

On the first day of her enrollment, Arielle had trended on Jadeborough's forums because of her looks.

All those who frequented forums would know about Arielle.

When the audience saw the title of the livestream, they thought... So she's pretty and talented?

Almost all of the students had heard about the translation of the lesson plan. They knew that once Jadeborough University's translated lesson plan was given to Thomas Harlem, Thomas would then give them Maxwell University's lesson plan.

Maxwell University's lesson plan was not something any school could get. Therefore, the weight on the translator's shoulders was a heavy one.

To their surprise, the job of translation had landed on the shoulders of Arielle, the pretty girl.

Soon, over a thousand knew about the livestream.

When Wendy lowered her head, she realized there were already tons of people leaving messages in the livestream comment section.

Ahhh! I'm a second away from licking the screen! (I'm a girl, but I don't mind going gay for her!)

She's literally Belle from Beauty and the Beast!

It must be really difficult to translate an advanced

mathematics lesson plan. I can barely cope with Chanaean alone. She's amazing.

She's the hope of Jadeborough University! She's the pride of Jadeborough University! Show them what you have!

When Wendy read through the comments, she realized they were all praising and encouraging Arielle.

Rage flowed through her like lava, and she could not help but whisper into the microphone of her phone. "It's an important but tough translating job. If Arielle makes a mistake, Professor Harlem is sure to get mad. Yet, she has chosen to project her translating and use speech recognition software for the written copy. I'm really worried about her. If she makes a mistake in the translation, our school might lose the opportunity to get Maxwell University's lesson plan forever just because she was overconfident."

Wendy was so soft to the point only the audience of the livestream could hear her.

Nevertheless, when she lifted her head, she realized Arielle was looking in her direction.

Instantly, Wendy cleared her throat guiltily before making sure that her phone was well hidden beside her hand.

Did Arielle overhear me?

However, Arielle's gaze went past her and stopped at

Thomas. Then, she muttered, “Professor Harlem, I'm ready. Let's begin.”

Thomas nodded. “Please do.”

At that, Wendy let out a quiet sigh of relief. After making sure that Arielle did not actually know that she was streaming, she continued reading the comments.

After what she had said earlier, some of the audience were beginning to leave doubtful comments.

“Oh... I didn't know that she doesn't need to project her translation on the board. Isn't the goddess trying too hard to sell herself?”

“That's what I wanted to say earlier. Sensationalist much?”

“Haha... She's using Maxwell University's lesson plan to make herself look good. Which kind of a goddess is she? The kind with a pretty husk but rotting flesh inside?”

“This is so freaking weird. I hope she'll be successful in the translation. If she can't, then I guess I'm going to become one of her haters. After all, Maxwell University's lesson plan is too important to our university.”

“Excuse me? Don't you know how tough it is to understand our school's advanced mathematics lesson plan? Even a third-year student like me doesn't understand it, let alone a freshman like her.”

“I pray for everything to go well. Otherwise, I'm going to throw acid on her if I encounter her in school.”

When Wendy spotted the violent comment, her lips curled.

It looks like I've made the right choice in streaming this.

Let's show the world how Arielle made our university lose the opportunity to get Maxwell University's lesson plan.



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What Wendy did not notice was that Arielle was looking in her direction again.

This time, Arielle was not looking at the sinister expression on Wendy's face; she was looking at her phone.

Arielle was an individual with keen observation. The moment Wendy turned on the camera, she had noticed it.

Despite her hesitation, Arielle decided not to stop her.

Wendy's just trying to make everyone watch me translate.

If that's what she wants, then that's what she gets.

I'm not scared of her.

“Well then, I'll start now.” Arielle then turned to the first page of the lesson plan.

Wendy and the other teachers had already organized the information in the lesson plan, so Arielle did not need to rearrange it again. All she needed to do was to translate it out loud.

Half an hour was enough for her.

Lifting her chin, Arielle then began reading the abstract.

“The first page of the lesson plan talked about the differences and similarities between advanced

mathematics and elementary mathematics.”

In mere seconds, Wendy's eyes were wide in shock.

It was almost as if Arielle was a native speaker of Lightspring Ustranasion.

Her speech was smooth, and her accent sounded native.

Wendy had heard Arielle speak Ustranasion in the past. Back then, Arielle had been equally fluent, but she barely had any accents then. However, minutes into her translation, Wendy realized Arielle had a rather obvious Lightspring accent.

At that, Wendy worried her lip. She never imagined that Arielle would be so fluent in the language.

Everyone, excluding Arthur and Thomas, was as dumbstruck as Wendy, for Arielle's accent was far better than theirs.

The speech recognition software that Arielle had chosen was indeed an excellent one. Every word that Arielle uttered out loud was accurately converted into written text.

It took Wendy a long while before she could snap herself back to her senses. When she lowered her head to glance at the screen, she realized there were no comments.

Has the livestream jammed?

Just as Wendy was about to check her internet connection, the comments abruptly flooded in.

Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t! I'm sorry for the rude comments, but holy sh*t!

As expected of the goddess. Was she speaking native Lightspring Ustranasion? The accent coach was speaking in the same accent as Arielle.

I'm gobsmacked! How can she have both the looks, the talents, and the voice too? Man, I love it!

Ha! Where are the ones who were talking bad about her earlier? Are you ashamed yet? I'd say you must be really jealous about her to want to throw acid in her face.

Some people just need to rein in their jealousy, or else they'd end up with no friends.

When Wendy saw those comments, she immediately thought of stopping the stream.

Yet, just as her finger hovered over the button, she paused.

She should not be stopping the livestream.

So what if Arielle has a native Lightspring Ustranasion accent?

The first part of the lesson plan was not really difficult. Wendy could have translated the first part herself, too.

What was difficult was from the third chapter onward. Wendy planned to wait until Arielle reached the third chapter.

By then, she refused to believe that Arielle would still have an easy time translating it.

At that point, everyone would find out that Arielle was not as good as they thought she was. She was going to make the school lose the opportunity to get Maxwell University's lesson plan.

After taking in a deep breath, Wendy recomposed herself to continue with the livestream.

Yes. I have to wait until Arielle reaches the third chapter. I have to hold myself back for now.

Otherwise, all would be for naught.

With that thought in mind, Wendy adjusted the camera to make sure it was aiming right at Arielle and the projector screen. Then, she waited for Arielle to reach the third chapter.



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Arielle was calmly translating while everyone was taken aback by her language proficiency.

Not long after, Arielle finished translating chapters one and two. She was soon in chapter three.

Wendy was holding onto her phone while secretly feeling excited about it.

Finally, she began translating chapter three.

She was able to hear Arielle drink some water before continuing to translate.

Chapter three was about the primary concept of calculus.

Arielle began by reading through the chapter first before beginning to translate.

When she stopped reading through the chapter, Wendy assumed Arielle couldn't translate the chapter. Then, Wendy began to snicker.

In the next moment, Arielle started translating again.

“Calculus Micro-element method particle mechanics...”

The sound of fluent Ustranasion with a Lightspring accent could be heard.

Wendy was stunned by it.

Arielle really translate it! But how does she manage to

do it?

When she found a translator to assist her in translating chapter three, the translator had to find a lot of information.

On the other hand, Arielle only paused for a brief moment before finishing the translation accurately and moving on to chapter four.

Wendy scratched the table with her fingernails to vent her rage.

Wendy only recovered from her shocked state when a sound was heard as her fingernails cracked. She then wanted to close the live stream.

However, it was too late to turn off the live stream at this point. Everyone could see how Arielle successfully translated this chapter on calculus.

Then, Wendy saw a comment appear on her screen just before turning off the live stream.

“My goddess is incredible! Is it just me, or does the woman who opens this live stream appears to want to see Arielle's expression if she fails to translate? What she said from the start was so misleading. I think she's the one who should be punished.”

Wendy froze when she saw the comment.

However, Wendy quickly realized that she did not show her face during the live stream. As a result, the audience

would not know her true identity.

Wendy's thought made her feel a little better.

Yet, at the same time, another comment popped out.

“Isn't this woman's voice Wendy's? She's in my class, and pretty sure that's her voice. I'm really at a loss for words. Even if she disliked Arielle, she should not plan to cause her to fail in this important translation. Wendy is a truly terrible person.”

“Do you mean Wendy Greene? The one who plays the piano in the preparatory class? I used to think that she is a beautiful person, but it appears that she is only beautiful on the outside but has a terrible personality on the inside.”

“I'm going to punish this wicked woman. Don't stop me!”

Wendy's face turned pale, and she quickly turned off the live stream when she saw those comments.

Wendy was taken aback when she realized she had been recognized.

At that time, Wendy felt humiliated as if she were naked in front of the public.

She thought that it was a mistake to open this live stream.

Even if she had started the live stream, she should have

stopped it when Arielle spoke with a fluent Lightspring accent.

Unfortunately, she thought Arielle was just lucky and took a chance then.

Now, not only did everyone believe that Arielle was beautiful and talented, but they also knew Wendy actually hoped for Arielle to fail in the translation.

Because of that, she would be harshly chastised by the forum's keyboard warrior.

God d*mn it!

At that moment, Wendy felt a jumble of emotions, including regret, shame, and hatred.

It was all because she opened the live stream.

Wendy's face was turning pale, and her body was trembling, but no one noticed that. Instead, everyone was focused on listening to Arielle's translation as if they were at a grand musical performance.

While Wendy was suffering from her mixed emotions, the half-hour mark was up.



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Arielle completed the translation within the half-hour time frame that she had promised.

“Professor Sleight, I've finished the translation.” Arielle then turned toward Arthur and Thomas and asked, “Is there any mistake that I have made in the process of translation?”

Arthur and Thomas both shook their heads at the same time.

“Nope,” said Arthur.

“No,” Thomas responded.

Arielle expressed her relief by saying, “That's great. I'm afraid that I may have made a mistake because I was translating too quickly.”

Arthur almost cried as he walked forward and held Arielle's hand. “I know I'm right to have called you over to help with the translation,” he continued.

The other teachers had only regained their composure by now and encircled Arielle as if she were a VIP to the university.

Ahem! Ahem! Thomas coughed twice on purpose to alert other teachers that he was still present. After that, they quickly regained their composure.

“Professor Harlem.” Arthur handed the printed lesson plan to Thomas and inquired, “Please have a look at it. If there is a problem with it, we will correct it right

away.”

Thomas grabbed the lesson plan and stuffed it into his briefcase. He went on to say, “I was paying close attention to the entire process just now. There are no issues with the translation. I can just take it back and begin teaching with it right away.”

All of the teachers in the room had confidence and expected Thomas to respond positively.

Arthur exclaimed joyfully, “That is fantastic! Then, what about the lesson plan you promised us...?”

“Look in your inbox. I've already emailed you a digital copy. However, you have to translate it into Chanaean yourself.”

“That is not an issue. We are already delighted that you are willing to grant us permission to use it. How can I annoy you by asking you to translate it for us?”

Wendy was left in the corner while they were both conversing happily.

On the other hand, Arielle was aware of Wendy's hostile gaze toward her.

She was not afraid at all and even walked up to Wendy. She then whispered to her, “I've seen the university's forum. Thank you for doing the live streaming for me. I seem to have gained a lot of fans from it.”

“You...!” Wendy was enraged at her statement.

Arielle smiled intently at her, and her gaze fell on the paper Wendy was writing on.

She deliberately asked, "What are you writing about? Oh, you're writing about a letter of denunciation for your mistake. But why are there only three words on it after half an hour?"

Arthur happened to overhear their conversation.

He was not like Donovan. Wendy was just like any other student to him. He then went on to say, "Wendy, what are you doing? I don't want to work extra hours just because of you. Complete the letter as soon as possible!"

Wendy lowered her head in hatred as she continued to write the letter.

After Arthur finished urging Wendy, he smiled at Arielle and said, "Arielle, you have been a tremendous help to us this time. Why don't I treat you to dinner? Do you like western cuisine? Professor Harlem told me about a restaurant called Maureen's Kitchen that serves delicious western food."

Arielle was stunned by it. She then shook her head and said, "If we go to Maureen's Kitchen, it'll be better for me to treat you for dinner because I own that restaurant."

"Oh, you're the owner of the restaurant? I see... alright, I'll go to your restaurant with Mr. Brown to help you increase your sales in the future."

“Thank you, Professor Sleight.”

Wendy, who was writing the letter, overheard the phrase “Maureen's Kitchen” and saved it in her mind.

Soon, it was time for Thomas to leave.

Thomas has a lot of things he wants to say to Arielle. However, he promised Arielle that he would help her conceal her true identity. He could only keep his mouth shut and save Arielle's current phone number before leaving for the airport.

Arielle then checked the time, and after a brief moment of hesitation, she reached out to stop a taxi.

“Please head to Nightshire Manor.”



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Vinson did not want her to accompany him to the Nightshire Manor to face his mother.

But, since Vinson liked her and Arielle knew she also had feelings for Vinson, she could no longer deny the feelings.

She wanted to face the problems with Vinson, no matter what the problems were.

Vinson was greeted by Geoffrey as soon as he stepped out of the car at Nightshire Manor. He stated respectfully, "Please have a good chat with Mrs. Nightsire after you enter the house, Mr. Vinson. She's not in good health right now. She has high blood pressure, but she refused to take the medication today. So please speak nicely to her and avoid arguing with her."

Vinson lightly nodded and said, "I know what to do."

Geoffrey did not dare to persuade him any longer. Instead, he followed him inside with a worried expression.

In the living room, Susanne was being persuaded to take the medicine by the housekeeper. But as soon as Vinson walked in, she tossed the medicine aside. She then stood up and said coldly, "I thought you didn't care if I were dead or alive anymore!"

Vinson frowned when he noticed the medicine on the table. "Even if you're mad at me, you shouldn't mess with your health," he added.

“You'll live a peaceful life after I'm gone. Isn't that what you've always desired?” Susanne then yelled angrily, “Anyway, you don't even tell me, your mother, about important events like you getting married. So why am I still alive then? I might as well just die!”

“Mom!” Vinson frowned even more, but he took a deep breath and tried to sound as soft as possible.

“Please, Mom, take the medicine first. Then we can have a conversation calmly,” said Vinson.

“Fine, I'll take the medicine only if you promise me that you will divorce Arielle right now. After that, I'll take the medicine.”

“That's impossible!” Vinson directly rejected her and said, “I will not divorce her!”

“You... Are you trying to piss me off?”

Vinson then replied with a blank expression, “I'm not trying to piss you off. But it is up to me to decide on my marriage. You've got your own life, and I've got mine. I'm no longer a child, so I decide who I want to marry.”

“Fine! You won't listen to me now that you're an adult.” Then, Susanne's gaze fell on the fruit knife on the table. She dashed toward it and wanted to take the knife.

Fortunately, Vinson saw that and kicked it away.

Susanne threw herself into the air and landed on the table, but she did not get the knife.

She became more enraged and stared at Vinson. After that, she went on to say, "I'll ask you one more time. Are you going to divorce her or not? Do you still take me as your mom?"

Vinson hinted at Geoffrey to take away the fruit knife from the floor. Then he turned to Susanne and said, "You're my mom. That is something I cannot change. On the other hand, Arielle is my wife, and I can't change that either. So it's best if you try to stay calm and accept her. In fact, she has outperformed all the women you've chosen for me in every way. As long as you don't look at her through colored glasses, you'll be very pleased with her personality."

"Pleased with her? Do you think that the issue is whether I like her or not? I don't care who you like. The problem that bothers me is that she's Arielle Moore."

Vinson was puzzled and continued asking, "What's the matter with Arielle? What do you mean by Arielle is the problem?"

Susanne then changed the subject of her speech and stated, "She isn't good enough for you, and she certainly doesn't deserve you. Not to mention that she grew up in the countryside."

"Ms. Stone." A woman's voice could be heard from the entrance. Then came along with the voice of several bodyguards, "Miss, you cannot enter."



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Vinson looked at the door in disbelief when he heard the voice.

Arielle was dressed elegantly in a black dress, and she was looking at him from a distance with great affection.

When Vinson saw Arielle, he was both surprised and nervous.

It's Arielle. I don't think that she will come here. Is she here because of me?

Vinson was moved, and he felt good about it.

Arielle took a peek at Vinson and then glanced coldly at the bodyguards in her path. She then told them in a casual tone, "Get out of my way."

Her voice was calm, but it had an unquestionable dignity to it.

This aura is identical to Mr. Vinson's. However, she is only a young girl. How does she have such a powerful presence when she speaks?

The bodyguards unconsciously stepped back from her and no longer blocked her path.

Arielle then walked up to Vinson's side.

"Ms. Stone." She looked at Susanne and lightly nodded.

Susanne was not happy about it. She then said, her voice implying anger, "Who said you can come in?"

The bodyguards were aware of their mistake and hurriedly bowed and apologized, "Sorry, Mrs. Nightshire. We failed to stop her..."

They did not say that Arielle beat up half of them when they heard her name but did not want to announce her arrival. However, even if they tried, they still could not keep her out.

"A bunch of useless people!" Susanne stared at the bodyguards and then turned her gaze toward Arielle. "Ms. Moore, why did you come to my house uninvited?"

Arielle did not respond to her question. Instead, she asked, "Ms. Stone, I just heard you say that I don't deserve Vinson. Can I ask which part of me does not deserve him? Then, I can try to fix it."

Vinson became concerned and unintentionally said, "Sannie..."

Arielle then gave Vinson a strong and deep gaze.

She hesitated for a while and then held onto Vinson's hand.

When Vinson felt Arielle grab his hand, he stiffened and tightened his grip on hers in return.

Susanne watched as the two of them held hands, and she could not hold in her anger anymore.

"You don't deserve my son in the least. In terms of

family background, you're just a country girl whom the Southalls abandoned. Other than that, you appear to have entered the preparatory class through the back door in terms of education. But, even if you enter through the back door, you still do not work hard and are always at the bottom of the class. Not only that, but you are constantly at odds with the tutors. If someone like you is around my son, you will undoubtedly make him look bad.”

Arielle knew that Wendy was definitely the one who told Susanne everything.

“Mom, she...”

“Ms. Stone!” Arielle interrupted Vinson and directly asked Susanne, “If I can get first place in the monthly test of the preparatory class, then will you give us your blessing?”

“What? First place?” Susanne appeared to have heard the biggest joke in the world. With a sneer, she added, “I am sure Wendy will be in the first place. Even if you compare yourself to the other students, you are still not smart enough to compete with them. The preparatory class is different from the other classes. The students in it are the best of the best. How could you say that you can take the first place? You are clearly daydreaming!”

Arielle raised her chin slightly and asked, “What if I actually get the first place? Will you then stop interfering with the matters between Vinson and me?”

Arielle's gaze was calm and determined.

Susanne slowly frowned because she was not sure about it.

She seems like she was determined to get first place. But, is she really capable of getting it?

Susanne was rather irritated, then she went on to say, “Not to mention that you will never get first place. Even if you could get the first place, I'd never agreed to the two of you being together! You're just a country girl. You'll never become my son's life partner.”

As Arielle was about to respond, Vinson suddenly stepped forward and kissed Arielle on the lips.



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Vinson's action too sudden.

Then, Arielle felt something warm and soft pressed against her lips.

It was a strange feeling. With only a light touch, she felt as though there was static electricity that caused a small spark passing through her body. In an instant, her heart started pounding rapidly.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

She could almost hear her heartbeat.

This is my first kiss... Is this how people feel when they're kissing? It's like stepping on marshmallows, and I feel like being in an electric field. What a magical and wonderful feeling.

However, she immediately remembered that Susanne was still there, so she quickly reached out to push him away subconsciously.

Just a second before she stretched out her hand, Vinson let go of her, turned around to look at Susanne, and said, "Mom, you've seen it. She's the only woman I want. I want to be with her no matter you agree or not."

His declaration rendered Arielle speechless, and she tilted her head to look at him.

Before that, she was not completely sure of his feelings and went all out when she said those words earlier.

At that moment, she did not regret being too impulsive just now.

Sometimes, being impulsive gets me in trouble but not this time.

“You!”

Susanne, who was standing opposite them, was shaking with anger. Pointing her trembling finger at Vinson, she questioned, “Do you like her that much?”

“I don't like her,” he piped up softly.

Hearing that, Arielle widened her eyes in surprise.

In the next second, he continued, “I love her. My feeling for her is as solid as a rock.”

As soon as Susanne heard that, her mind went blank, and the air seemed to become thinner.

My son is no longer the person who listens to whatever I say.

All of a sudden, she felt that she had completely lost control of him. Consequently, an unprecedented panic engulfed her instantly.

“No! You can't-” Before she could finish her sentence, she suddenly spewed out a mouthful of blood and collapsed to the ground.

“Mom!” Instantaneously, Vinson rushed forward and

grabbed her, preventing her from knocking her head on the coffee table.

Susanne's eyes were closed tightly, and blood trickled down from the corners of her mouth.

What was even more frightening was that she began to have an episode of convulsion.

“Mrs. Nightshire!” Geoffrey was shocked as well and quickly said to Vinson, “We have to send her to the hospital as soon as possible!”

Nodding, Vinson bent over and was about to carry Susanne up.

“Wait!” At that moment, Arielle stepped forward and stopped him.

Geoffrey had served Susanne for many years and was loyal to her.

Since Susanne had no liking for Arielle, he disliked her as well. When he saw her stopping Vinson, his first thought was that she was hoping Susanne would pass away just like that so that she could become the lady of the house.

“Ms. Moore!” He did not care that Vinson was still there and said angrily, “What are you doing? If something happens to Mrs. Nightshire, you'll be responsible for it!”

Frowning, Arielle explained, “I've some medical

knowledge. Let me take a look at her first.”

Nevertheless, Geoffrey did not believe her words.

“You've medical knowledge? What kind of medical knowledge do you know at your age?” With that said, he uttered to Vinson anxiously, “We can't delay any longer. Mrs. Nightshire is in critical condition right now. We've to send her to the hospital immediately!”

Yet, it seemed like Vinson did not hear his words. He turned his head and asked Arielle with a solemn expression, “What should I do?”

“Place her on the ground, and make her lie sideways, so that the blood won't block her respiratory tract and make it harder for her to breathe.”

“Okay,” responded Vinson.

Just as he was about to do as she said, Geoffrey immediately reached out to stop him.



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Striding forward, Geoffrey spread his arms to stop Vinson. "Please come to your senses! You shan't be blinded by love at times like this. It's more important to save Mrs. Nightshire's life now!"

"Blinded by love?" Vinson repeated his words.

Hearing that, Geoffrey shuddered with fear, but out of loyalty toward Susanne, he gulped and uttered, "Please pull yourself together!"

"It seems like I haven't returned home often, and the owner of this house has changed? Even a butler could tell me what to do?"

Vinson's voice was cold, and he shot Geoffrey a narrow-eyed stare. In an instant, the air surrounding him turned chilly.

Obviously, Geoffrey could not withstand the immense pressure. He trembled with fear and put down his arms.

"Get him away from here," Vinson ordered.

Immediately, the bodyguard stepped forward and took Geoffrey away.

The latter was angry and frightened. This woman is going to kill Mrs. Nightshire!

Glancing at him, Arielle assured, "Don't worry. I'll save her."

"That's bull-" Before he could finish his words, he felt

the icy gaze from Vinson.

He could not help but whimper.

Oh, God! What happened to Mr. Vinson?

“You can start now.” Moments later, Vinson averted his gaze to Arielle and said, “I can't let anything happen to my mom. She's my only family.”

Nodding, she replied, “I understand.”

Then, she made Susanne lie sideways on the ground and began to check her pulse.

After a while, she was cognizant of Susanne's condition.

“I need something.” Shortly afterward, she turned to Vinson and named the tools she needed.

Instantaneously, Vinson ordered the bodyguard to procure them. Since Nightshire Manor had all the tools she needed, it took no time for the bodyguard to find them.

Then, she took a manual sputum aspirator and connected it to a suction tube before carefully sucking out the blood in Susanne's throat.

Soon, the sputum aspirator gradually turned red, and Susanne's breathing finally became much smoother. The feeling of something stuck in her throat was gone.

Geoffrey was surprised to see that Susanne's breathing

had become smoother. Although the anxiousness in his heart was fading, he was still doubtful.

Does she really have medical knowledge?

After Arielle took out the sputum aspirator from Susanne's throat, she took out the acupuncture needles she carried with her.

Since the incident of Yvette's father, Russell, she made it a habit to carry the needles with her. Fortunately, she brought them with her as well. Little did she expect they would actually come into use.

"Hold her down for me," she uttered. "I need to perform acupuncture on her, so we can't let her move."

"All right." In response, Vinson nodded and held Susanne's limbs down with a few bodyguards.

Next, Arielle took out a few silver-plated needles of different lengths and sterilized them. Then, she pierced them into Susanne's skin one after another.

Looking at her calm gaze, Geoffrey found that he had gotten a hold of himself without realizing it.

As she was performing acupuncture, her forehead was beaded with sweats.

All of a sudden, she felt cold on her forehead. Lifting her head, she saw that Vinson was wiping her sweat with a towel.

When he noticed her gaze, he quickly retracted his hand and queried, "Am I disturbing you?"

"No." Arielle shook her head, calmed herself down, and continued with the treatment.

After the needles pierced into Susanne's skin, her convulsion gradually stopped, and her pale complexion finally turned ruddy.

Silence enveloped the living room, and at that moment...



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Cough! Cough!

Two coughs sounded.

To Geoffrey's surprise, Susanne's eyelashes fluttered, and she slowly opened her eyes.

“She's awake!” he exclaimed in surprise.

The bodyguards were also dumbstruck.

Earlier, Arielle's movements were fast and accurate. All of them held their breath, fearing that Susanne would die in her hands.

However, it turned out that she had successfully saved Susanne.

Instantly, Geoffrey took the opportunity to break free from the bodyguards and ran toward Susanne.

“Mrs. Nightshire, you're finally awake!”

At that moment, Susanne's sight was still a little blurry. It took her several seconds to see clearly.

Seeing Geoffrey crying beside her, she looked a little confused.

“W-What happened to me?”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Vinson explained, “You fainted just now, and Sannie saved you.”

“Sannie?” Susanne turned to look at Arielle, who looked pale.

“Sannie is Arielle's nickname,” explained Vinson.

In an instant, Susanne furrowed her brows and looked at Geoffrey in disbelief.

Instead of believing Vinson, she would rather believe in what Geoffrey said.

Geoffrey immediately nodded and said, “Mr. Vinson is right. Just now, you spewed out a mouthful of blood and passed out. Moreover, you had convulsions and looked scary. Ms. Moore sucked out the blood clogged in your throat and even performed acupuncture on you. Only then did you regain your consciousness.”

Lowering her eyes, Susanne saw the silver-plated needles on her arm. She could only believe what Geoffrey said because he would never lie to her.

In an instant, there were complicated emotions in her eyes.

Just then, Arielle said calmly, “Since you're awake, I'll remove the needles. You've high blood pressure, so you shouldn't stop taking medications. Take your medicine now and the amount of medicine should be doubled compared to usual.”

Hearing that, Geoffrey hurriedly went to get water so that Susanne could take her medicine.

When Susanne swallowed the pills, the stench of blood permeated her mouth. However, she felt refreshed, as if her losing consciousness earlier was just a dream.

Gritting her teeth, she looked at Arielle, who was still removing the needles and remarked coldly, "Don't you think that I'll agree to let you be with Vin after you saved me. You're not worthy of him!"

"I know. I'll continue to work hard." Arielle's crystal clear eyes were cold but confident.

If it were someone else, they would have taken credit for it. However, she did not. On the contrary, her eyes were as calm as a millpond.

Her expression was sincere and undisturbed, which made Susanne feel flustered. Finally, she began to feel embarrassed.

After the last needle was removed, Arielle's breathing quickened.

Acupuncture in ancient Chanaean medicine required a lot of energy from the practitioner.

After what happened earlier and seeing that Susanne had recovered, she felt relieved and suddenly lost all her strength.

"Vinson." She subconsciously grabbed Vinson's hand and requested, "I might need to sleep for a while."

As soon as she finished her sentence, her vision went

black, and she collapsed to the ground.

“Sannie!” Vinson quickly reached out and placed his hand on the back of her head, preventing her from knocking her head on the ground.

“I’ll take her upstairs to rest for a while.” Having said that, he carried Arielle up and walked toward his room on the second floor.

Susanne wanted to stop him but held her tongue.

Huh... Letting out a sigh, she said to Geoffrey, “Help me up.”

Everything that happened today was out of my expectation. It seems that there's a need to explain some of the things to Vin clearly.



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While helping Susanne up, Geoffrey looked at her and mustered the courage to say, “Mrs. Nightshire, I think Mr. Vinson is serious about Ms. Moore. Maybe you should give her a chance. She doesn't seem to be as pathetic as we thought.”

Upon hearing that, she shot him an icy stare. He immediately fell silent and slapped himself in the face.

“I'm sorry. Please ignore what I said.”

Looking at him, Susanne shook her head while she had complicated emotions.

She was not heartless and had feelings as well. After knowing what Arielle had done for her, she did falter.

However...

“Forget it!” Susanne bit her lip and instructed, “Ask Vin to come down. Tell him that I've something to tell him.”

“Yes.” Geoffrey had served her for so many years. Obviously, he also noticed that she had faltered.

Immediately afterward, he rushed upstairs to look for Vinson.

Meanwhile, Vinson dipped a cotton swab with some salt water and put it on Arielle's lips to hydrate her.

She was sleeping soundly on his large bed, looking weak and helpless.

Seeing that, he felt distressed.

Once he thought of what she had done for him, his heart softened.

He could not help but reach out and gently hold her hand.

To his surprise, her hand was so small that he could wrap it completely by spreading his palm out.

She's still so young, but she has to experience and endure so much...

While looking at her, his heart clenched as if it was stabbed by Arielle's silver-plated needles.

Just then, a knock on the door sounded.

Vinson looked over unhappily, only to see Geoffrey pushing the door and entering the room.

“Mr. Vinson.” The latter cast a brief look at Arielle, who had dozed off, and said in a low voice, “Mrs. Nightshire asked you to head downstairs. She has something to tell you.”

Squeezing Arielle's hand, Vinson stood up and ordered, “Take good care of her. I'll be right back.”

“All right. Don't worry. Ms. Moore is Mrs. Nightshire's savior, and Mrs. Nightshire had saved me before, so Ms. Moore is my savior as well. I'll definitely take good care of her!”

Geoffrey's expression looked like he was willing to do anything for Arielle.

Seeing that, Vinson felt a little relieved and headed downstairs.

When he went down, Susanne had already washed up. There were no more bloodstains on her body.

She was sitting on the couch, and her expression was extremely solemn.

Soon, Vinson arrived downstairs with a grim expression and asked, "What do you want to tell me?"

Instead of answering him, Susanne dismissed everyone in the living room and waited until all of them to leave before saying, "Vin, do you know why I object your relationship with Arielle?"

Frowning, he answered, "Because, she's a hoyden from the countryside and won't be helpful to my career."

Susanne nodded and shook her head. Finally, she laughed self-deprecatingly and commented, "Never did I expect that my behavior during this time makes you think that I'm a person who only cares about money and the Nightshires' business."

"Are you not?"

Hearing his question, she was at a loss for words. "I admit that it's one of the reasons, but that's not the most important thing."

Stunned, Vinson looked at her with a serious expression, “What other reason is there?”

“I've told you before—it is because she's Arielle Moore.”

At that instant, his expression looked more confused.

Susanne stopped beating around the bush and explained, “Arielle's mother was my best friend. I won't dislike my best friend's daughter, even if she grew up in the countryside. If she's not Arielle, I won't object to it after seeing how determined you are wanting to be with her.”

“What do you mean by that?”



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Gradually, Vinson lost his patience and asked Susanne what she meant.

Why can't she accept Arielle?

Letting out a sigh, Susanne piped up in a low voice, "Do you know that Henrick isn't Arielle's father?"

Stunned, Vinson responded, "I do."

Upon hearing that, she could not help but widen her eyes in shock.

"You knew? How did you find out?"

Suddenly, he could see that his mother's eyes were full of fear.

He felt strange, as he had never expected her arrogant self to show such an expression when she mentioned Arielle's identity.

Suppressing his suspicion temporarily, he replied, "There was once where Henrick wanted Arielle to sleep with me in exchange for the benefit of Southall Group. She felt that this wasn't something a biological father could do, so we went to Carter for a DNA test. It turned out that Henrick isn't her biological father, but he didn't seem to know about this."

Susanne smiled bitterly. "How would that idiot know? Since Maureen decided to marry Henrick, everything was already in her plan. Unfortunately, she never expected that she would die in their hands."

Furrowing his brow, he stated, "As expected, you knew how Sannie's mother died. Did she die in the hands of Henrick and Cindy?"

In response, she nodded and shook her head. "I don't know the specifics, but the two of them must be involved in the murder."

Vinson was puzzled, and there was an inkling of anger in his voice. "Wasn't Sannie's mother your best friend? Why did you turn a blind eye to her death? Shouldn't you find out the truth behind her death and punish the murderer severely?"

"Because the real mastermind is someone else, and we can't afford to offend him."

"We?"

Looking into his eyes, she nodded firmly. "Yes. We as in the entire Nightshire Group. No, even if the four most prominent families in Jadeborough work together, we're not his opponent."

"Who is he?"

"Do you know Turlen?" Susanne clenched her fist tightly to prevent herself from shaking.

"Turlen." After giving it some thought, he nodded. "When I was in Jadeborough University, the lecturer mentioned this country before during the world history class. This country is very strange. It hasn't established any diplomatic relations with other countries. We only

know that it's mysterious and has a long history. As for how long their history is, we have no way of knowing.”

“It's more than mysterious.” She sighed. “Supposedly, a country that has no diplomatic relations should be underdeveloped. However, it still existed after so many years. Moreover, I heard that the people from that country have some mysterious powers that can't be explained by science.”

Nevertheless, Vinson thought of it as a joke.

“It's all rumors. They didn't show themselves, so the outside world has all kinds of speculations about them.”

In response, Susanne shook her head and smiled bitterly. “I've seen that man before. Forget it. It's terrifying to even think about it. The only thing I can tell you is that Arielle's biological father is from Turlen. They don't allow transnational marriage to ensure purity of the bloodline. That was why Maureen didn't get to marry the man in the end.”

Knitting his brow, Vinson inquired, “So you mean the person who killed Sannie's mother is from Turlen?”

“Yes.” She nodded and grabbed his sleeve. “You can like anyone you want, even if she's poor and can't help you with your career, but not Arielle. She'll bring unimaginable danger to our family!”



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