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The reason was that even Hans had not discovered the solution against it.

Therefore, using it was Arielle was overkill.

However, given that she had started the sequence, it was too late for her to turn back. All she could do was to continue playing the Lightspring Maneuver agonizingly.

As Arielle played, she didn't suspect anything in the beginning.

However, after a minute's time had passed, she suddenly found Kelsea's move to be familiar.

*No, it doesn't just look familiar. In fact, I know it extremely well!*

Arielle couldn't help but pause to look at the chessboard intently.

Finally, she lifted her gaze and recalled where she had seen the gambit before.

*Isn't this similar to the game I played with Hans in Lightspring?*

During that time, she had made the move

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on a whim and beat Hans with it. Consequently, Hans was so astounded that he asked her to be his mentor.

*So why is Kelsea thinking the same way as I did?*

Suddenly, Arielle recalled that Kelsea had mentioned her chess mentor was Hans. Therefore, it was likely that Hans had told her about the match at Lightspring.

Feeling amused, Arielle lips twitched.

However, when Kelsea saw Arielle slow down her game, she broke into a smile and asked, "What's wrong? Do you not have any moves left? It's still not too late to admit defeat. Just prepare to kneel!"

Arielle looked earnestly at Kelsea as she already knew what her next move was going to be.

Recovering her gaze, Arielle pretended to be oblivious and continued their game.

As the game progressed, Kelsea watched Arielle fall into the traps of the Lightspring Maneuver. She sneered, "Are you crazy? With that move you made, I'm going to win

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in two more steps. So, are you sure about it? I'm going to make my move soon."

All Arielle did in response was tap on the table to motion Kelsea to continue.

"You are really good at acting calm in the face of being slaughtered. What a joke!" Kelsea snorted as she moved according to what Hans had taught her.

When Arielle saw Kelsea make the exact same move she did, she glanced at the timer.

She then plainly asserted, "I told you that I would defeat you in less than two minutes and you would then have to kneel before me. Now, there are thirty seconds left. If you admit defeat, I won't require you to kneel."

She wanted to give Kelsea an opportunity on Carter's account.

However, Kelsea scoffed at her suggestion.

"Do you even know what you're saying? You are going to lose in the next move."

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Instead of answering, Arielle reminded her, "You still have twenty-seven seconds left."

Kelsea rolled her eyes.

In the finals, the games were open for everyone to watch. Therefore most of the guests were either at Vinson's game or Everett's, leaving no one to watch Arielle play.

Coincidentally, someone came over out of boredom.

The person exclaimed all of a sudden, "Everyone! Come quickly! The famous Lightspring Maneuver is being executed here."

Arielle looked at the person in shock.

*Did a move I make on a whim evolve into the "famous Lightspring Maneuver?"*

Right after the person shouted, many others began to crowd around.

"It really is the Lightspring Maneuver!"

"She has learned the Lightspring Maneuver. I expect no less of Mr. Jewell's

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student.”

“What? She's a student of Mr. Jewell's? I would have come over much earlier if I knew it.”

There was a good Samaritan who advised Arielle, “Miss, until today, no one has managed to find the solution to the Lightspring Maneuver. Hence, I think... it's better that you concede defeat.”



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With a conflicted expression, Arielle asked the person, "What's so great about this... erm, Lightspring Maneuver?"

When the crowd heard Arielle's question, many of them scoffed at her.

"How can you play chess and not know what the Lightspring Maneuver is?"

"It is an amazing gambit! Until today, no one in the nation knows how to counter it. Even Mr. Jewell hasn't found a solution after researching it for a long time."

"Given how ignorant you are, you should just concede defeat. At this stage, you are just wasting everyone's time by stalling. After all, Mr. Eakins has ended his game. Once you surrender, we can all watch Kelsea play against Mr. Eakins. It will be an exciting game between two of Mr. Jewell's best students."

"That's right, admit defeat now!"

Arielle was bewildered.

*Is it really that powerful? Why don't I know anything about it?*

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At that moment, Everett walked over.

When he saw their game, his eyebrows furrowed in response.

After all, the Lightspring Maneuver was so complex that even he couldn't solve it.

Therefore, he felt Kelsea was being a bully by using that tactic.

Nevertheless, all was fair in love and war.

When Arielle saw Everett, she asked, "Mr. Eakins, do you think this is a difficult gambit to overcome?"

Everett glance at her and replied, "Of course. My mentor was defeated by it during a competition in Lightspring. It was developed by my mentor's mentor. Until today, I have yet to discover a solution for it."

Arielle raised her eyebrows in surprise.

She didn't expect Everett to find such a simple gambit difficult to solve.

Standing up in resignation, she remarked, "This tactic isn't difficult to solve. It's just

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that all of you are overthinking it.”

Kelsea sneered, “Arielle, stop pretending and just concede defeat. I have never seen anyone as unsporting as you in my entire life.”

Shooting Kelsea an icy glare, Arielle reminded, “Thirty seconds have passed. I’m making my move now.”

“Ha...” Kelsea replied with a smile, “I didn’t expect you to hold out till the end. Go ahead then.”

Arielle picked up her queen casually. Trailing along with the black squares, she placed it right in the center of Kelsea’s formation.

Just when Kelsea picked up her pawn to advance on Arielle’s formation, her gaze suddenly froze in disbelief once she got a proper look.

In just one move, Arielle had turned the tide of the entire game.

Kelsea had no moves left as she had been checkmated.



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Kelsea's expression evolved from shock to anger before ending in disbelief.

*Arielle... Arielle has won?*

Meanwhile, the spectators clearly saw what had occurred. Just by moving her queen, Arielle had turned the entire game around, to the extent Kelsea had no moves left.

If the Lightspring Maneuver was one that still left a sliver of hope for its opponents, Arielle's move gave them no hope of a comeback at all.

At that moment, everyone looked at Arielle in shock.

Even the poker-faced Everett reacted no differently.

*This girl... actually solved the Lightspring Maneuver?*

Kelsea was stunned in her chair.

Until then, she couldn't believe that she had lost to Arielle.

Furthermore, she had used her ultimate

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move, the Lightspring Maneuver...

When Arielle saw Kelsea's expression, she sneered, "Do you want to concede defeat? Or... continue?"



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*Continue?*

*I have no moves left.*

*No matter what I do, it will end in defeat.*

Smiling slightly, Arielle threw Kelsea's insult back at her, "Kelsea, why don't you say anything? I have never seen anyone as unsporting as you in my entire life."

Despite how refreshing Arielle's smile was, it caused Kelsea to break out in cold sweat.

Biting her lip, Kelsea closed her eyes as she toppled her king, conceding defeat.

The surrounding crowd cheered in response.

"It's amazing! The Lightspring Maneuver has finally been solved!"

Unlike checkers, chess originated from Ibica but wasn't popular domestically. Therefore, there were fewer skillful players locally compared to foreigners.

Therefore, when Arielle countered the Lightspring Maneuver, it wasn't just a

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personal victory for her, but a momentous leap for the domestic chess scene.

She had brought glory to the nation!

Even Everett expressed excitement over the momentous occasion.

Meanwhile, Vinson had ended his game and walked over.

When he saw Arielle solve the Lightspring Maneuver, he gazed at her intently.

*Is there anything that she doesn't know?*

He couldn't help but ask, "Have you seen the Lightspring Maneuver before? How did you solve it?"

The surrounding spectators quietened down and waited in anticipation for Arielle's sophisticated answer.

With a puzzled expression, Arielle asked, "Doesn't anyone know?"

Everyone shook their heads.

If they knew how to solve it, they would've done it long ago. After all, anyone who did

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it would become famous.

Arielle glanced at the crowd in exasperation. Pointing at the chessboard, she explained, "It's actually elementary. Don't read into the game, just look at how the pieces are arranged. What do they look like?"

Everyone tried to cast aside their knowledge of chess and looked at how the pieces were arranged.

Suddenly, everyone saw that it formed a single word in Chanaean.

One of them read it out by reflex. "Stupid..."

*Snap!* Arielle snapped her fingers and remarked, "That's it! It just reads "stupid". Once you can see it, the answer is obvious."

*Boom!*

Everyone's mind was blown.

After all the time and effort they spent researching the move, they realized they had been looking at it in the wrong direction. It simply boiled down to one

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word which was "stupid."

Just when they were struck by the epiphany, they felt as if the word was describing them.

*Stupid! Aren't we all?*

With awkward expressions, many of them were ashamed of themselves.

They had overcomplicated the matter when a child could have easily solved it.

Meanwhile, Kelsea was trembling in defeat.

Her ultimate gambit which she was so proud of ended up forming the word "stupid."

At that moment, she just wanted the ground to open up and swallow her whole.

Arielle continued, "Sometimes, there's just no need to overthink, just like life itself. Simplicity brings happiness. Kelsea, aren't you supposed to fulfill your promise now?"

The deal between them was that whoever that lost would have to kneel.

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Given that Kelsea was the loser, she naturally had to kneel in front of everyone.

As her expression darkened, Kelsea gritted her teeth. "You have cheated! How can a word be considered a chess tactic? You were just lucky. I don't consider myself to have lost the game!"

Arielle raised her eyebrows. "Aren't you being unsporting?"

Kelsea remained defiant. "I have already told you that I didn't lose. Therefore, I won't kneel. Even if I died, I still won't kneel to you!"

Just as Kelsea spoke, a white-haired old man with a walking stick approached them.



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*That's...*

Kelsea Morgan's eyes lit up as she rushed toward the elderly man. At the same time, she proudly shouted, "Mr. Jewell, you're here!"

The others instinctively turned toward where Kelsea was. Then, they saw the founder of Haut Monde, Hans Jewell. With the help of his assistant, he was walking toward them with a cane.

Almost immediately, looks of respect crept onto everyone's faces.

Even the usually expressionless Everett Eakins walked over to lower his head at Hans and greeted, "Mr. Jewell."

Hans nodded. "I'm old, and it's now inconvenient for me to travel around. I wasn't planning to come, but I heard that someone has solved Lightspring Maneuver."

Everett nodded. "Yes. Someone has solved Lightspring Maneuver. This is the person."

Just as Everett was about to move aside to introduce Arielle to Hans, Kelsea huffed.



"What Lightspring Maneuver? Mr. Jewell, you have no idea that Lightspring Maneuver is nothing but a mocking move. This isn't chess at all!"

Frowning, Hans scolded, "Kelsea, mind your words. This is my mentor's game you're talking about. How could you say that it's not chess?"

Kelsea hurriedly pulled Hans closer and pointed at the board. "Mr. Jewell, look. Don't look at the chess pieces, but at the white pieces alone. What does it look like?"

"What does it look like?" Hans narrowed his eyes before widening them. "Fool! I see. Once you fill in the Os, you'll resolve the tactic."

When Kelsea saw the way Hans was all excited, she furrowed her brows. "But Mr. Jewell, don't you think that this has no place as a chess tactic? It's clearly just mocking the opponent as an idiot."

However, Hans was uninterested in her words. Turning to the crowd instead, he asked, "Quick, someone tell me. Who resolved this? I must meet them."

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"It's me," came a clear voice.

Arielle then emerged from behind the crowd and smiled at Hans. "Old boy, is Kelsea your student?"

The moment Hans saw Arielle, his eyes lit up.

*Isn't this my mentor?*

However, upon hearing Arielle's words, Kelsea snapped, "Arielle, what did you just call my mentor? Old boy? Do you think you have the right to do that? Hurry and apologize to my mentor right away!"

Hans waved his hand dismissively. "It's fine, it's fine."

However, Kelsea shook her head. "Mr. Jewell, you're a big-hearted man for not holding her accountable for this, but we can't just keep quiet and watch her do that. Don't you know that this woman was born in a village? She has no sense of culture and manners. I lost in that ridiculous game, but she's demanding me to get on my knees! Don't you think that she's crossing the line?"

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Now that Kelsea's backup was here, there was no way she was not going to stand up for herself.

After all, she did not want others to think that she lacked sportsmanship.

Many around her were also Hans' students, and they too commented, "It's rude to call someone that."

"Ms. Moore, even if you're brilliant in chess, Mr. Jewell is the leading figure of the world of chess here in this country. Please have some respect."


Right as Vinson was about to speak on behalf of Arielle, Hans knocked the ground with his cane.


"That's enough."


The others instantly fell silent, waiting for Hans to demand an apology from Arielle himself.

Yet...

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Hans only pulled Kelsea toward him and uttered, "Get on your knees."

Kelsea could not believe that Hans was asking her to kneel despite hearing what had happened earlier.

Scrunching up her face, she refused to get on her knees.

"I won't! The only ones I will kneel before are my parents and my mentor. I'll never get on my knees in front of her for a ridiculous chess game."

Everett frowned and agreed with Kelsea. "Mr. Jewell, I don't think that there's a need for her to kneel. Even if they did make a promise, kneeling seems a little too much. I'd say Ms. Moore is at fault for this, not Kelsea."

Kelsea glanced at Everett with a grateful look. She was sure that others would listen to Everett's words, for he was Han's favorite student.

Yet, Hans' expression remained grim as he uttered, "I'm asking you to get on your knees. Ev, get on your knees as well."

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Instantly, Kelsea and Everett both widened their eyes.

Confounded, Kelsea asked, "Why? Mr. Jewell, it's one thing for me to kneel before her, but why are you asking Everett to kneel too? What has he done wrong?"

Unlike the agitated Kelsea, Everett was first to calm down.

He was sure that his mentor was not someone unreasonable.

In the next second, Hans announced, "That's because she's my mentor, and therefore, your mentor as well."

Those words made Kelsea freeze.

With trembling lips, she whispered, "W-What did you just say?"

Hans repeated, "She's technically your mentor as well. She's the mentor I learned from while I was in Lightspring. She's the one who had come up with Lightspring Maneuver."

Everyone fell silent.

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They had only heard of Hans meeting an excellent chess player overseas, but they had never expected his mentor to be so young... and pretty.

Vinson, too, glanced at Arielle, but there was more admiration in his eyes than shock.

It was difficult for him to feel surprised about Arielle anymore.

*In fact, I don't think I'll be surprised by anything Arielle does or who she turns out to be.*

*After all, she's the flawless Arielle Moore.*

After clearing his throat, Hans continued, "Kelsea, you said you would kneel before your parents and your mentors. Now she is in front of you, aren't you going to get on your knees?"

Kelsea clenched her fists and took in several deep breaths. Never in her life had she ever been struck so hard by a revelation.

The one she despised and looked down on most turned out to be her mentor's mentor.

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Kelsea could not accept that fact.

On the other hand, Everett, who loved chess and admired skilled players instantly kneeled in front of Arielle.

"Ms. Moore, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Everett Eakins."

Arielle raised a brow, her admiration for Everett growing with each passing second.

*This is how a man should be.*

"Please stand up," Arielle muttered as she helped him up. Then, her eyes drifted toward the motionless Kelsea.

Upon sensing Arielle's gaze, she stiffened.

It was then she heard the whispers of those around her, talking about how she was rude, unlike Everett.

Ashamed, she shut her eyes and went down on her knees.

However, before her knees could come into contact with the ground, a pair of soft and slender hands held her arms and helped her up.




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When Kelsea raised her head, her eyes met with Arielle's.


There was a smile on Arielle's lips, but there was a lack of emotions in her eyes.

At that moment, cold sweat soaked Kelsea's back.

Shaking, she stammered, "W-What are you doing?"

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Arielle's lips parted, and she muttered, "Don't kneel. I wouldn't dare to let you. If you do that, the others will say that I'm crossing the line and being mean to you."

Hearing that, Kelsea began gritting her teeth. *If I kneel, but Arielle doesn't accept it, Hans would be furious.*

Hence, she had to put on a smile. "Ms. Moore, of course not. I'm your student's student. It's normal for me to be respectful."

"Oh," Arielle mumbled with a nod. "So you'd like to kneel now? But it's too late. I don't want to accept it."

The colors drained out of Kelsea's face as she cast a pleading look toward Hans.

Unfortunately, Hans was not looking at her; his eyes were fixed on Arielle as if he was looking at the most precious treasure in the world.

Right then, a thought entered Arielle's mind. "There's something else. Although I don't mind others talking behind my back, I hate being slandered the most. Therefore, I'd like to clarify something."

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As she spoke, she took out her phone.

An ominous feeling began to grow in Kelsea..

In the next second, after a few rapid taps, a female voice sounded out from the speakers.

"You've always won because your opponents are all third-rate chess players and hobbyists. You've never encountered a real player. In fact, you won't even be able to defeat my friends."

The moment that voice sounded out, the expressions of several individuals around them darkened.

"If I haven't gotten this wrong, this must be Kelsea's voice. So, Ms. Kelsea Morgan, am I a third-rate chess player to you? Didn't you lose to me last year at the tournament?"

Just then, someone at the side voiced, "I thought Ms. Moore was the one who lacks manners, but as it turns out, Kelsea's the one who's rude. How vile can her words get?"

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Paling even further, Kelsea hastily explained, "N-No! I-I didn't mean to say that to you—"

However, the playback of the recording had yet to end.

"Is that so? What if I win against you?"

"If you win against me, I'll get on my knees and admit my defeat! However, if you lose, you'll have to apologize on your knees for your ignorance and ill-manners."

That was when the recording ended.

Quiet gasps sounded out from the crowd.

"So the one who suggested for the loser to get on their knees isn't Ms. Moore but Kelsea herself."

"She's the one to suggest it, but she can't even stick to her words. My, she's the most shameless person on earth."

"I dare say that if the one who lost was Ms. Moore, Kelsea would certainly force her to kneel."

In fact, some even began urging Kelsea to

get on her knees.

"Kelsea, hurry up and kneel. You were the one who proposed that the loser has to kneel, so why aren't you on your knees yet?"

"I was siding Kelsea earlier but turns out I was the clown. Kelsea, hurry and go down on your knees now."

The pressure was evidently getting to Kelsea, for her eyes were red by now. She was still casting pleading looks at Hans, but the latter only gazed at her with cold eyes. "I can't believe I had a student like you. From now on, I'm no longer your mentor. Do not refer to me as your mentor, for I don't have a student like you."

"Mr. Jewell..."

Hans' words had taken her aback. If she were to be dismissed as Hans' student, her parents would definitely punish her severely for embarrassing them.

However, instead of sparing Kelsea another glance, Hans muttered respectfully, "Ms. Moore, it's been a long time. I had just obtained some premium

tea. Please, come with me and have a taste."

Arielle nodded. Then, she turned to Vinson and asked, "Do I need to finish the competition before leaving?"

Vinson gave her a sweet smile and said, "You're Mr. Jewell's mentor. How could I possibly win against you? Come on, let's have some tea."

Right as those words left his mouth, another elderly man stepped forward and lowered his head at Arielle. "Ms. Moore, would you mind having me join you for tea?"

All Arielle needed was a glance before realizing that was the chairman of Noah Group, Josiah Doyle.

When Hans saw Arielle stiffening, he thought she did not recognize Josiah. Hence, he introduced, "Josiah is an old friend of mine in chess. Let's go. Josiah, come along. I'll treat you and my mentor to tea."

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With a radiant smile on his face, Josiah left happily with Hans.

Right then, Arielle peeked at Vinson, who gave her a congratulatory look. They exchanged no words, but the look itself told Arielle everything.

They had succeeded.

With a nod, Arielle then led Vinson to join Hans in a room for tea.

Hans had several chess clubs and tearooms in the country. Those popular tearooms were all his. That was why the tea he served them would definitely be the best in quality.

After taking a sip of the tea that Hans served her, Arielle gave the eager man a thumbs-up and praised, "This is amazing."

Hans sighed in relief. "I'm glad that you like it. By the way, weren't you abroad? Why did you suddenly come back here?"

Arielle tensed up for a brief second, but she soon relaxed. With a smile, she replied, "I'm born here, so of course, I have to come back. But I have to ask, why didn't

you come and find me?"

Hans sighed again. "It's because of your Lightspring Maneuver, Ms. Moore. I've said you I won't meet you until I solve it, but I never thought that... in the end, you're the one who solved it."

The way Hans spoke to Arielle was of utmost politeness.

Noticing that, Josiah kept quiet, unsure of how he should address Arielle.

Exasperated, Arielle mumbled, "Didn't I say that if you're adamant about making me your mentor, we'll stand on equal grounds? I'll address you normally, and vice versa. If I call you old boy, you'll call me Arielle. So let's call each other by names, all right?"

It was then Everett and Josiah finally realized why Arielle could address Hans so impolitely.

In fact, Hans would have been the rude person to call Arielle by her given name.

After their tea session, Hans was the first to leave. He was old, so he tired out quickly.



After Hans and Everett left, Arielle called out to Josiah to stop him.

"Mr. Doyle, may I have a few words with you?"

Despite the confusion he felt, Josiah's reply was quick. "Sure."

When Arielle looked at Vinson, the latter said, "Actually, we were here to meet you as well, but we couldn't find a good opportunity to speak to you."

A straightforward man, Josiah said, "Speak your mind. There's no need for courtesy and such. I have great respect for Ms. Moore, and if there is anything I can help with, I'll definitely do it. However... I just hope that you'll be able to play chess with me if you're ever free."

Without hesitation, Arielle promised him that she would do so.

Vinson then continued, "We'd like to find out if you know Maureen Moore."

Hearing that name, Josiah shuddered. He then averted his eyes and mumbled, "Why do you ask about my long-deceased

friend?"

Straightening her back, Arielle divulged, "Mr. Doyle, Maureen Moore is my mother."

At that, Josiah's head whipped back in her direction. Then, with a frown, he muttered, "No wonder you were excellent in chess. Talent is needed to excel in it. Your mother was a brilliant chess player. It is a pity that she..."

Josiah sighed.

After a pause, Arielle queried, "Mr. Doyle, what I wanted to ask was whether my mother had someone she loved before she got married."

There was a brief moment of silence before Josiah answered, "Maybe."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean..." Josiah trailed off as he worried his lips. "I don't know that man, and your mother has never introduced him to me formally."

Arielle's eyes widened, bright with hope. "Then, do you know his name?"

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After a short pause, Arielle asked, "Then, do you still remember how he looks like? What does he do for a living? How did he know my mom?"

"Why are you so eager to know about your mom's previous lover?" Josiah asked curiously.

Arielle hesitated for a while before voicing her suspicion, "He might have something to do with my mom's death."

"What?" Josiah then fell into silence, dumbstruck.

After a few minutes, he spoke up, "I only know that they met each other at Jadeborough University. Perhaps he is still there, so you can try and look for him. Well, that's all I know. He's very mysterious, and it seems like he has a strong background. He was a bit rude, so I didn't really like him. I didn't interact with him much at that time. I'm sorry, I can't really recall how he looks like since it's too long ago. All I remember is that he is very handsome. If he ever shows up, I can definitely recognize him."

"Thank you, Mr. Doyle. You've helped a lot." Arielle bowed at him to express her

gratitude.

The latter waved his hand dismissively. "It's nothing. Well, I'm sorry that I can't provide you with more details. If I happen to recall how he looks, I'll inform you."

"Sure! I'll give you my contact number." Arielle then told Josiah her phone number.

After exchanging contact numbers, the two parted with each other.

After Josiah had left, Vinson uttered, "Since Henrick wants you to continue studying, you might as well look for that man in Jadeborough University. I'll make the arrangements for you. Also, you can use this opportunity to search for your childhood memories with your mom at that university."

"All right." Arielle nodded firmly. "Tha—"

Before she could finish her words, Vinson made a shush gesture and reminded, "Have you forgotten again about what you should say?"

Hearing that, an awkward look appeared on Arielle's face. She then shot a glare at

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Vinson. "Vinson Nightshire, are you out of your mind?"

"Maybe." Vinson gave a nonchalant shrug before he went on saying, "Either you say what I want you to say, or you keep the thanks to yourself. We're married, so there's no need to be so courteous to me."

Arielle was stumped. If it wasn't for Vinson's reminder, she had almost forgotten the fact that the two of them were married.

"Let's go." Vinson beckoned to her. "I'll send you to Yvette's birthday party. After that, I have something I need to attend to."

The next moment, Arielle blurted out, "Then I shouldn't bother you. Go ahead with your work. I can go there on my own."

As she made her way to the door, Vinson halted her in her tracks when he suddenly carried her in bridal style.

"Arghh—" she cried out. Before she had even realized it, the man had stuffed her into the car.

After sitting up, she roared, "Vinson

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Nightshire! Are you mental?"

Vinson raised his brow at her. "Well, maybe." *Or else, why would I act so weird?*

He was not like his usual self anymore. Whenever he met Arielle, he would want to talk to her. Even when she was not around, he would miss talking to her.

Eventually, Arielle decided to let it slide. After all, she owed Vinson a big one for inviting her to Haut Monde.

On their way to Yvette's house, Vinson asked, "Do you know Ev's background?"



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