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When Trisha was angry, she would puff her cheeks, and it looked like she held two buns in her mouth.

At the sight of that, Arielle immediately questioned her, "Did Wendy bully you?"

Trisha shook her head. "No, but she was speaking ill of you, so I scared her away."

"Huh, who knew you were this fierce?" Arielle chuckled in amusement.

Nodding, Trisha scoffed, "Well, I could be terrifying when I'm angry."

Her reaction only made her seem more endearing in Arielle's eyes. Grinning, she teased, "Do take me under your wing and protect me when we are in school then."

Trisha nodded fervently and earnestly stated, "Arielle, we have to out beat her with the performance tomorrow night!"

Raising her brows, Arielle pointed out, "As long as you don't get nervous, we can definitely pull it off without a hitch."

The way that Wendy looked down on Arielle made Trisha feel really offended. As such, she was more determined to put up a good show.

At the psychiatric hospital, Mason made sure to circle the building first. He wanted to make sure that Russell had not sent anyone to tail him. After confirming it, he

parked his car at the back door and went into the hospital.

The evening was ending, and the sky had darkened. From time to time, ghostly wails and howls traveled from the wards. Like it was a haunted house, it was frightening

Given so, most people would not visit this place at this hour. Despite so, Mason trudged through the hallways of the hospital with an indifferent expression, seemingly unaffected by the disturbing noises.

He went straight to Yvette's ward and pushed open the door to enter.

At that time, Yvette was lying in bed. Although her anesthesia had already worn off, she still felt hazy.

Therefore, she had a delayed response in looking at the door.

She initially thought it was the nurse coming to take her temperature. Yet, to her surprise, she saw Mason. Staring at the man's face filled with pimples, she could not conceal the look of disgust on her face.

She did not bother to try either.

Without holding back, Yvette snarled, "What are you doing here? Get out right now! I feel repulsed every time I look at you and there is no way I will lend you a single cent. If Dad finds out you came to me for money, he would be first to object to it. Therefore, you'd better

leave this instant and stop appearing before me!"

In the past, Mason might have been affected to hear those words, and it would make his heart ache. However, he did not seem bothered by her comments this time. Instead, there was a hint of a smile on his face.

Sensing that something was not right, Yvette inched away from him.

Unfortunately, she did not have much space to move since her limbs were tied up.

She shrieked, "Are you deaf? I told you to scram!"

"Shh." Mason placed his finger on his lips and walked to her bed. He whispered, "Yvette, keep it down because I have sneaked in here. I'll take you out, so you don't have to stay in this dreadful place anymore."

Not a second goes by without Yvette thinking about leaving the psychiatric hospital. Thus, when she heard his plan, her expression softened. Uncertain, she stammered, "R-Really?"

Mason nodded. "Like I mentioned this morning, I ran into some issues with my debt. I spent the entire day thinking about it and realized that I was unworthy of you. As such, I don't want you to continue suffering. I'll free you from this place, and—" He paused before dropping his tone. "I will not bother you ever again."

Instantly, Yvette's heart leaped with joy.

She wanted to leave this place as soon as possible.

"Untie me and let me leave right now then!"

"Okay." Mason fished out his dagger and helped to slash the leather shackles holding her down.

Soon, he managed to undo all four straps, and Yvette hopped off the bed while twisting her wrists. A rare smile appeared on her face.

Raising her head to look at Mason, she gratefully declared, "Mason, don't take whatever I've said earlier to heart. I don't actually hate you, but we aren't suited to be husband and wife. Do you understand where I'm coming from?"

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"I understand." Mason nodded slowly.

A mysterious cold look flashed across his eyes.

Letting out a long breath, Yvette patted the man's

If we had made things clear from the start, we would not have ended up in this situation."

Turning to glance at Yvette, Mason nodded again. "Yes, I should have seen the truth earlier."

In response, Yvette acknowledged his comment before she rambled on. "I believe Dad doesn't think that I'm mentally stable enough to leave this place. He would not agree to take me out of here so soon. Thankfully, you are here to set me free. When I get home and put up a crying act, I'm sure Dad will soften." Then, she swirled around to face Mason and added, "Anyway, I will take care of your debt."

Mason grimly nodded. "Let's take the opportunity when the medical staff is changing shifts to get out of here. Otherwise, they would notice us leaving. I know how to get to the backdoor, and I have left it open. We can take that route."

"Sure!" Yvette excitedly wore her shoes.

I'm finally getting out of this horrible place! The first thing I'm going to do is look for Arielle and take revenge. If she did not provoke me at City Hall's entrance, I would not have lost my marbles. Dad would not have sent me to this psychiatric hospital either.

While quietly following Mason out to the backdoor, she formulated a plan in her head.

Within minutes, they left through the backdoor, and the first thing Yvette saw was her family car. Instantly, it made her feel safe. With utmost trust in Mason, she thanked him again. "Thank you, Mason. If you are in a fix in the future, especially if it has to do with money, do let me know. Don't worry about it. Oh, and how much money did you need? I will send you the amount as soon as I get home and have my phone with me."

With a grin, Mason shook his head. "It's okay. I've settled it."

"How did you settle it?" It took Yvette by surprise.

"Get into the car first. It's not safe to stay here for too long." Mason seemed unwilling to answer her question.

"Okay!" Without pressing for more, Yvette quickly climbed into the car.

"You can take a nap because there is likely to be a jam. I will take another route to avoid it, but there might be a one-hour delay to get to your house."

Yvette obediently nodded. Feeling as though the anesthesia was still in her body, she felt her head growing heavier and thought sleep sounded good.

Closing her eyes, she tiredly agreed. "Let me know when we have arrived, Mason. I shall take a nap then."

"Sure." Mason looked at Yvette longingly before he turned back to face the front. He switched on the car engine and stepped onto the accelerator.

The car drove off and soon disappeared amongst the traffic.

The sun had set, and it was night time.

While Yvette was deeply asleep, the car suddenly shook violently. Jolted out of her sleep, she subconsciously looked out of the window.

It was pitch black outside, except for some street lights. She could tell that they were on a mountainous path.

Are we on a path up to the mountain? Why would he need to take this route to avoid the jam?

Fear enveloped Yvette's heart as she anxiously looked at Mason, who was sitting beside her. "Mason, where are

we?"

A warm smile appeared on Mason's face as he chuckled. "Northern Scenic Mountain."

Yvette's eyes widened in shock.

"What?"

This is so far away from my house! How long did Mason drive to get us here?

Anxious, Yvette hurriedly ordered, "Turn around and

get out of here! I will take a taxi home myself."

However, Mason remained silent, with a small smile still plastered on his face.

The dim street lights that fell on his side profile made him look extra terrifying.

It scared Yvette, and she repeatedly yelled, "Stop the car! Right now!"

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"Darling, stop shouting. I will stop the car in time to come, but I want to take you to the summit first."

While speaking, Mason glanced at Yvette with a gentle smile.

Yvette felt goosebumps all over her body, and it took her a while before she realized that Mason called her "darling." Feeling a mix of disgust, anger, and fear, she scowled. "Don't call me that! I am not your darling, and I want you to stop the car right now!"

Even the psychiatric hospital seemed to be a better place than where she was.

She was not an idiot, and she could guess what Mason was about to do next.

He wants to commit suicide with me. It was no wonder why he wanted to take me out of the hospital and wanted to avoid everyone. He also suggested that I took a nap earlier.

The more Yvette pondered, the more terrified she felt.

Her voice started to sound like a plea. "Please, I'm begging you to stop the car. I don't want to go home anymore. I want to get back to the hospital."

"Don't worry, Darling. The medicine I have will not cause you any pain. I'm sure you will not feel anything in the next few minutes. Besides, the view at the summit is beautiful, and we can live our lives here forever. By then, we can be together forever, without

anyone to come between us."

The corner of Mason's lips curled upwards even more, and his expression seemed eerier than ever.

His words only confirmed Yvette's thoughts, and her heart was racing

Crying and shaking, she begged, "Mason, I don't want to die! If you don't want to get a divorce, I will let you have your way. I will not leave you! Can we please turn back?"

Mason's smile disappeared. Shaking his head, he uttered, "Yvette, my pockets may be empty, but my brain is not. I know that once we head back, your family will throw me in jail."

"N-No! Please believe me. I will not send you to prison, and I will stay by your side forever! I swear I will do just that."

If they were not in the car, Yvette would be kneeling before Mason.

Regardless of whatever Yvette said, Mason ignored her. In an indifferent tone, he stated, "We are reaching soon, Yvette. When we get to the other world, we can be together forever."

Mason has gone crazy!

Yvette felt a chill down her spine, and all she could think about was how she did not want to die.

She was crying and yelling. Despite her efforts, Mason was still unfazed, as though he did not notice her behavior.

Yvette was in despair.

She have never felt as helpless as she was now.

It never occurred to her that Mason would want her to die with him.

Lunatic! I don't want to die with him!

Her eyes landed on the steering wheel.

I'll take the risk! Once we reach the summit, I can't save myself anyway.

Gritting her teeth, Yvette pounced over to take control of the steering wheel.

However, the road was narrow, and her move sent the car towards the cliff.

Alarmed, Mason quickly took control of the steering wheel to put the car back in the right direction.

"Yvette, what the hell are you doing?" Mason's eyes were burning with anger.

"We are several hundred meters up. If we fall off, we will die!"

Yvette was also in shock, but she quickly regained her

composure. She coldly warned him, "If you don't turn back, we can drive off the cliff and crash. I thought you wanted to know how that feels like."

After a moment of silence, Mason gave a one-word reply, "Okay."

For a split second, Yvette let out a breath of relief.

I survived a hurdle!

Unfortunately, she did not expect to hear Mason's next reply. With a bitter smile, Mason emotionlessly declared, "Since you want to choose this method to die, I will grant you your wish."

I might be scared of being crushed after driving off the cliff even if I have accepted my fate to die. However, I will do anything for Yvette.

Hearing those words, Yvette immediately froze.

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Yvette felt her pupils shrinking from the sheer terror she felt.

Panicking, she fervently denied, "No, that is not what I meant. I don't want to die! Mason, I'm begging you to let me off. I really want to live."

While she hollered, she began thumping on the car window with all her might.

Despite that, the car had already deviated from its original path, and it was headed towards the cliff.

A scream was stuck in Yvette's throat, and her hands flew up to cover her eyes. Her mind drew a blank.

The last thing she heard was Mason's enthusiastic declaration of his love for her. "Yvette, I love you!"

With that, the car with Actonward Enterprise's logo flew off the cliff at full speed and fell straight down to the valley.

The birds that were in the air collectively chirped.

Upon impact, the car exploded.

Clouds of dust wafted in the air.

A few minutes later, it turned peaceful again, as though nothing had happened.

At Jadeborough University, Arielle had just returned to the class, but Donovan had finished the syllables for

night class. He turned on the projector in the classroom.

Meeting her gaze by accident, he quickly looked away coldly and turned his attention to Wendy and Trisha, who sat behind her instead. "You can revise today's lesson with Trisha's help. If you have any questions, feel free to let me know."

Following that, he clicked on the news link on his computer. "Watch the news program today carefully as it will be the content for our last lesson. Today's

homework is for you to select a piece of news to translate to Ustranasion. Professor Sleight has asked me to arrange this. As for your advanced math lesson, you only have to do revision. Do take note that I will conduct an in-class test for today's lesson content during class tomorrow, and those who score below sixty will have to run ten rounds around the track."

All the students looked gloomy.

This was the heaviest workload they had ever handled.

Despite so, no one dared to complain about it, and everyone began to listen to the news. On the other hand, Arielle casually propped her hands on the table and prepared to sleep.

The first piece of news was on a nuclear leak issue. There were too many technical words, and many students chose to skip them.

At that moment, the news anchor suddenly reported, "This is breaking news. Ten minutes ago, a car drove

off the cliff of the Northern Scenic Mountain, and it crashed into the valley. According to the information gathered, Actonward Enterprise's young mistress, Yvette Actonward, has been identified as a victim. Investigations are still ongoing."

Immediately, Arielle snapped out from her intentions to sleep and looked up.

At the end of the news, the video panned to a live scene at the accident site.

In the image, smoke filled the sky, and there was a shattered car.

Arielle looked stupefied. She thought about the two victims that the news anchor mentioned and instantly connected the dots to what had happened.

Her original intention was for Mason to be busy with trying to please the Actonwards, but she did not expect things to escalate like that.

I guess Mason was a lunatic, but when I think more about it, he did seem pitiful. Well, there is a reason for everything, so there must be an explanation to what he brought upon himself. It seems like after I attend Shandie's funeral, I will have to attend Yvette's funeral too.

Arching her brows, Arielle's expression was indifferent.

After all, there was nothing more you could do after a person passed on. She would have to bury the hatchet

on her issue with Yvette and Mason.

Out of the blue, a knock sounded on the door.

“Mr. Baxter.”

Looking at the visitor, Arielle saw Kelsea, who had been missing from the night class, energetically standing there.

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Arielle frowned at that sight.

Kelsea and Wendy were annoyingly persistent, and Arielle could never get rid of them.

She came to Jadeborough University to look for Aaron, but he made Vinson’s mother, Susanne, so scared that it was hard to find him.

Therefore, she did not manage to find him since she entered school. She wanted to get used to the environment and understand it inside out before she continued to look for him.

However, those two girls she could not shake off posed more trouble for her.

Nonetheless, from the looks of it, she might be able to get Kelsea off her back now.

For a hunter that gets bitten after setting a trap and ending up with no prey, she would be mad.

Slowly taking out her phone, Arielle wanted to send out the text she had drafted earlier. Her finger hovered over Vinson’s name before she decided to click on Harvey’s contact to send it to him.

Since Vinson was busy, she decided not to bother him.

At the classroom’s door, Kelsea greeted Donovan. The latter frowned and unhappily asked, “Why are you so late for class?”

Shrugging, the girl replied, "I had something on. Mr. Baxter, could you step out for a minute? I have something important to tell you alone."

Although Donovan was not happy, his affection for her had not dissipated.

He let out a grunt and still got up to follow Kelsea out to the corridor.

It was empty, and there was no one else besides the two of them there. From time to time, they heard voices from the classroom.

After Donovan and Kelsea were in the corridor, Donovan questioned, "What is it?"

Instead of going straight to the point, Kelsea started with a question. "Mr. Baxter, you ever mentioned that a student who engages in a fight has to leave school immediately. Is that right?"

Donovan nodded. "Yes, but why are you asking about this?"

"Mr. Baxter, look at this." Kelsea thrust her phone into his hands. "Is that considered a fight?"

Curiously, Donovan looked at it.

It was a video with a girl using inhumane means to fight over ten men. At the end of it, she even held her knife to the last man's neck.

There was no sound to the video, but one could see the expression on the girl's face. She was threatening that

man.

At the end, the video froze at the girl's face.

Donovan could clearly tell that it was Arielle.

With a face as dazzling as hers, he would not mistake her for someone else.

Meanwhile, Kelsea studied the teacher's expression and tried to suppress her smile. "Mr. Baxter, truth to be told, these are my friends. Tonight, I was late because I had to take care of this. I only hope you can help my friends get the justice they deserve."

A frown appeared on Donovan's face.

He had taught several students, and there was no doubt they were all exemplary students. However, Arielle was an exception. She even fought off a gang brutally.

This was not only against the school rules but also against the law.

While Donovan felt frustrated, he felt somewhat happy too because, in this situation, even the principal would not be able to help Arielle out.

Drawing a long breath, he tightened his grip around the phone and told Kelsea, "Go back to class, and I'll keep your phone for the time being. I will take this up with Mr. Brown. Before he does anything, do not tell anyone

about this, especially Arielle."

Kelsea nodded.

Of course; she did not plan to share it with Arielle. Otherwise, the latter might ask Vinson for help.

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In order to obtain this recording, she came late for the self-study session.

Arielle was sly enough to blur out most of the surveillance cameras. However, Kelsea was lucky enough to have connections to a hacker who could recover one of the tapes.

It took her so much effort to obtain the evidence, so she would not do anything to jeopardize it.

On the other hand, Donovan had no idea what Kelsea was thinking. After telling her to return to class, he headed straight to the lecturers' block with her phone.

This time, he was determined to kick Arielle out.

At Marcus' office, Marcus and the Dean were trying to arrange the freshman party for the next night. Suddenly, someone barged into his room.

Looking up, Marcus spotted Donovan at the door, looking rather unhappy.

Slightly startled, Marcus probed, "Mr. Baxter, your expression... did something happen?"

Donovan did not beat around the bush and passed the phone in his hands to Marcus. "Mr. Brown, take a look at this video. When you are done with it, please expel Arielle."

Instantly, Marcus stiffened but later chuckled. "Mr. Baxter, why are you trying to hold on to such a small

matter?"

Frowning, Donovan protested, "Mr. Brown, you will understand where I'm coming from after you watch this. It is not a small mistake, but it is something against the law."

Hearing that it was illegal, the Dean looked up too. He interrogated, "What happened?"

Marcus' expression grew serious. Without answering the question, he began watching the video.

Curious, the Dean looked over too.

When the recording finished playing, Marcus and the Dean were taken aback. Their eyes were as wide as saucers.

The Dean was the first person to break the silence. "Is this a student in our school?"

Marcus closed his eyes, wishing to erase what he saw.

Arielle not only engaged in a fight at the back gate of the school, but it was also a brutal sight. It could hardly be considered a small mistake.

Scanning the look on Marcus' face, Donovan emphasized, "I guess you should make her leave. Right?"

However, Marcus did not reply.

He rewatched the video once more and paid more attention to it this time. Instead of focusing on Arielle, he looked at the people she was beating up.

They were all wearing masks, and it was hard to discern who they were. It was an odd situation.

Marcus narrowed his eyes. "We should not make a rash decision about this. Let's investigate it first."

At once, Donovan's expression darkened. He scoffed, "If you don't kick her out because of this behavior, I'm curious about what constitutes as a reason to expel a student."

Without a word, Marcus stared at Donovan straight in his eyes. He exuded a majestic aura that showed his power at the principal.

"Mr. Baxter, do you understand what it means for Jadeborough University to expel a student? It means no other school would accept her anymore, and it would destroy her life. We cannot decide to kick a student out lightly. It will ruin her life, and I believe that goes against the teacher's code."

Donovan's expression changed.

Gritting his teeth, he rebutted, "This is the best evidence for her behavior. What more do you need?"

"Obviously, we have to ask her for a reason. What if she was doing this in self-defense?"

"That's impossible!" Donovan barked, "Look at her skills. Does it look like self-defense? She was the only person beating the others up. I'm sure it is not a mistake!"

"Okay." Marcus nodded understandingly. "If you happen to be wrong, I need you to apologize to Arielle at the freshman party tomorrow night. Can you do that?"

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Without hesitation, Donovan agreed.

He was only afraid that Marcus would try to draw attention away from this matter because he had Arielle's back. Nonetheless, it was good enough that Marcus was willing to investigate.

From his point of view, that was not an act of self defense. She definitely started it.

After all, she even had the guts to taunt him, not to mention how she treated others.

A student like Arielle should never have been accepted into Jadeborough University!

During preparatory class, Arielle let out a few yawns. Glancing around, she saw Kelsea giving her an amused look.

Arielle raised her brows and looked back at her with a smile.

Kelsea's expression quickly turned into a look of disgust before she looked away.

Right on the bat, the classroom door was thrown open.

Excited, Kelsea looked over.

Similarly, Arielle did so too.

Donovan entered the classroom first, followed by Marcus and the dean.

They all wore grim expressions.

The corners of Arielle's mouth lifted.

She had been waiting for a long time, and they were finally here.

"Arielle, we need you to explain what happened last night. Please fill us in on the gang fight that happened at the school's back gate," Donovan announced while giving her a death glare.

Once those words left her mouth, Wendy's eyes lit up.

A gang fight? Is Arielle courting her own death? She would be expelled from school for fighting! That's great! I don't even have to do anything, and Arielle is getting herself kicked out from Jadeborough University.

Wendy could not help but turn to the boy sitting beside her. He idolized Arielle. "How can Arielle act like that as a student? Don't you think it's ridiculous?"

However, the boy glared at her in disapproval. "It isn't the first day that Mr. Baxter showed hatred for Arielle. Who knows if he is telling the truth?"

Wendy's face dimmed then she heard people behind her softly defending Arielle.

"Arielle was in a fight? How is that possible? She is usually very patient when she helps me with revision."

"I guess it must be a misunderstanding."

More students joined in. "Is Mr. Baxter trying to frame Arielle? I'm rather disappointed with him."

Wendy's expression fell.

She did not understand why everyone would take Arielle's word over Donovan.

Mr. Baxter is our teacher!

Jared and Henry looked over at Arielle worriedly.

Only when they saw Arielle waving dismissively at them, they realize she had things under control.

As the discussions amongst the students grew louder, Donovan caught wind of what they were saying, and he could not help but frown. In a loud voice, he roared, "Keep quiet!"

Immediately, everyone kept quiet.

Donovan was about to continue when Marcus tugged his sleeve and softly reminded him, "Before we clarify the matter, you should not say anything to the rest of the class. Let's invite Arielle out of the class for further questions first."

"No way!" Donovan's veins were throbbing with anger. He growled, "Mr. Brown, Arielle is more cunning than you think. We have to get the facts straight right now. Otherwise, she might come up with an excuse for what she did."

Instead of heeding Marcus' advice, he directly connected the phone to the projector and played the video recording

Once it was playing, the students began discussing among themselves again.

Trying to suppress her smile, Wendy turned to the boy she shared a table with again. "There is a video now. Do you still think that Mr. Baxter is lying?"

This time, he could only frown and remain quiet.

Everyone was looking at Arielle in a different light.

"I can't believe Arielle fights. Besides, she was relentless in the video, so I guess she might get expelled."

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"I didn't know that Arielle is that good at fighting. However, does that mean she has broken the school rules?"

Hearing that, a girl suddenly explained, "That isn't only against the school rules, but it is also against the law."

Arielle and the rest of the class glanced over at the source of the voice and saw Kelsea standing up. "The victims in the video are my friends. Aren't you at least feel sorry for them, Arielle? They are all lying in hospital as we speak!"

Kelsea chided Arielle.

Yet, Arielle remained expressionless as she lazily leaned back in her chair.

Her eyes were sharp, and there was a look in her eyes that scared Kelsea. The latter could feel her hair standing

Does Arielle know that I sent those people there? That's impossible! The forum is anonymous, and I doubt Arielle would even know of its existence, much less figure out my identity. Even if Arielle managed to guess that it was me, what can she do to me without any proof? Besides, I have ordered the hacker to format the first half of the video such that Arielle can't explain herself even if she wanted to. Hmm... she probably thinks she could explain herself, which is why she seems so calm.

At that thought, Kelsea's racing heart began to calm

down.

She did not want to waste more time on Arielle. Anyway, the more she spoke, there would be more room for error. Turning to Donovan, she proposed, "Mr. Baxter and Mr. Brown, I don't think someone like Arielle should be allowed in this class. Please expel her!"

Ahem! Marcus knew there was no way they could keep the matter under wraps anymore.

Letting out a sigh, he did not bother asking Arielle to leave the class with them anymore. Instead, he announced, "We have yet to investigate the matter. It is only a video, and it is not enough to prove that Arielle was at fault."

Before Marcus could finish, Wendy stood up.

“Mr. Brown, we already have the video as evidence. Isn’t that enough to prove that Arielle was involved in a fight? Are you only trying to protect her? Do you know that once the media catches wind of this incident, it will have a devastating impact on our school reputation?”

Kelsea quickly jumped in too. “You can’t make all the students from Jadeborough University get affected because of one student.”

Slowly, Marcus felt cold sweat on his forehead.

Of course, he wanted to retain Jadeborough University’s reputation.

He might have allowed students into the school through connections, but they were all done for the sake of the school.

Four students bribed their way into this school, and he did not take a single cent for himself. He had honestly used them all on the school.

However, Kelsea was still berating Marcus and was only short of accusing him of siphoning the school funds and being corrupted.

By now, Marcus was under a lot of pressure.

Trembling, he closed his eyes.

As much as he wanted to hide it from the public, the matter had escalated to the degree that it was only a matter of time before the public knew about it.

He could not put Jadeborough University’s reputation at stake because Vinson promised to fund a laboratory building.

I cannot be the one to ruin the school’s hundred-year legacy. Otherwise, everyone will render me a villain for life.

Gritting his teeth, he opened his eyes to look at Arielle. “Arielle, do you admit being the girl in the recording?”

Arielle nodded. “Yes, that is me.”

Immediately, the class was thrown into an uproar.

“Mr. Brown, since she has admitted it, the next step should be to kick her out of school. Isn’t that right?” Donovan did not miss the chance to make his point.

Marcus waved his hands to get everyone to stay down.

Sighing, he regretfully stated, "I'm sorry, Arielle. You have broken the school rules this time, and the only thing I can do is to let you leave the school on your own accord."

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Compared to being expelled from school, asking her to leave school herself was the best compromise he could make.

There was no alternative choice he could make.

As soon as those words left Marcus' mouth, Jared hurriedly stood up to defend Arielle.

But before he could talk, a timid small voice sounded. "Uncle Brown, can't you give Arielle another chance?" It seemed like the girl had mustered up a lot of courage to speak up.

Arielle looked over to see who it was, and it turned out to be Trisha, who was close to tears.

One could see the true personality of people around them during a time of crisis.

Although Marcus adored Trisha, he could not include his personal feelings in this decision.

He did not wish to lose her as a student at Jadeborough University either, but the video was hard cold truth and evidence.

Letting out a long breath, Marcus uttered, "Trish, sit down. This has nothing to do with you."

Trisha was about to continue when Arielle interrupted her, "Trisha, it's okay. You can take a seat."

Glancing at the other girl with teary eyes, Trisha

reluctantly plopped down into her seat.

Marcus sighed for the umpteenth time. "Well, I guess

it's decided. Arielle, you can start packing your belongings. When you are done with it, please visit my office to complete the necessary procedure."

Overjoyed by Marcus' announcement, Kelsea and Wendy started grinning. The only difference was that Wendy tried to hide it a little more.

As for Donovan, he did not bother hiding his distaste for Arielle. In a domineering voice, he urged, "Arielle, leave this place right now!"

Meanwhile, Arielle did not seem surprised at all. She leaned back in her seat like she was waiting for someone to arrive as though she had not heard what Marcus said.

Unhappy with her reaction, Donovan squinted and roared, "Arielle, did you not hear what I said?"

At that moment, a low and cold voice snarled, "She isn't the one that needs to leave!"

That voice made Wendy turn to the door in disbelief.

Arielle was equally shocked it sounded like Vinson.

The next thing they saw was a man with a long pair of legs and a handsome face stepping into the room.

Surprised, Arielle's eyes widened.

It was no mistake that Vinson, who had been missing, was standing in her classroom.

Staring at the visitor, Donovan could feel his murderous aura from miles away.

He wanted to send the man away when he saw two other men behind him.

They were dressed in a police uniform, and they looked serious.

Why did he bring the police with him? Did Mr. Brown call the police?

While Donovan was still confused with the situation, he heard Marcus stammer in shock. "Mr. Nightshire, what are you doing here?"

It was then that Donovan realized who this man was. He was Vinson, the person who had Arielle's back and the person who reigns over Jadeborough.

He knew that Vinson was highly regarded, but he did not expect that the man was so young.

Vinson growled, "If I didn't make the trip here myself, you would have kicked Arielle out."

With a mix of awkwardness and guilt on his face, Marcus helplessly uttered, "I apologize, Mr. Nightshire. I have broken the promise to let Arielle graduate successfully. However, I can't do anything about this situation. She has to leave because she broke the school

rules."

Raising his chin, Donovan added, "Mr. Nightshire, I know how powerful you are, but not only did Arielle break the school rules, but she was unlawful as well. We can't keep someone like her as a student in Jadeborough University."

"Hahaha," Vinson chuckled. "May I know which law she has broken? Is self-defense against the law? If a person holds a knife to your throat, would you think it is against the law to fight back?"

Donovan's face darkened almost immediately.

The way Vinson spoke was just like how Arielle would talk to him, and it rubbed him the wrong way.

Biting his lips, he tried to suppress his anger and calmly explained, "Mr. Nightshire, I guess you do not know what had happened. Let me show you what Arielle had done."

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As Donovan spoke, he walked towards the podium to replay the video from earlier.

Kelsea was slightly startled to see Vinson there.

She did not expect to see him here, or rather, she did not expect him to show up this quickly.

Initially, she assumed that Arielle would not have the time to react. Even if she did try to, she would probably already have left school by the time Vinson rushed over.

Sitting in the second row, Wendy expressed her jealousy by digging her fingers into the table.

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What a bitch! What else can Arielle do, besides relying on men?

However, she was quick to calm herself down. As soon as Mr. Baxter plays the video for Vinson, he probably can't help her anymore. Perhaps, he might even break his ties with Arielle because of it and that will be great news!

From her initial panic, she became more composed. Now, she was excited to see what would happen next.

She could not help but turn to look at Arielle's expression. To her dismay, Arielle still looked unfazed, as though nothing would rile her up.

Only Arielle knew that her heart was racing at that **moment**.

It was not because she was nervous. Rather, it was because she had not seen Vinson in a long time.

Nervously clasping her hands together, she tried to ignore what she was feeling. She did not want to know what she felt as she knew it would scare her.

Minutes later, Donovan finally connected the phone to the projector once more and managed to play the recording again.

Wendy did not focus on the screen nor continue to look at Wendy. Instead, she was studying Vinson's expression.

She was curious of how he would react to it.

However, Vinson glanced at it and let out a low chuckle.

What is that supposed to mean? Wendy was confused.

Similarly, Donovan was baffled by his reaction. Frowning, he asked, "Mr. Nightshire, why are you laughing?"

Vinson gave Donovan a cold look before he scoffed, "I heard that you graduated from Maxwell University, and I thought their students weren't dumb. Well, I guess I have identified an exception now."

He was basically calling Donovan an idiot.

Annoyed, Donovan's frown grew deeper, and his livid

expression turned into a surprised one.

Is Vinson also a graduate of Maxwell University? Otherwise, did he also give Maxwell University funding for a laboratory building? That must be it! I don't think a rich playboy like him could ever get into Maxwell University.

Trying to hold back himself from raging, Donovan snarled, "Mr. Nightshire, don't you know how to treat others with basic respect?"

"I was only stating the truth." Then, Vinson pointed at the screen. "Can't you tell that the video has been edited?"

Donovan froze. It was not that he could not tell, but he had not paid attention to it.

On the other hand, when Kelsea heard what he said, she felt goosebumps all over her body.

Please don't tell me Vinson had watched the entire video. That is impossible!

To her horror, she saw Vinson connecting his phone to the projector. Then, he played another video recording

This time, the video started ten minutes before the one Donovan played.

The main character in it was not Arielle but Jared and Henry.

The two of them were sitting face to face outside a food stall, ordering their dishes when a group of masked men appeared before them. They were obviously heading for the two boys.

A masked man at the front was first to throw a punch at Henry's face.

Henry fell backward onto the ground as he did not see that coming

Given that situation, they had to defend themselves, but they still had to retreat into a shop.

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