

To Queenie, Zachary's confession was intensely revolting.

However, she was somewhat pleased with Zachary's plan of putting Arielle behind bars. Her lips lifted into a forced smile as she said, "We shall wait for that to come then. Though I don't think she deserves that severe punishment for bragging, she is indeed causing harm to patients if she can't keep to her promise."

Queenie paused before continuing, "Oh yeah, where are the patient's close kins? I should go and meet them. Let me be in charge of this surgery."

"I'll bring you over."

Zachary then led the way while Queenie followed behind.

In no time, they came before Henrick. "Greetings, this is Dr. Queenie Mill. She'll be the chief surgeon for the surgery this time."

Henrick's eyes lit up instantly upon seeing Queenie. "Dr. Mill! I've long heard your name. You're a lot prettier than on the television."

Countless appearances on various talk shows had brought immense fame for Queenie in Jadeborough. Hence it was no surprise that Henrick could recognize her.

Queenie smiled as she nodded her head in acknowledgment. "You're too kind. I'll be in charge of

the surgery this time. But before we get started, we have to wait for the arrival of the robotic pacemakers that someone had promised to send us.”

With a serious look on his face, Henrick immediately asked, “Can my mom undergo surgery without that device? I'm worried she can't afford any more delays...”

“Rest assured. I've visited the patient earlier. I believe she can wait till the devices are delivered. The other party has promised to deliver the devices before midnight tomorrow. We'll begin the surgery once we get them.”

“Then...” Henrick sounded hesitant. “What if the devices don't arrive on time?”

Queenie looked regretful as she explained, “If there's a delay due to the delivery, then I'm afraid Mrs. Southall might not be able to make it...”

Hearing that, Henrick almost jumped out of his skin.

“What if that indeed happens? Can't you begin the surgery now? Can't we proceed without the device?”

Queenie shook her head. “Without the device, we'll be dealing with extremely high risks if we go on with the surgery. And not to mention, there's only a twenty percent success rate. The choice is yours, and we won't force you to wait for tomorrow. You can choose to proceed with the surgery now without the device.”

Henrick fell silent as he contemplated the options.

Twenty percent versus eighty percent success rate...

“I'll wait for the device then. But I'll surely pursue the matter if it doesn't arrive on time!”

Queenie nodded. “Don't worry. If the devices don't arrive as promised, our hospital will also hold the other party liable.”

Henrick clenched his teeth tight. “I'll never let that person off the hook for failing to keep to her promise!”

His reaction was exactly the outcome Queenie was hoping for.

After chatting for a while longer, she then returned for duty.

Meanwhile, Henrick stood frozen for a long time before the word Cindy said to him earlier popped up in his mind - Jinx.

Indeed. Nothing much ever happened in the house before Arielle came. Though Michael has admitted that Cindy made him say those words, what if they turn out to be true? Shandie has died, and so did Yvette. And now it's Mom's turn. What if I'm next?



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Don't tell me Maureen has sent Arielle to our house for revenge?

Henrick felt goosebumps crawling all over his body at the thought of Maureen's last words - Even if I die, I'll turn into a vengeful ghost and seek revenge!

At that, Henrick's gaze suddenly turned sharp and determined.

No way. I can't let this go on. I must chase Arielle out of the house! As much as she's my profit-making machine, I can't let her stay any longer if she's going to take all our lives!

At the thought of how he might be the next victim, he could not be bothered about staying by Malorie's side and instead rushed into his car and sped toward the Southall residence.

At the same time, darkness had also descended.

Cindy was preparing to wash up and retire for the night when the bedroom door was flung open.

Her initial fear from the sudden motion was washed away by relief after realizing it was Henrick.

That lasted only for a short while before she felt her heart thumping furiously again after seeing Henrick's grim face.

Had she not done anything wrong, she would have nothing to fear. Since she had lied about her pregnancy,

it was no wonder she would be paralyzed with fear at the sight of Henrick's darkened face.

“R-Rick, what's wrong with you?” Cindy nervously propped herself up from the bed and sat with her back straight.

Henrick uttered, “Get changed. I have something to announce.”

“A-All right...” Cindy hastily changed out of her nightgown while shuddering in fear before following Henrick out of the room.

Just outside the room, Henrick spoke again. “Ask Arielle to join us downstairs too. The matter that I want to announce has got to do with her.”

At that, Cindy finally felt a sense of relief. Though she was curious about the situation, she did not ask any questions and only followed Henrick's instructions.

Arielle immediately followed Cindy downstairs as she was still awake when the latter called for her.

An ominous feeling grew within her despite being puzzled about what was going on.

As soon as they arrived downstairs, Arielle saw the sullen-looking Henrick standing in the middle of the brightly lit living room. Even the housekeepers were present, standing in two straight rows.

That only made Arielle more suspicious. Perhaps it's

about grandma's condition? Could it be that she can't hang in there anymore?

While her thoughts were running wild, she felt Henrick's gaze sweeping coldly across the room before landing on her.

“Arielle,” Henrick uttered.

Since Henrick had always called her “Sannie” instead of “Arielle,” she immediately sensed that the atmosphere was off.

Nevertheless, she still put on a polite smile. “Dad, why are you gathering all of us here at this timing? Is Grandma feeling better?”

Without any expression on his face, Henrick solemnly muttered, “Your grandma is fine. She'll get better after the surgery tomorrow. I've gathered everybody here because I have an announcement to make.”

Arielle appeared like she was all ears to listen to the announcement. Cindy, standing beside her, was even more curious to find out what this gathering was all about.

“Arielle, I'll prepare you a house. From today onward, you're no longer a member of the Southalls. I'll get my assistant to deal with the household registry, and you can move out once the house is ready. From then on, you'll take care of yourself.”

Arielle looked at Henrick in shock.

“Dad?”

“I'm no longer your father.” Henrick shook his head. “It's your grandma's instructions. I've no other choice either. I'll also leave some allowances for you on top of the house. I promise it'll be sufficient to last you through till you get a job after graduating from the university.”

Upon hearing what Henrick said, the entire living room plunged into silence.

Yet, Cindy was screaming in joy on the inside.

That's fantastic! What great news! I can't believe things would turn out like this! Arielle got chased out of the Southall residence without me doing anything!



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



Cindy tried her best to control her emotions. However, she could not stop her lips from curling and widening into a bright smile.

In contrast, Arielle did not respond. Neither did she ask for a reason.

All she did was quietly study the expression on Henrick's face, which was as cold as ice.

Seems like he has decided.

She was aware that everything she did now would be meaningless even if she actually knelt.

As such, there was no need for her to go to such an extent.

Perhaps leaving the Southall residence is a good choice too. At least I won't have to put on a pretense anymore. I can now put my attention on preparing schemes against Henrick.

As for Cindy, Arielle was not at all worried either. She had long forged good relationships with the people in the manor. Thus, it did not matter whether she was physically staying there or not.

Arielle calmly nodded. "I got it, Dad. Mr. Southall, I mean."

Henrick's face froze when he heard Arielle's greeting for him.

He was shocked and uneasy about how calm she was, especially since she did not even try to plead.

Nevertheless, he did not regret making that decision. To him, his life was much more important than money. That was how he knew he should not let Arielle stay any longer.

Henrick sighed as a surge of complex emotions flooded him. "You can continue staying here for now. It's late; that's all for today."

Without raising any concerns, Arielle only looked deeply at Henrick with her clear eyes. After that, she trotted back to her room upstairs.

Watching Arielle disappear within her sight, Cindy secretly snickered. She then walked up to Henrick and wrapped her arms around that of his, and said, "It's late, Rick. We should take a rest now. Mom's surgery's tomorrow: I'll accompany you to the hospital."

"There's no need to." Henrick shook his head in disagreement. "Rest well at home and take care of the baby in your belly. I'll go alone."

Knowing how Henrick was concerned about the baby, Cindy did not insist on it. She gave a simple acknowledgment and followed him back to their room while suppressing the immense happiness within her.

Back at the living room, one housekeeper could not contain her curiosity and whispered to Larissa, "Should we find another backer since Ms. Arielle has already

gotten kicked out of this house? With the pregnancy of Mrs. Nightshire, she'll gain a stronger status in this house in time to come. We should find a reliable backer if we want to continue working here. Or else we might get fired anytime with how unpredictable Mr. Southall is.”

Larissa was exasperated. “Hey, you guys are belittling Ms. Arielle, huh? Just wait; I'm sure she has a solution to this.”

“What can she possibly do? She'll soon have to leave this place...”

“Even if you don't believe Ms. Arielle, you should have some trust in me. If all of you go to Mrs. Nightshire now, she'll know you guys aren't on her side before this. With the way she handles things, do you think she will trust all of you?”

Hearing that, several housekeepers fell into deep thoughts. They ultimately decided to continue standing with Arielle.

In truth, the housekeepers knew very well how merciless Cindy was. Moreover, they had received more from Arielle than the former.

Beyond that, there was a unique yet attractive aura exuding from Arielle. That alone allowed her to gain the trust of the others effortlessly.

Meanwhile, Arielle sat on the couch for a long while after returning to her bedroom.

She was clear she had been abandoned by Henrick, despite not knowing the exact reason he did so. She could only attribute it to Malorie's fall.

Putting aside those thoughts, she then began thinking about the plans she had in mind.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Arielle took another half day off to settle matters regarding the household registry. Donovan did not say much and only reminded her to be punctual for classes in the afternoon.

In no time, she had finished settling the household registry. She stepped out of the registry office, no longer having any forms of tangible or intangible ties with the Southalls.

That also meant she could be as ruthless as she wanted with the revenge.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Henrick's assistant walked out of the registry office shortly after.

Unlike his obsequious behavior in the past, the assistant was acting exceptionally arrogant. He threw a brown envelope to her and haughtily uttered, "This is from Mr. Southall. Inside it contains a certificate of property ownership and keys. There's also a card amounting to a million. The password to it is six zeros."

Unbothered about his attitude, Arielle courteously nodded as she replied, "Thank you."

Judging at how polite she was, the assistant reckoned she was a pushover. He mockingly added, "I've tidied up the house. You can return to the manor to pack your belongings, but you can't take any valuables with you. And from today onward, you can't step into the manor as you wish without permission. I'll report you to the cops for trespassing if you do that. Are you clear, Ms. Arielle?"

At this point, he covered his mouth and laughed sarcastically. "Look at me. I forgot you aren't the Southalls anymore. Miss, from now on, please know your place well. Do not live as a member of the Southalls in public. Of course, we won't stop you from selling the house and bringing the money back to the countryside. I'm sure you can live a comfortable and well-off life with that sum of money."

Arielle finally frowned upon hearing that.

She did not want to pick on the assistant, yet his words

only became more distasteful.

“You—”

Before Arielle could speak, a punch smashed straight into the assistant's face.

“Argh!” the assistant screamed in agony.

Following that, the attacker lifted his leg and served a flying kick, sending the assistant flying across the air.

This time, the pain was so unbearable he could not even vocalize it. All he did was wrap his hands around where he got kicked as he gasped in misery.

Stunned, Arielle looked in the direction of the attacker. She saw a teen glaring at the assistant as he snarled, “How dare you talk to Ms. Moore with that kind of attitude! Are you tired of living?”

Though that teen was very innocent-looking and seemed like he was only about fifteen years old, he was exuding an aura of a skilled martial expert from head to toe. He had an uncanny resemblance to Hades when he furrowed his brows. Seeing his appearance, the assistant was so petrified that he curled up into a ball, shuddering in fear.

Staring intently at the teen, Arielle was sure she did not know someone like him. But a few seconds later, she somehow seemed to recall something and cast her gaze at him. “Blake?”

She had once seen Blake from an old photo Sasha provided when she was helping the latter look for him. But it took her some time before she could recognize him as he looked a little different from then.

The teen nodded as he smiled widely, flashing two of his canine teeth. “Yes, Ms. Moore. Boss says I'll be your bodyguard from now on.”

“Boss? Vinson?”

Blake nodded again. “Boss asked me to be your bodyguard after the funeral. But I decided to do it earlier as boredom is killing me. I couldn't stop myself when I heard how that guy spoke to you; that's why I jumped out and saved you. Will you blame me for not letting you know beforehand?”

Arielle shook her head rigorously. “Why would I...”

“That's great. I'll beat this guy up a few more rounds and burst open his head!”

The moment Blake uttered those words, the assistant instantly jumped up from the ground in fear and hurriedly ran away.

“Hahaha! Useless thing!” Blake burst into laughter.

Perhaps because his laughter was too contagious, Arielle, too, had a weak smile on her face.

“Oh yeah,” Blake asked in curiosity. “Why are you here, Ms. Moore? I heard that guy saying that you're no

longer a member of the Southalls? What happened? Did your family chase you out of the house?"

Being a straightforward person, Blake did not beat around the bushes.

Arielle was fond of his character. "Yeah. But you don't have to worry about me. Perhaps this is a blessing in disguise. I have plans to leave that house too."

Blake hurriedly said, "I'll tell Boss about it right now!"

He had just learned about Vinson's rumors with Arielle from Sasha. Since Ms. Moore got kicked out, perhaps she can begin a sweet cohabitation life with Boss?



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



“Don't,” Arielle said. “Don't tell him first. He must have been super busy recently. I'll only tell him once he's free.”

“All right. Where are you going? I can bring you there.”

It was almost time for her afternoon class, so Arielle nodded and asked, “I'm going to school. Do you have a car?”

“Of course!”

A few minutes later, Arielle was sitting on Blake's electric bike and soaking in the warm summer sunshine, at a loss for words.

Blake chuckled and said, “I'm not old enough to get a driver's license yet, so please bear with it, Ms. Moore. The bright side is, we won't end up being stuck in traffic since we're on a bike.”

Arielle nodded with a smile and held onto Blake's shoulders to steady herself as the electric bike sped off toward Jadeborough University.

At the same time, Southall Group released a public statement on their official account.

It was simple, basically describing how Arielle and Henrick were estranged and no longer father and daughter.

Southall Group didn't have many followers, but since Arielle was the ambassador of Soir Coffee and had

gained a decent following, the announcement still got some attention.

“But she's so pretty! How could the Southalls bear to chase her out? Are they crazy? Gosh, I feel so bad for her.”

“Haven't you heard? The prettiest women have the coldest hearts. She must have done something incredibly shameful for them to have no other choice.”

“Still, with a face like that, she'll be able to find a wealthy sugar daddy. Her fans won't need to worry. I'm sure she'll be fine as a mistress too.”

During her lunch break, Wendy just so happened to see Southall Group's announcement.

She paused in surprise and felt the corners of her lips slowly curve into a smile.

Southall Group is only considered as an average-sized company, so Arielle isn't really that outstanding. Now that even the Southalls have kicked her out, Mrs. Nightshire would look down on her even more.

By then, Wendy had completely forgotten about her foul mood brought about by Arielle's medical skills and cheered up.

She even began humming to herself, causing her deskmate to scowl at her. “Please stop making so much noise! I'm still working on these questions. It's hard to figure them out without Arielle's help.”

Wendy's expression froze, and she stood up to go to the bathroom.

She reminded herself to ask Donovan if she could change her deskmate.

Right as Wendy had one foot out of the classroom, the other classmates also saw the announcement that Southall Group posted.

They had always sucked up to Arielle because she was good in her studies and also seemed to be close to Vinson.

But now that they saw the announcement, their admiration toward Arielle immediately lessened, and they called out to Wendy.

“Wendy! Where are you going? We're about to go to the café across the street. Would you like to join us?”

Wendy hesitated before nodding. “Sure.”

She had never had a very good reputation in class due to Arielle's presence, but then she realized that she had to start brushing up on her connections. With a fake smile on her face, she quickly melded into the group of girls and walked out with them hand-in-hand.

They spotted an electric bike parked next to the road once they reached the school gates.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Wendy couldn't be bothered to look at whichever poor kid was on the electric bike, so she didn't even spare a glance.

Suddenly, the girl on her right pointed at the electric bike in shock and tugged at Wendy with one hand. "Wendy! Isn't that Arielle?"

"What?" Wendy turned around.

After taking a good look at the girl on the bike, Wendy smiled mockingly.

"So it really is Arielle," she said with a big grin.

So Arielle is really left with nothing after leaving the Southalls. She even had to come to school on an electric bike! How embarrassing.

Wendy tried her best to hide her glee, but the other two girls began laughing out loud.

The one who had spotted Arielle first raised her hands and called out, "Arielle!"

Arielle heard someone calling her name the moment she got off the bike.

Out of instinct, she looked over only to see two girls pulling Wendy in her direction.

"Ms. Moore, are they your friends?" Blake asked curiously.

He was too young to see it, but Arielle could immediately spot the glee in their eyes.

They were obviously making fun of her for coming to school on an electric bike.

“No,” she turned away and said, “Let's go. I said I'd treat you to a drink, remember?”

“Okay!” Blake nodded excitedly, immediately parking his bike by the side of the road.

Alexandra usually didn't let him have any soft drinks, nor could he eat snacks, so he was overjoyed at the opportunity to get a drink from Arielle.

The girls next to Wendy frowned at the sight of Arielle just walking away and ignoring them. They quickly walked up to her and blocked her way.

“Arielle!” the taller girl called out unhappily. “Didn't you hear us calling you? Did the Southalls take away your hearing along with your money and power after kicking you out?”

The girl next to her started cracking up at her words.

Despite that, Arielle continued to ignore them and was planning on taking a different route when she heard Blake murmur, “So they really aren't your friends.” before he kicked both of them away.

Two loud screams echoed in the air as they flew backwards.

Wendy jumped in shock and rushed to help the two of them up while she glared at Arielle. “How could you? All they did was say hi. You know our school is against fighting and violence, right? How could you do that to them?”

Arielle hadn't even opened her mouth when Blake spoke up.

“Are you blind or something? I kicked them, so why are you yelling at Ms. Moore? Do you want a taste of what they got?” he said as he closed one of his hands into a fist.

He might be young, but his punches were no joke.

Instantly, Wendy stumbled backward in fear. She had never met anyone like him before.

However, she soon calmed down.

They were at the school gates after all. There were surveillance cameras everywhere. If he beat her up, too, Arielle would have no way to get out of it.

Wendy jutted her chin out and said, “Are you really going to beat me up when I was just stopping you from hurting others? Try your luck! I'll even call the police!”

Blake flinched at the mention of the police, finally realizing that he might actually have gotten Arielle into trouble.

He tried to take back what he said when Arielle cut him

off, “Do it. Call them. Tell them that Vinson's subordinate beat you up and that you want to press charges.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



Wendy paled as she asked in mild disbelief, "Vinson's subordinate? You're kidding, right?"

Even if he did arrange for one of his subordinates to follow Arielle, he wouldn't hire a fifteen or sixteen-year-old kid, would he?

She had to be kidding.

The girls who had gotten beaten up stared at Blake in anger, but they didn't dare to do anything since he was strong and clearly skilled. Instead, they said to Wendy, "They must be lying! She already got kicked out of the Southall family, so why would Vinson do that for her? Let's call the police!"

Wendy had been genuinely concerned over Blake being Vinson's subordinate, but she decided to believe the other two girls.

It was a brilliant chance to kick Arielle out of Jadeborough University, and she would be an idiot not to take it.

Wendy stopped hesitating and immediately called the police.

Blake knew he actually got Arielle in trouble and quickly apologized, "I'm sorry! I shouldn't have done that. You can call the police, but this has nothing to do with Ms. Moore, so please don't drag her into this. I'll take responsibility."

"Did you hear that?" the two girls asked Wendy. "He's

terrified because we're calling the police! He's obviously not under Mr. Nightshire."

Wendy finally relaxed and looked at Arielle. "You were the one who coerced this child into beating us up. You're not getting away with this."

"Okay," Arielle said with a nod. "None of us are getting away with this, that's for sure."

Her beautifully clear eyes shone calmly like the surface of a still lake, sending chills down Wendy's spine.

She didn't understand why Arielle was still so calm and couldn't help but feel nervous.

"You—"

Wendy hadn't even finished her sentence when Arielle interrupted, "You guys can wait here for the police, then. I'm going to go buy this kid a drink. Then we'll all wait together."

As she spoke, she picked up Blake's hand and prepared to cross the road.

"Stop right there!" the tall girl called out. "You're trying to run away, aren't you? You're not leaving!"

"Don't worry," Arielle said calmly. "It's not like I'm a stranger to you all. You can still report me even if I run away, which I won't."

The tall girl hesitated for a second but finally let Arielle

go after finding reason in her argument.

However, once she turned around, she caught sight of Wendy's pale face.

Confused, she asked, "What's wrong? Why are you so pale?"

Wendy bit her lip and said, "Something feels off. Maybe we shouldn't call the police."

The two girls didn't understand. "Why not?"

Wendy's frown deepened. "Just my instinct. I'm going to call them and ask them not to come."

"Wait!" The two girls hurriedly stopped her. "There are surveillance cameras here. They were the ones who started it, so they can't go anywhere! This is different from Kelsea's case. Arielle isn't the heroine anymore."

Wendy started wavering again.

One of the girls continued saying, "If we back out now, they might arrest us for making a fake call!"

Wendy gritted her teeth and said, "Okay, then we'll wait for the police."

No matter what, Arielle shouldn't have coerced that boy into using violence. It isn't like I'm framing Arielle for something she hasn't done.

If that little boy is really Vinson's subordinate, then he

could get a clear look at what Arielle is actually like.

At that thought, she gripped the edge of her skirt, and her sweet face suddenly morphed into a grim smile.

She looked over, only to see Arielle walking into the store with the boy.

The other two girls caught sight of the same thing.

The tall girl smirked and said, “I can't believe she's still in the mood to buy drinks! She's probably just putting on an act to look calm when she's actually terrified on the inside.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

The other girl scoffed and replied, "She should be terrified! Even my own mom has never hit me, so what made her think she could? I'm not going to let this go until she gets expelled."

Having said that, she rubbed her bruised head and looked at the drinks store with a hateful stare.

Back in the store, Arielle ordered a grape tea for herself and turned to ask Blake what he wanted.

However, Blake's face had contorted in worry.

He loved these kinds of drinks, but he wasn't in the mood for them anymore. "Ms. Moore, are you sure you still want to treat me to a drink? I have already caused so much trouble for you. I think I should call Mr. Vinson and tell him."

Arielle raised an eyebrow. "I already sent him a message. Don't worry. This is just a small issue to him."

She believed in Vinson wholeheartedly.

However, she also realized how much she had changed. Before, she would try to settle everything on her own, but now her first instinct was to message Vinson.

Vinson had really become her rock.

Perhaps that is just how friends are.

"You haven't answered me yet. What do you want to drink?"

Blake shook her head. “I don't feel like I should order anything anymore.”

Arielle laughed. “Are you that afraid of Vinson? He seems pretty chill to me.”

“That's because you've never seen him when he's angry!”

Arielle shrugged. “I think I have, actually. The first time I met him, he made me so angry that I nearly blew a fuse.”

Blake was immediately curious, and he asked, “What happened? When did you first meet him?”

“We first met when—” Arielle suddenly thought about how Vinson was having a high fever when they first met and she had to take off her own clothes and hug him to keep him warm.

At the time, she didn't think too much of it. To her, any doctor would have done the same thing under those circumstances.

Now that she thought about it, her heart actually started racing.

“Ahem!” Arielle pretended to clear her throat and said, “It's nothing. Don't worry about it. Do you want a drink or not?”

Blake froze at the sound of Arielle's raised voice and said, “A caramel latte.”

Sensing that she shouldn't have raised her voice, Arielle took out her credit card while avoiding Blake's stare.

“One caramel latte and one grape tea.”

“All right!”

The two of them walked out with their drinks in hand.

The police arrived right as Arielle and Blake reached the school gates.

“That's them right there!” the tall girl said as she jabbed a finger in their direction. “That girl told the kid beside her to beat us up. We have bruises now, and I think they even gave me a concussion.”

“A concussion?” Wendy said. “If I remember correctly, a concussion is counted as a minor injury. Based on the law, that's anywhere around three to fifteen days of jail, right?”

The other girl immediately pressed a hand to her forehead and said feebly, “Actually, I think I have a bit of a concussion as well.”

The policemen nodded and recorded their statements before going over to ask Arielle, “Were you the one who coerced someone into beating them?”

Before Arielle could speak, Blake immediately took on the blame. “I was the one who beat them up. It has nothing to do with Ms. Moore.”

“So you're admitting to your crime?” the police asked.

Suddenly, a deep voice called out, “Hold on.”

The crowd immediately turned toward the source of the voice.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



Right then, an extremely handsome man stepped out of his expensive car. He was tall and walked with a certain commanding air.

The man was none other than Vinson.

At the sight of him, the policemen instantly became respectful.

“Mr. Nightshire.”

Wendy's expression immediately soured.

Vinson really came!

Arielle has already been kicked out of the Southall family, so she isn't even considered a rich kid or anyone influential anymore. Why would Vinson come for her?

Soon enough, Wendy turned to glance at the young boy.

He can't really be under Vinson, can he?

Vinson came forward and nodded at the policemen before asking Arielle gently, “Are you okay?”

She nodded. “I'm fine.”

Seeing that, Wendy gritted her teeth.

The other two girls were the ones who got beaten, so why is Vinson asking about Arielle?

Vinson immediately started checking Arielle for any

bruises or injuries.

Wendy couldn't hold herself back and said, "Mr. Nightshire, Arielle was the one in the wrong today. She coerced this boy into beating my classmates, and I had to call the police."

Vinson hadn't even looked at Wendy once. In fact, he hadn't noticed her until she opened her mouth.

Immediately, he looked at her coldly and asked, "Had to? Are they dead? Did they lose any limbs or bleed out on the street?"

Wendy blanched as she started to feel humiliated.

Meanwhile, the other two girls came forward and started defending Wendy.

"Arielle did coerce him into beating us. I was worried because I felt like I had a concussion, which is why I asked Wendy to call the police."

"Yeah. A concussion is counted as a minor injury. If you don't believe us, you can ask this kid. He already admitted to it after all."

Vinson glanced at Blake after hearing that.

Blake immediately straightened up out of fear and stammered, "I-I truly was the one in the wrong, sir. But they were the ones who started it first. Ms. Moore didn't reply to them, so they made fun of her for getting kicked out of the Southall family and called her deaf."

Vinson's expression darkened as he directed his menacing stare toward the two girls.

Intimidated by the aura radiating off Vinson, they immediately gulped in fear.

Right then, he finally spoke, "I'll get my lawyer to deal with Blake hitting you."

Once he finished his sentence, a man with black-rimmed glasses walked over and passed a name card to the two girls.

Their eyes widened the minute they read the name on the card.

It turned out that he was the top lawyer from Nightshire Group.

The lawyers from Nightshire Group were known to be extremely competent, to the point that they had never lost a court case.

It is such a small issue. Is Vinson really going to use Nightshire Group's legal team for this?

The tall girl nearly stumbled out of fear.

Vinson continued, "The lawyer will settle that, so I'll settle something else with you right now."

"Something else?" the tall girl asked, her voice trembling. "What else is there?"

Languidly, Vinson replied, “Didn't you two say that Blake gave you a concussion?”

The two girls could only continue listening to whatever Vinson had to say next. “We're going to go get a check-up at the hospital. It'll be easy enough to find out. If you do have a concussion, I will pay your medical bills, but if you don't... well, then the lawyer will have a defamation case to deal with as well.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

“D-Defamation?”

The two girls had gone paler than a sheet of paper.

The lawyer kindly explained, “Defamation is the act of harming someone's reputation whether through oral or written form, such as falsely accusing someone to the police and trying to get them arrested. A light sentence would be anywhere less than three years, but a heavy sentence could be up to ten years of imprisonment.”

The two girls were thoroughly horrified and fell on their knees with a loud thud.

Three years?

They only wanted Arielle to be imprisoned for ten days or so, but Vinson was ready to keep them in jail for at least three years!

The tall girl was clearly terrified as a wet patch started forming on her skirt; she had wet herself out of fear.

“Take them,” Vinson called out.

A few bodyguards stepped out of a car parked not too far off, and they hauled both girls into the car, sending them to Rocher Private Hospital.

At that hospital, they would be exposed for lying even if they actually did have a concussion.

They couldn't escape from going to jail at this point.

Wendy's mouth pressed into a thin line, not daring to speak up for both of them.

Still, Vinson hadn't forgotten about her just because she was silent.

Right then, he directed his glare toward her.

She immediately shivered under Vinson's cold stare.

“I remember giving you a warning before,” Vinson said. “I told you not to mess with her because you wouldn't be able to face the consequences. Clearly, your memory isn't the best.”

Wendy's face started going from pale to bright red.

She bit her lip, feeling all the blood rushing to her head.

However, Vinson still wasn't done. “You're not having class now, right?”

Wendy didn't know why Vinson was asking this, but she nodded anyway.

In response, Vinson said, “Okay, perfect. Go back to Nightshire Manor and move out instantly. If not, I will get people to throw out all your luggage.”

“No!” Wendy shrieked, almost kneeling and begging Vinson.

He said coldly, “I already gave you a chance, but you didn't want to take it. You constantly harassed her—”

“N-No, I didn't! I just helped them make a phone call this time. You can't do this to me!”

Her eyes started filling up with tears, looking more pitiful than ever. Anyone who saw them would probably think she was the victim in this situation.

Despite her tears, Vinson wasn't swayed in the slightest. Rather than feel pity for her, he felt even more disgusted.

Women are so annoying. Why can't they all be as decisive as Arielle?

Vinson said, “Okay, you don't have to move out yourself. The lawyer will settle the matter with you. By then, I'll have all your things sent to jail for you.”

Wendy immediately paled further.

“N-No, Mrs. Nightshire would never let you do that!”

Vinson was starting to tire of talking to her. He glanced at his watch and said, “You have three seconds. Make your decision wisely.”

At that moment, Wendy was filled with conflicting feelings of rage, despair, and regret.

She hadn't imagined that calling the cops on Arielle would result in herself getting kicked out by Vinson.

“One more second,” Vinson counted down.

Wendy didn't want to go to jail, so she finally said in between sobs, "I'm going to move out tomorrow, okay?"

Hearing that, Vinson raised an eyebrow and decided he could bear with one more day. With a nod, he said, "I will check tomorrow night. If I see any of your belongings still in the house, I will be calling my lawyer."

Wendy started crying even harder.

However, Vinson had already turned his back on her and talked to the two policemen, "I'm sorry that you had to make this run."

The two of them quickly shook their heads. "No, not at all. Thanks to the number of reports we got from Soir Coffee's case, we went way past our annual goal. We'll probably be able to relax for the next few months."

"All right. Please contact my lawyer after this."

"Of course, Mr. Nightshire. We'll be heading off now." After bowing toward Vinson, the two policemen walked away.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



After the policemen left with the lawyer, only Blake, Vinson, and Arielle were left standing there.

Blake immediately started apologizing.

“I'm sorry for causing you trouble, sir. Feel free to hit or scold me. I definitely deserve it.”

“Why would I?” Vinson asked. “You did the right thing.”

Blake was taken aback, doubting what he had just heard.

At first, he had his head lowered, but after hearing Vinson's words, he looked up at the latter and asked, “You're not kidding, right, sir?”

Vinson didn't reply, but his serious expression answered Blake's question.

Blake let out a sigh of relief and finally understood how much his boss loved Arielle.

If anyone else had dragged him into such a situation, Blake would have been scalped along with the instigator. However, Vinson was being exceptionally nice to Blake. What else could it be if not because of his love for Arielle?

When Alexandra had told Blake about this, he was still mildly doubtful, but all his doubts had now been thrown out of the window.

His boss was about to have a girlfriend!

As Blake eyed Arielle, he immediately caught on that he should not continue third-wheeling them. Hence, he quickly made up an excuse, saying that his bike was broken before he scurried off to 'get it fixed.'

While Arielle was wondering when the bike broke down, she heard Vinson say, "I'm going to keep Blake with you so that he can protect you. Next time you bump into people like that, just get him to beat all of them up. There's no need to worry about the consequences as long as you're satisfied."

Arielle felt a warm sensation rush to her heart, and she asked, "Aren't you worried that your future girlfriend's going to get jealous if you're always so nice to me?"

He raised an eyebrow. "How could someone get jealous of herself?"

Hearing that, Arielle stilled and looked at Vinson in shock.

When her eyes met his obsidian-like gaze, she felt her heart begin to race.

Is he insinuating that I'm his future girlfriend?

Without waiting for Arielle's response, Vinson chuckled and said, "I'm kidding."

Arielle relaxed slightly, but her mood was dampened, and she didn't know why.

Vinson suddenly changed the topic. “I saw Southall Group's announcement about kicking you out. Why didn't you tell me earlier?”

Arielle's expression immediately soured.

She looked away as she murmured, “It's nothing important. It was never my home in the first place. After I change its name, I'm going to return, and no one will be able to stop me.”

“You'll definitely be able to return. They can't kick you out of something that belongs to you. They're just a bunch of parasites,” Vinson said seriously.

Arielle nodded. “Soon,” she replied.

Vinson stayed silent for a few seconds but couldn't help asking, “What happened yesterday? Wasn't Michael fine when he left?”

Arielle shook her head, slightly confused. “I don't know. Henrick said Malonie told him to do so, but I have a feeling it was his own decision. Also, she had a bad fall and is in the hospital right now. From the sound of it, she's not doing too well.”

“Got it.” Vinson could already figure out what Henrick was planning and said, “After you came back, a lot happened to the Southalls. Now that something happened to Malorie, he's probably terrified that you're the source of his bad luck.”

Arielle scoffed and said, “A bit too late for that.”

Bringing them bad luck is the whole reason I came back.”

“Have you found a place to stay yet? If not, come stay at my place.”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Vinson's suggestion caused Arielle's heart to start racing.

She did her best to calm herself down as she declined, "No, Henrick prepared a house for me. I was planning to go over and clean it up after class."

"That's so troublesome. Just stay over at mine. There's more than enough space as it is," Vinson said. Then, he quickly added, "Not Nightshire Manor. I'm talking about Maple Mansion."

After all, Susanne was staying in Nightshire Manor. Knowing Arielle would feel uncomfortable, he quickly clarified that he wasn't meaning for her to stay there as well.

Despite that, Arielle shook her head.

"It's really fine. The place Henrick got for me isn't far from here, so it's more convenient for me to go to school. Also, I think my mom may have stayed there before, so I want to go and see if there are any traces of her."

"Okay then," Vinson said, slightly disappointed. Still, he didn't press on after hearing her reasoning. "Then I'll go help you tidy up too after school."

Arielle chuckled at his words.

"Has the almighty Mr. Nightshire ever done any household chores? Don't give me more trouble."

“Don't worry. I'm super talented in the field of household chores. If I wasn't a Nightshire, I might even have become the world's best cleaner.”

“Is that so?” Arielle said with a smile and a nod. “Okay, I'll have to see for myself after school.”

The moment Arielle finished speaking, Vinson's phone rang.

Arielle didn't know what was being said on the other end, but it only warranted an 'Okay' from Vinson before he hung up.

Before she could ask, he said, “The results are out. They don't have a concussion at all, and their injuries aren't serious enough to be used in their favor. I'll get the lawyer to prepare the defamation lawsuit.”

Arielle never considered herself to be a saint, so she nodded. “Good. These people shouldn't be allowed to just walk away freely.”

The more people like that she could get rid of, the better.

After all, they were all adults, and they had to take responsibility for their words. No matter what sentence they would be getting, they deserved it.

A hint of a smile appeared on Vinson's lips. He especially admired how cold-hearted Arielle could be at times.

After that, he called his lawyer and told him to prepare the defamation lawsuit.

After the phone call, Vinson said, “With the help of my lawyer, they’ll be imprisoned for at least three years. You won’t have to worry about them for a long time. However, it’ll probably take two or three days before they can actually get arrested.”

“That’s fine. I’ve been dealing with it for so long., so two or three days is nothing.”

She glanced at her watch. “I should be heading to class now. If I’m late, my teacher is going to lecture me again, and I’m really not in the mood for that.”

“Okay, then go ahead. I’ll see you after school.”

“See you!” Arielle said with a wave of her hand before walking into school.

Arielle had just left when Blake scurried over with his electric bike.

“Boss!”

“Let’s go,” Vinson said. “The funeral is all prepped. We’ll keep it simple, so it’ll just be the few of us.”

Blake knew he couldn’t get any gossip out of Vinson after he heard the word ‘funeral’ and nodded sadly.

Back in the classroom, Wendy’s glee had been completely eradicated. In its place was inexplicable fear

and irritation.

Vinson had truly chased her out of Nightshire Manor this time.

What should I do now?

With a muted thud, she slammed her head down onto the table in an attempt to let out her frustration.

Her deskmate piped up, “I’m going to ask Mr. Baxter to change my seat if you keep interrupting my studies!”



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



“You...” Wendy hissed out between gritted teeth. “Go find him then! I don't want to sit next to you, either!”

Her deskmate looked at Wendy strangely, but since he was also fed up, he finally stood up to go look for Donovan.

Coincidentally, the man walked in right at that moment.

Wendy's deskmate raised his hand and said loudly, “Mr. Baxter, I want to change seats!”

Donovan looked at Wendy in confusion before saying, “This is a good seat. Why do you want to move?”

Wendy was about to speak when her deskmate cut in, “She's too weird. She always interrupts my studies, and I can't take it anymore. I want to change seats.”

Donovan looked at Wendy again, this time in shock.

Wendy hated the feeling of everyone's stares at her and spat out, “Mr. Baxter, I would like to change seats as well. I don't want to sit next to him anymore.”

Donovan frowned and looked at Wendy's deskmate. “Your seats are arranged according to your exam results. If you two really do want to change seats, one of you will need to sit all the way at the back.”

Wendy's deskmate's eyes lit up as he said, “I'd rather sit back there than over here. That way, I can sit next to the top student!”

“Top student?” Donovan looked at the back of the classroom and spotted the only empty seat in that area, which was right next to Arielle.

So they all see Arielle as the top student?

How ridiculous.

Donovan's expression darkened as he said, “We're about to have a test soon, so just bear with it for a few days. As for Wendy... I'll have a word with her.”

The boy seemed to be mildly afraid of Donovan, so he just nodded and sat back in his seat.

Then Donovan looked at Wendy. “Come with me.”

She had no choice but to follow him out of the classroom.

When the two of them reached the corridor, Wendy could see how annoyed Donovan was.

She couldn't remember him ever looking this angry, especially toward her.

“Mr. Baxter, I—”

“Wendy,” Donovan said with a frown. “What happened to you recently? Not only are you not paying attention in class, but you're also disrupting other students. You know how much faith I have in you. You'd better get your act together.”

Wendy bit her lip and nodded. “Yes, Mr. Baxter. I'm sorry.”

“Don't be sorry. The sooner you get back to normal, the better. You're the one with the most potential to get into Maxwell University, so don't disappoint me.”

At this, Wendy finally cheered up slightly.

As long as she got into Maxwell University, Susanne would finally be happy with her even if she was no longer living in Nightshire Manor.

As for the wedding, even if Vinson was the one who made the decisions, he would still need to take some of Susanne's opinions into account.

Besides, Arielle had less than nothing to her name, so Susanne definitely wouldn't accept her.

As for Wendy, she knew she had to get back on track before she could achieve her final goals.

At this, she clenched her fists tightly and said, “Don't worry, Mr. Baxter. I will do my best to get into Maxwell University.”

Donovan corrected her, “You cannot just do your best. You must get in.”

If his student could get into Maxwell University, he would finally get a teaching certificate from them. If that happened, he would basically be able to teach anywhere he wanted.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded from out of nowhere, and both Wendy and Donovan looked over in the direction of the sound at the same time.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Basked under the bright sunlight, a woman approached them.

The woman had flawless porcelain skin that seemed to glow under the sun.

Though the woman's face was bare, her natural beauty outshone Wendy's elaborate makeup. Her breathtaking beauty would have put even Helen of Troy to shame. The gorgeous woman was none other than Arielle.

Immediately, a scowl graced Wendy and Donovan's faces.

But, while Wendy's venomous glare was full of hatred, Donovan had a conflicted look.

“Mr. Baxter.” Arielle bowed politely as she greeted him.

Donovan ignored her greeting and turned toward Wendy instead. “I almost forgot to tell you that there will be a professor from Maxwell University coming here as a guest lecturer tomorrow. Coincidentally, I don't have a lecture. Hence, I won't be present. Professor Sleight said that you are fluent in Ustranasion. You'll act as a translator for the guest lecturer and accompany him around the campus.”

“A guest lecture from Maxwell University?” Wendy's eyes lit up with excitement as she nodded eagerly. “I promise to keep him company tomorrow.”

“All right.”

Donovan and Wendy chatted excitedly, and the both of them pointedly ignored Arielle.

Uninterested in their conversation, Arielle entered the classroom.

Although Donovan was engaged in a conversation with Wendy, his gaze kept darting toward Arielle. Even when he asked Wendy to act as the guest lecturer's translator, he unconsciously raised his voice.

Even though he didn't know why he ignored Arielle on purpose, Donovan felt unhappy when he caught sight of Arielle's moody expression.

The classroom door swung shut behind Arielle, and Donovan decided to excuse himself. "Why don't you head in first? Remember to prepare thoroughly for tomorrow."

Wendy was unaware of Donovan's odd behavior. She nodded profusely and said, "I will! Let me head in first, Mr. Baxter."

"Okay."

As soon as Donovan spoke, the school bell chimed loudly.

Since it was an advanced math class, Donovan made his way into the classroom with his lecture notes.

As soon as Donovan stepped foot into the class, it fell silent.

After all, everyone was terrified of Donovan stern demeanor.

Donovan's sharp gaze swept across the class. "Let us start our class. Flip to page seventy-four of your books," he announced.

Following his instructions, Arielle was shocked to see that Donovan had taught the class over twenty pages of material while she was on a short leave.

The speed of his teaching is astonishing! How can the other students keep up with this?

All of a sudden, her phone chimed to signal that she'd received a message.

Immediately, Donovan's sharp gaze slid toward her. "There are some students who spend their free time studying. Yet, some students go on leave at the slightest inconvenience. Even after returning, they don't focus in class. Don't put the blame on me for not giving you a second chance when you leave the preparatory class," Donovan uttered coldly.

Although he did not mention any names, it was crystal clear that he was talking about Arielle.

The corners of Arielle's mouth twitched as she muted her phone.

Initially, she planned to see how far Donovan had progressed in class, but just as she set her phone to silent mode, Arielle caught sight of the message.

Subordinate: Mr. Nightshire, we have finished debugging the ten robotic pacemakers. They have been shipped to Chanaea.

If Arielle hadn't received this text, Zachary's incident would have flown over her head.

Swiftly, she responded to the text and focused her attention on the textbook.

Though the current course taught by Donovan was more advanced and difficult, Arielle still found it relatively easy.

After a few pages, she felt bored and decided to read through the Chanaean textbook instead.

Donovan, who was giving his lecture on the podium, found that his gaze kept darting back to Arielle. No matter how hard he tried to resist the urge, he could not control himself.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!



When Donovan caught himself looking at Arielle again, he felt a rush of irritation.

Halfway through his lecture, there was an interruption.

Donovan whirled around and noticed two students entering the class. The stricken look across their pale faces made it seem like they'd just experienced something terrifying.

Donovan's brows furrowed, displeased by their late attendance. "Where did the two of you go? Half of the lecture is almost over."

His stern questioning caused them to flinch in fear as they hung their heads. Finally, the shorter one of the duo mustered the courage to reply. "W-we were at the hospital," she stammered.

Donovan's angry expression softened as he reminded them to apply for leave the next time something happened. He then continued his lecture.

Hurriedly, the two students scurried to their seats. Before they took a seat, they sneaked a peek at Arielle.

As if sensing their gazes, Arielle turned to them.

They jolted in surprise when they saw Arielle looking at them. Promptly, they looked away.

Arielle's brows raised. Aren't they two students who claimed to have a concussion?

Seeing how they avoided her gaze, Arielle shrugged and continued to study her Chanaean textbook.

Though she found the other subjects manageable, Arielle struggled with Chanaean. Her parents had raised her with the language, but her fluency was still not on par with the other students.

Furthermore, their monthly evaluation was just around the corner. Arielle could not leave Jadeborough University until she found that man. It looks like I'll have to work hard to improve my Chanaean!

Donovan's lecture passed by in the blink of an eye.

Just as Arielle wanted to take a break, Jared and Henry made their way over to her.

Out of the two of them, Henry seemed particularly enthusiastic.

“Boss, I missed you so much when you were away! Do you want to play some games tonight? A new season is starting today. We can dominate the charts together!”

Although Jared remained silent, the welcoming look on his face indicated that he wanted her to join them too.

Arielle gave them an apologetic smile. “I don't think I can make it tonight. I am going to clean my new house with someone. How about some other day?”

The words “new house” caused Jared's mood to shift. “Arielle, if you need any help, feel free to let me know.

My dad gave me a supplementary ATM card after I told him about my studies.” Jared took it out of his pocket and handed the black card to her. “Here, take it.”

Immediately, Henry mimicked Jared's actions and placed a few of his ATM cards on the table. “Although I'm not as well off as Jared, these cards are worth a couple of millions. You can use them as you please. If these aren't enough, please let me know. I'll ask my family for more.”

Although they were trying to comfort her, Arielle felt concerned by their generous offers.

“It's all right. I have my own money. Once I am done cleaning up my new home, I'll invite the two of you over for dinner! I've been improving my cooking skills lately,” Arielle replied and handed the cards back to them.

Seeing Arielle's look of reluctance, they decided to keep their cards.

Coincidentally, Donovan walked past the trio. His mood darkened when he noticed the ATM cards in their grasps. “Arielle, follow me to my office this instant!” he snapped.

Henry gave her a sympathetic look before he returned to his seat.

On the other hand, Jared glared at Donovan stonily. If Harvey was here, Donovan would be long gone.

After a few minutes, Arielle arrived at Donovan's office.

She assumed that Donovan would berate her for using her phone in class. Much to her surprise, he didn't mention it at all. "I heard that you were kicked out of your house. Here, you should apply for a student loan."

Huh? Did I mishear him, or is the sun rising in the West?



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

When Arielle looked at the papers Donovan handed her, she confirmed it was an application form for student loans. She couldn't help but stare at it in disbelief.

If it weren't for the fact that they were indoors, she would have looked at the sky to spot the Sun's location.

“What are you daydreaming about? Fill it in now, and I'll send it to Mr. Brown.” Donovan frowned as he urged her.

Seeing the impatience on Donovan's face, Arielle realized that he wasn't trying to mock her or chastise her for using her phone. He genuinely wanted to help.

What happened to him? Maybe he isn't as bad as I pictured him to be? Maybe, I was too harsh on him. After all, he's a man who is virtuous and driven by morality. He must have disliked me because he assumed that I got into the university with connections. Despite his hatred toward me, he's willing to put it aside and offer a helping hand. It looks like Maxwell University still maintained its standards. However, is he being genuine?

There were countless questions floating around Arielle's mind.

Seeing how Arielle did not respond, Donovan picked up the application form and waved it in front of her face. “Arielle, I'm talking to you. Did you not hear me?”

Finally, Arielle snapped out of her daze. She glanced at the paper in Donovan's grasp. After a brief moment of