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After waking up, he felt slightly weak, but his body felt stronger than before.

He shook his head and stated firmly, "Dr. Jangler, you've got it all wrong. It was indeed my niece who saved me. I can feel it myself."

Ford stepped ahead. "Mr. Actonward, you must be still muddled after your narrow escape from death to believe in the pseudoscientific treatment! Let me examine you. The modern medical equipment won't lie."

Hearing that, Russell glanced at Arielle doubtfully.

Nevertheless, a smile flitted across Arielle's lips as she gave a firm nod. "Traditional Chanaean medicine might be complex, but I believe the modern medical equipment will provide a more accurate diagnosis. You're Dr. Jangler, right? Please give Mr. Actonward a thorough examination."

Ford didn't even bother looking at the miracle doctor everyone was praising earlier. He thought it would be an old witch, but to his surprise, it was a young

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woman.

The disdain on Ford's face heightened.

Several prominent families hired him to be their private doctor, as he was highly educated and experienced.

He snorted and said, "Oh, so the 'miracle doctor' is just a young lady. I thought it would be some nonsensical witch!"

Arielle frowned. "I don't understand why you have to resort to personal attacks, Dr. Jangler. So what if I'm a young lady? Can't I have medical skills?"

Ford's contempt was clear. "I'm not. It's the truth. You're young, so you don't have experience. Female doctors usually treat general illnesses. It's rare to see accomplished female doctors in this field."

Ford had always looked down on female doctors, as he felt they couldn't be good doctors.

Arielle glared at him and responded, "Since you don't trust me, let the medical equipment do its job."

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As soon as she said that, Ford gave her a mocking look and remarked, "You just won't give up, huh?"

With that, he ordered his staff to bring the medical equipment from the ambulance into the room.

Soon, various types of medical equipment were hauled into the room.

It did not take long for the results to appear.

Yvette glanced at the report in Ford's hand impatiently and asked, "Dr. Jangler, what is it? Arielle wasn't the one who cured Dad, right?"

Similarly, Russell and the other guests perked their ears up earnestly to hear Ford's answer.

They were curious as to whether Arielle was a miracle doctor.

Only Arielle stood there unbothered like the whole thing had nothing to do with her.

At that moment, Ford was staring at the report in shock. He didn't even hear



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Yvette's question.

An impatient Yvette grabbed the report from Ford and scanned it swiftly.

Alas, she couldn't understand the data on the paper.

She tugged at Ford and demanded, "Dr. Jangler, speak! What does the data mean?"

Ford was shaking his head in disbelief. "Impossible. That's impossible."

Yvette's brows knitted up. "What is impossible?"

Ford's gaze then swept across Yvette and landed on Arielle.

A few seconds later, he scurried ahead and fell on his knees in front of Arielle to everyone's shock.

Yvette and the guests parted their lips at the revelation. Meanwhile, Arielle was asking calmly, "Dr. Jangler, what are you doing?"

Ford seemed shy about expressing his

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thoughts. After a brief deliberation, he gave himself a slap on the face.



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*Slap!* After giving himself a crisp slap, Ford lowered his head. "I was too arrogant and ignorant. Please forgive me for being young and cocky. Would you take me as your apprentice?"

When Ford's assistant heard him admitting himself to be "young and cocky," the corners of his lips twitched in disbelief.

*Young and cocky? Pfft, more like old and clumsy!*

Besides the assistant, no one else heard how Ford describing himself as "young and cocky." Instead, they focused on how Ford had asked Arielle to take him as her apprentice.

Yvette tugged on Ford's arm furiously and exclaimed, "Dr. Jangler, what is this? Explain yourself!"

*Take him as her apprentice? Why did he say that all of a sudden? Did Arielle cure Dad for real?*

*No, that's impossible!*

"Hurry up and make yourself clear!" Yvette stomped and urged.

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Then, Ford gazed at Yvette and took the report from her. He pointed at a string of numbers and explained, "The data shows that Mr. Actonward had suffered from a stroke. No stroke patient will be able to recover themselves."

Yvette's eyes went wide in aghast.

*I can't believe Arielle was the one who cured Dad!*

Russell scrambled up from his bed and fell to his knees before Arielle.

"Arielle, you saved my life! The Actonward family owes you one!"

He then proceeded to bow to Arielle.

Many people had knelt before Arielle today, but none of them had bowed to her.

She took Russell's arm and pulled him up. "Mr. Actonward, you don't have to do that. I'm only doing my job."

Yvette's expression contorted in anger when she saw her father kneeling to the person she hated the most.



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Quickly, she pulled Russell away. "Dad, what are you doing? She knows first aid care, so it's perfectly normal for her to save you. It's just a coincidence!"

Right then, Ford, who had the report in his hand, spoke up. "No!"

Everyone turned to him instinctively.

*Are things about to take a turn?*

Yvette reacted swiftly. She thought Ford had misread the report and queried immediately, "Dr. Jangler, you got it wrong, right? Dad didn't suffer from a stroke. He only fainted in a fit of anger, right?"

Ford shook his head and turned the report over so everyone could see it clearly.

He pointed at another string of numbers and explained, "These indicators should be in red. Mr. Actonward had been suffering from cardiovascular disease for a long time. I hadn't been able to cure him. In fact, I daresay no doctor can cure him as of now. But, take a look. The indicators are all green now."

He was saying that Arielle had cured



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Russell's chronic disease that no doctors could cure.

Yvette was appalled at the turn of events.

Right then, everyone else's gazes turned respectful.

As Arielle managed to cure Russell's stroke, she was an exceptional doctor.

If Russell was sent to the hospital on time, he could recover from his stroke as it wasn't deadly. However, they found Arielle's treatment strange as they had never seen it before.

Now, even the medical expert was saying that Arielle cured a chronic disease that he and other doctors couldn't cure. Clearly, Arielle was a miracle doctor and not just a normal medical expert.

A miracle doctor was in a different range than a medical expert.

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The guests were jealous. "Mr. Actonward, you're so lucky to have met a miracle doctor who's your niece!"

"Dr. Moore, if there's a medical emergency in my house one day, please help me out!"

"Yes, Dr. Moore. If you need our help, let us know as well!"

The guests couldn't hide their respect for Arielle.

No one would want to cross a miracle doctor, as they might need her expertise one day.

Though everyone was clearly flattering her, Arielle remained humble. "Thank you, everyone. I'm planning on opening a traditional Chanaean medicine hospital soon. When my hospital is open for business, you're welcome to see me. Of course, I hope I won't see you there as I hope you will all be healthy."

Arielle's words successfully pleased the crowd.

They might've called her a miracle doctor, but she was still young. Hence, they were

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charmed by her wishes.

"Ms. Moore, you're indeed cultured and educated. If you need any sort of investment or help to open your hospital, let us know!"

"Yes, you might've grown up in the countryside, but you're as capable as Ms. Maureen Moore. The new is constantly replacing the old, huh?"

"That's right! By the way, your mother used to be very influential in Jadeborough."

Arielle flashed a faint smile and said nothing else.

She knew her boundaries well.

Meanwhile, Yvette was certain that Arielle was a disgusting sham.

Yet, she couldn't express her displeasure for everyone would only scoff at her in return.

Russell felt better after getting some rest. He smoothed his shirt and announced, "I'm sorry for ruining the mood of the party. I'll ask my housekeeper to prepare some



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gifts for everyone. Please return to the party."

Initially, Russell wasn't interested in the birthday party, but after he survived and got his chronic illness cured, he couldn't conceal his delight. He decided to make the party a grand event.

"Dad!" Yvette didn't want to see Arielle any longer. She parted her lips to persuade Russell. "You've just woken up, so you need to rest. Let's call off the party, shall we?"

*I won't let the guests I invited flatter Arielle at my own birthday party!*

To her astonishment, Russell furrowed his brows. "Of course not. I haven't thanked those who helped me today! This isn't just your birthday party. Starting now, it's also my thank you party!"

After saying that, he ignored Yvette's protests and led the guests back to the hall before heading up to change his clothes.

Right then, Arielle took his arm to give him a reminder. "Mr. Actonward—"

Russell cut in warmly. "Why are you still calling me Mr. Actonward? I'm your Uncle Russell."

Arielle obliged with a nod. The Actonwards weren't as distinguished as the four most prominent families, but they were wealthy enough. As the Actonwards' company sold medical instruments, she needed Russell's help.

"Uncle Russell!" she greeted with a smile before going straight to the topic. "Your chronic illness is hard to cure, but it wasn't serious enough to cause a stroke. I was here late, so I didn't know why you suddenly fainted."

Russell was too excited and had forgotten the reason he got mad in the first place.

At Arielle's reminder, he finally recalled the young lady dressed in black as his expression turned grim.

Yvette paled visibly and changed the topic. "Dad, that isn't important. Look, your shirt is stained. You should go and wash up. I shall handle everything else."

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