been adamant about not getting a divorce.

Soon, Queenie arrived at the entrance of City Hall. Due to the fact that Queenie wanted Donovan to marry into her family, they had another fight. In the end, Donovan relented.

Regardless of everything, he was planning to get a divorce afterward. It made no difference to him marrying into her family.

Satisfied, Queenie then retrieved the marriage certificate joyously with Donovan. What she did not know was the misery that this marriage was going to bring into her life.

Once they had obtained the marriage certificate, Queenie instantly made clarifications on the internet.

She uploaded their marriage certificate and Donovan's work ID before adding a text.

I never thought that someone would try to destroy my private life like this. As shown in the picture, the man in the photo is Donovan Baxter, a tutor of Jadeborough University's preparatory class.

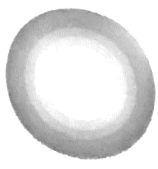
Donovan and I fell in love and got married. Therefore, I'm not some homewrecker in someone else's marriage.

If anyone continues to spread rumors about me and Donovan, I'll take this to court.

Also, we will be taking legal action against those reporters who barged into the hotel and took our photos. Thank you for your time. That's all I have to say about this incident.

The moment the post was published, fans who had believed in Queenie all along were quick to appear.

“I knew Queenie was innocent. How could the evil media slander my goddess for the sake of popularity? They have to be punished by the law!”




“The haters and the ones who had been slandering Queenie alongside the media should apologize now! Otherwise, Queenie's lawyer will be filing a lawsuit against you all!”


The netizens who used to be her fans but had since then turned haters feared that they would be caught up in a lawsuit, so they quickly apologized and promised to be die-hard fans of Queenie forever.


In hours, Queenie gained more and more fans, some were those who sympathized with her.

However, Donovan was unsatisfied.

“Why didn't you publicize Arielle and Vinson's involvement?”

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As Donovan looked at the post, he continued, "You only talked about the media and the netizens; you didn't mention Arielle and Vinson at all. Don't you think that you're focusing on the wrong thing? Those two should be the main point! If not for them, we wouldn't have appeared on the hotel bed together."

"Do you think I don't want to do that?" Queenie gritted out. "That little b\*tch forced me to spill the beans about the perfume back then, and she recorded it. If I mention them in my post, they'll show the world that recording right away."

Donovan scowled.

Queenie added, "At most, the two of them would be held accountable for an invasion of privacy. What about us? The perfume incident is a serious crime. We can never talk about it, do you get it?"

Donovan ground his teeth before snarling, "I'm going back to school."

With that said, he turned around and went into his car.

"Hey! Wait, send me to the hospital!" Queenie ran after him, but the closing door nearly clipped her fingers.

Donovan drove off, not at all planning to send her there.

"Damn it!" Queenie kicked the streetlight beside her. Thump!

Right then, her phone rang.



Thinking that it was Donovan, who finally found his conscience, she hastily picked up the call. To her surprise, it was actually a call from Zachary.

Hence, she hissed out impatiently, "What do you want, Zachary?"

Zachary's upset voice then traveled out of the speakers. "Queenie, are you married? I saw the post on the internet. What's going on?"

"Ha!" Queenie barked out a laugh. "Whether or not I'm married isn't any of your business, is it? As far as I know, you finally got into a small hospital, but Mr. Morgan released to the media the evidence of your corruption, so you lost your job again. You're having a hard time yourself, but you still have the time to stick your nose into my business?"

"Queenie, you can't do this to me! My love for you is pure, and nothing is more important than you. In order to take over your shift, I even skipped seeing my father in his last moments after he was in an accident. You can't do this to me!"

Instead of replying to Zachary, Queenie ended the call and blocked him.

To her, Zachary was nothing but a piece of trash now. A piece of trash that had outlived its usefulness, so naturally, she would have to throw it before it started stinking up her place.

After Donovan returned to school, he brought the

marriage certificate and went to Marcus.

Marcus was a fair man who punished and rewarded people around him accordingly. After seeing the post online, he realized Donovan was the victim, so he began consoling and apologizing to him. Then, he reminded, "Today's Friday. It'll be Monday soon, so do make preparations. You'll have to apologize to Arielle for the earlier matter during the flag-raising ceremony."

Instantly, the look on Donovan's face darkened as he stiffly nodded.

"I understand, Mr. Brown."

A sullen look still on his face, Donovan returned to the classroom, only to see Arielle in the last row the moment he stepped in.

Immediately, the look on his face turned darker. Even the air seemed to turn colder, and the other students dared not look at him.

The students were all careful in their speech and actions during the class. Finally, it was the end of the class, and they all let out similar sighs of relief. However, Donovan did not head out immediately as he coldly said, "We'll be having the first monthly tests next Thursday and Friday, so do your revisions during this weekend. After the monthly test, three students with the worst grades will be leaving the preparatory class. Study hard and don't come crying to me if you fail it."

With that said, his eyes drifted toward Arielle and

Jared's direction.



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As far as Donovan knew, Arielle was either taking leaves or sleeping in class recently; she had not been paying attention to her studies at all.

Moreover, he refused to believe that Arielle was not affected by what happened the day before.

If he could not get her, then he wanted her to get out of the preparatory class so that she would be out of his sight and mind.

With that decision made up in his mind, Donovan decided to increase the difficulty level of the exam.

Although freshmen tend to get the same content in examinations, it was different for the preparatory class. There were several subjects, including advanced mathematics, that he was in charge of preparing.

Therefore, he swore to himself that he was going to get rid of Arielle.

How could Arielle not know what Donovan was planning to do?

She sneered internally before ignoring Donovan's gaze. Instead, she turned to Jared and asked, "How's your preparation going for the upcoming exam?"

Jared nodded. "I think I won't be one of the worst students."

"Good to hear that." Arielle nodded before turning to Henry. "What about you?"

Henry cleared his throat and mumbled, “I might be saying goodbye to you all. I'm not a really studious person...”

Arielle sighed, but there was nothing she could do.

Henry was unlike Jared; his academic foundation was rather weak, to begin with. There was nothing Arielle could do but to let nature run its course.

On the other side, at Nightshire Manor.

After Vinson's men brought Susanne back to the manor, she had been in poor health. When she slept, she was drowned in countless nightmares.

The main issue was not that Vinson had married a woman with a low social standing or that Arielle was not actually a country bumpkin whom the Southalls had abandoned. In fact, she had a rather complicated identity that she dared not get involved with someone like her.

Moreover, there was nothing Arielle had that made her want to risk it other than her piano playing skills.

Right then, the butler entered the room.

“Mrs. Nightshire, Ms. Greene is here, and she's packing up her things.”

Susanne paled drastically as she scrambled to get out of bed.

“Quick, take me to her!”

By the time Susanne found Wendy, she was done with her packing and was about to leave the house.

“Wendy!” Susanne yelled as she grabbed Wendy's suitcase. “What are you doing? Are you really going to move out and leave me all alone here?”

With tears in her eyes, Wendy started sobbing. “Ms. Stone, you've heard what Mr. Nightshire said earlier. I have my dignity too! Mom has already rented a place for me away from here, so I'm going to move in there right away.”

“Why are you listening to that brat? I'm his mother and the owner of this manor! If I say you can stay, then you can stay.”

“I'm sorry, Ms. Stone.” Wendy shook her head. “It's not right for me to stay here. Mr. Nightshire is already married. If I... If I insist on staying, I'll only be laughed at by the others.”

Furious, Susanne stomped her foot.

“That d\*mn brat! How could he get married without telling me?” Then, Susanne held Wendy's hands and said, “Wendy, you have to trust me. In less than a week, I'll get him to divorce that woman. By then, you can come back, and it won't be wrong for you to stay. I'll introduce you to everyone as the only daughter-in-law I have!”

Wendy was moved, but still, she gave Susanne a polite smile. "Ms. Stone, what they have is mutual love. I don't want to be the third party. I'll still come to visit you after today, but it's best for you not to intervene in their relationship anymore. I don't want to be a home-wrecker."

"Look at you. You're good in every aspect, except for the fact that your heart is too soft. Vin is only interested in her because she's someone new. It's not true love at all. Just trust me and give me a week. Don't give up on Vin yet, okay?"

A bitter smile appeared on Wendy's face as she nodded, but in her mind, she was sneering.

So what if Arielle is legally Vinson's wife? Does she think that she can get Susanne's acknowledgment?

Their marriage is nothing but a joke!

In the end, Wendy still left with her suitcase.

The moment Wendy left, Susanne called Vinson.



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The call was soon picked up, and Susanne immediately said, "Vinson Nightshire, get home right now or else I'll end my life here and now!"

Susanne had been loud and firm, and the butler could not help but gasp in silence.

After all, he had never heard Susanne speak to Vinson in that way before.

As she expected, Vinson did not reject her this time.

"I'll be back once I'm done with the company's matter."

"You better be fast, or else you're going to hold a funeral for me!" With that said, Susanne ended the call.

On the other side of the call, Vinson irately threw the documents aside. They slid before coming to a stop by the laptop, where the tenth episode of a romance show was playing.

Vinson then turned off his screen and rubbed the bridge of his nose before calling Arielle.

Arielle was just about to pack her things and head home when Vinson called. At the caller ID, her heart raced, and she cleared her throat before picking up the call.

"Hello?"

"Sannie," came Vinson's soft voice. "My mom asked me to go home and visit her, so I won't be coming home tonight."



Arielle was silent for a few seconds before muttering, "Do you need me to come with you?"

"No, it's fine. She won't have a filter in her mouth when she's angry. I don't want her words to hurt you." Vinson paused. "Don't worry. I can deal with this on my own."

"All right."

"By the way, the manager of Maureen's Kitchen has called me and told me that the monthly report is out. As the owner of the restaurant, I think you should take a look at it."

"Okay," Arielle answered.

Right then, Trisha walked by her.

When she noticed the grimace on Arielle's face, she asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Arielle said with a shake of her head.

"Something came up at the last minute, so I won't be able to go to the library with you. I'm sorry."

"It's fine. Go ahead and do what you need to do. I'll be fine going back to the dorm to do revision."

"All right. Call me if you need any help with any of the questions."

After bidding Trisha goodbye, Arielle hailed a cab and went to Maureen's Kitchen.

It was Thomas' second day in Chanaea. The next day, he would have to leave with the translated lesson plan.

Arthur led Thomas to Wendy and asked, “Has the lesson plan been translated?”

Wendy nodded and confidently handed Thomas the plan.

Thomas took it, but after a few pages of reading, a furrow appeared in his brows.

Sensing something amiss, Arthur tentatively asked, “Professor Harlem, is there something wrong with the lesson plan?”

Similarly, Wendy's heart was filled with anxiousness.

Is there something wrong with the translated lesson plan?

It shouldn't be that. My mother spent a great sum to hire a translator for this. I'm sure the translator should be a professional one. There shouldn't be any mistakes.

Thomas then handed Arthur the lesson plan and said, “Take a look for yourself.”

At that, Arthur promptly took the plan and read it himself. Like Thomas, his expression darkened.

In the next second, he glared at Wendy and snapped, “Is this how you do the task we've assigned to you? If you weren't capable, you should have told us earlier! How

could you have used machine translation for this!”

Wendy froze before muttering, “Machine translation? That's impossible. I clearly...”

I clearly asked the translator to translate it herself!

In shock, Wendy took the lesson plan from Arthur and looked at it.

As she had been busy with moving out, she had printed out the copy and brought it to the professors without giving it another look.

Wendy skimmed through the pages. The first few pages were fine, but starting from the sixth page onward, all the pages had a line of words at the bottom—Rhine Ustranasion Machine Translation.



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