

“Vinson Nightshire! Y-You opened an unscrupulous store to trick the consumers!” the leader exclaimed in a shaky voice, as Vinson seemed too intimidating.

Vinson shoved his hand away coolly. “After I find out the reason behind the incidents, you'll receive adequate compensation. But before that, please leave the premises now before the police arrive!”

He initially didn't want to call the police so he could quash the affair. Now that more protesters had gathered though, he had no choice but to call the police.

The man plucked up his courage and demanded, “All businesspeople say the same thing. No one knows if you'll compensate us for real! Besides, we don't want your compensation. We want you to shut down that unscrupulous store!”

“If it was Soir Coffee's fault, I'll take your suggestion into consideration. Now, please leave!” Vinson warned.

Alas, the man refused to listen to his warning.

“You're a liar! I don't trust you. Everyone, come and pin him down. We shall force him to get on his knees, apologize, and shut Soir Coffee down!” the man exclaimed, reaching out to grab Vinson.

Before he could do so, Vinson grabbed his wrist instead.

With a deft flick of his hand, the man was forced to turn around.

Vinson then kicked the man in his butt.

“Ah!” he screamed in pain before falling to the ground.

Carter was busy dealing with another man who he had underestimated in the beginning.

After knocking that man out, he turned and spotted Vinson.

The discovery made him heave a sigh of relief as the other protesters who were initially after Arielle scurried toward them at once.

He could take three men down by himself, but a crowd was too much for him to handle.

Before the other protesters made it to them, Vinson hollered, “Let's go!” and promptly led the way to Nightshire Group.

Carter took one look at the crowd who was pursuing them like zombies. He picked his stuff up and hurried after Vinson.

It was time to beat a hasty retreat.

Vinson's car was waiting for him before the entrance. Once they got into the car, Vinson reminded his bodyguards not to take action unless absolutely necessary. He then floored the accelerator and left before the protesters could make it there.

Naturally, they fell far behind his car.

As the crowd grew smaller behind them, Carter exhaled sharply.

He recalled the three men and parted his lips to state his opinion. “Vin, something's not right. Those three men are experienced in combat. If you hadn't shown up in time, they would've gotten me. The other protesters seemed trained too. I think someone must've hired them to cause a commotion.”

“I know.” Vinson's gaze darkened as he uttered icily, “This is not an accident. Someone is targeting Soir Coffee. To be exact, I am that person's target.”

“But that snake who's overseas has been ruled out. Do you have other enemies besides him?”

“I don't know,” Vinson responded with an equally puzzled gaze.

Nightshire Group was a leading force in Chanaea, so it was normal to have some competitors. Thus, he couldn't figure out who was behind this.



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After a while, the car merged into the traffic.

The crowd disappeared from view.

Recalling the crushed car, Vinson asked, "They smashed your car earlier, right? Who was inside your car?"

"F\*ck!" It was only then that Carter remembered Arielle was still being pursued.

He exclaimed, "It's Arielle. Hurry, let's go save her!"

Vinson's heart sank at the news.

Back when he hurried downstairs, he kept praying that no one would be in the car. Even if there was someone in the car, it shouldn't be Arielle! Alas, his hope was crushed.

"Where did she go?"

"She ran across the road when the light was green and disappeared. A few men went after her, though. I think she escaped into the shopping mall across the street. The mall should be crowded enough for her to shake those men off." Carter paused, his expression scrunched up guiltily. "I'm sorry. If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have brought her here."

"You shouldn't have brought her here in the first place." Vinson's face fell as he tamped down his irritation.

Carter said apologetically, "I wanted to see if she could

help save that customer in the hospital. I had no idea this would happen. It's all my fault, so you can punish me however you like.”

Instead of replying, Vinson made a sharp U-turn and headed for the shopping mall.

Right before they arrived at the mall, Vinson finally spoke. “We shall get to that later. Now, we need to find where she is. You should contact the person in charge of the shopping mall and check the surveillance cameras, and I'll look around for her. Keep in touch.”

“All right!” Carter agreed.

He had barely finished his words when the car came to a screeching halt before the shopping mall's west entrance.

At once, a security guard marched over to them.

“You can't park—” Before he could finish his sentence, he saw two men alighting from the vehicle.

He froze and immediately hung his head low. “Mr. Nightshire.”

This very shopping mall belonged to Nightshire Group.

Vinson slammed the door shut and told the security guard to bring Carter to the control room before striding off hastily.

The security guard didn't even get to acknowledge his

order as Vinson had already vanished from his sight.

Wow, he's fast. Has something happened? Why is he in such a hurry?

Carter urged, "Lead the way!"

"All right!" The security guard brought him to the control room without further delay.

...

Meanwhile, when Arielle ran into the shopping mall, she headed straight for the crowd as she glanced over her shoulder.

There were two men coming for her.

She was dressed in white today, which made her stand out in the crowd.

"That way!" Both men spotted her at once.

Gritting her teeth, Arielle dashed ahead.

After turning a corner, she spotted a clothing store.

It only took her one second to make up her mind. She made a beeline for that store and grabbed an outfit before entering the fitting room.

The fitting room was tiny, and the weather was especially hot today. Arielle was sweating by the time she was done changing into the new clothes.

Her new outfit was a stylish outfit that made her look like a hip-hop musician.

She faced the mirror and tugged off her hairband so her hair tumbled to her shoulders, creating a different vibe about her.

Arielle then exited the fitting room and put on a cap.

Right then, the men ran into the store.



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One man said, "I saw her entering this store. Go in and search around while I stand guard at the entrance."

"Got it!" The other man immediately strode into the store.

He was less than ten meters away from her!

Arielle turned her head and went in the opposite direction.

It just so happened that a young girl was touching up her makeup nearby.

Arielle went to her and asked softly, "Hey there. Can I borrow your makeup products?"

The girl lifted her head and met Arielle's gaze.

Her eyes bulged at once. Wow, she's pretty!

"Pretty please?" Arielle pointed at the makeup products in her hand.

The girl nodded vehemently and offered the makeup products to her. "You look really pretty. Have I seen you somewhere? Are you a celebrity?"

Arielle applied makeup on her face and answered, "Thanks, but I'm not a celebrity."

She put on some makeup swiftly and applied purple eyeshadow to match her purple outfit. Through the mirror, she looked like an entirely different person.



The young girl stared at her and blurted out, “You look prettier without makeup. The makeup is covering up your beautiful features.”

Arielle's lips curled up slightly, for this was the effect she desired.

She glanced at herself in the mirror, satisfied with the face that greeted her.

After returning the makeup products to the girl, she said, “Thanks for that. Can I buy you a drink?”

Attracted by her beauty, the girl nodded happily. “Sure!”

“Let's go pay for my purchases and I'll buy you a drink after that.”

The young girl motioned an okay sign. Arielle took her arm as they made their way to the cashier.

Just then, the man who was after Arielle bumped into them.

Arielle immediately looked away to avoid meeting his eyes.

The man merely glanced at them briefly before heading to the next rack.

Arielle was relieved. She paid for her purchases at the cashier and led the girl toward the exit.

Another man was waiting at the door.

Arielle leaned on the girl's shoulder and reached into her pocket for her phone. Keeping her head low, she inquired, "What would you like? Are there many coffee shops in this shopping mall?"

"Let's have some tea. I'm on a diet."

"You're losing weight when you're this skinny?"

"Look at you. You're skinny, too!"

They chatted away merrily.

The man ignored them and stared at the interior of the store.

When they walked past him, Arielle felt her heart leap to her throat.

Though only two men came after her, and she was sure she could shake them off, there might be others who'd arrive later. It was best to stay away from them now.

Finally, she made it past that man.

Before she could breathe a sigh of relief, she heard that man ask, "Hey! Girls, did you see a young lady in white running into the store earlier?"

Arielle tensed up, but she didn't turn around.

The girl beside her took one look at the man and

answered, "Sorry, I didn't see her."

"Oh, all right." The man stood in his spot and turned his attention back to the store.

Arielle let out a long breath and hurried away from the clothing store.

Some distance away, she released her grip on the girl and pulled out a one hundred bill from her pocket. "I'm sorry, but I need to go. This is for your drink. I shall buy you another drink some other time."

She then stuffed the bill into the girl's palm and strode away without looking back.



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The girl stood rooted to the spot, staring at Arielle's departing figure. She stared at the money in her hand in confusion.

Why does it feel like a man just flirted with me and dumped me after offering me one hundred?

...

On the other side of things, Vinson called Arielle's phone as he looked around for her.

The moment the call went through, he spotted a phone lying on the ground not far away. The screen showed an incoming call from "Backer."

Backer?

It suddenly occurred to Vinson that "Backer" might be him.

He strode over to pick the phone up and answered the call.

At once, his call was connected, too.

So "Backer" is indeed, me.

Strangely, Vinson felt a flare of joy in his heart.

Shortly after, he heard someone yelling at the entrance, "Our men lost sight of her. Everyone, search around until we find her. Some of us will stay guard at the entrance. We can only get the compensation after we get

her!”

Turning slightly, Vinson spotted at least a dozen men running into the mall.

“Damn it!” He clenched his jaw, worried about Arielle's situation.

After cutting the line, he called the person in charge of the shopping mall and commanded, “Gather all the security guards. Arrest all the men standing guard at all the entrances of our mall with the reason that they're causing a scene.”

The person in charge answered promptly, “Got it!”

Vinson hung up and continued his search.

Soon, Carter's call arrived.

“Vin, I've checked the surveillance cameras. Arielle is in Zone A, but I'm not sure of her exact location.”

“Got it!” Vinson ended the call and ran toward Zone A.

Meanwhile, Arielle kept her cap down as she headed for the exit in Zone A.

She spotted a bunch of men heading her way before she could reach the exit.

I can't believe they made it here that soon!

To play it safe, Arielle decided to head to another exit.

She avoided meeting those men's gazes and scurried in the opposite direction.

After turning a corner, Arielle suddenly noticed a familiar figure.

It's Vinson!

Her eyes sparkled in delight at the sight of the man. She was about to walk to him when some men strode out of the path beside him. They had bandannas with the word "protest" painted in red wrapped around their heads.

Those are the protesters from earlier! They will recognize Vinson for sure.

Suddenly, a man behind her declared, "Hey, isn't that Vinson Nightshire?"

Arielle's heart sank. An idea occurred to her, and her eyes promptly popped out of their sockets.

I got it!

After dashing toward Vinson, she flung an arm around his neck. Before he could react, she forced him to bend over and chided, "Hey, I can't believe you're wearing an expensive suit after getting that promotion. Is being a real estate agent that much of a lucrative job? When will you share some of that wealth with me?"

Vinson was confused when a strange woman suddenly approached him.

He instinctively tried to struggle out of her embrace before belatedly realizing the voice sounded familiar.

This is Arielle!

He instantly stopped struggling and played along. “Yes, I've earned some money, but I'm planning to earn more for my wife.”

The smile on Arielle's lips froze. She laughed awkwardly and said, “Well, first you gotta find a wife. Buy me lunch now. Come on, let's go!”

With that, she kept her arm wrapped around his neck and headed toward another exit.



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The protesters were about to confirm it was indeed Vinson when they heard Arielle's words. One of them laughed. "Vinson Nightshire? That's just a real estate agent. Come on, let's find that ambassador. It's easy to spot her in the crowd."

With that, they spread out and ignored Arielle and Vinson.

Though Arielle was fooling around with Vinson, she kept an eye on their surroundings.

After making sure those men weren't coming after them, she heaved a sigh of relief silently.

They stayed in this position until they arrived at the exit and saw the security guards of the shopping mall arresting the men at the door.

Both of them exited the shopping mall without any hiccups.

However, more people wearing white bandannas were swarming toward the shopping mall.

As Arielle was racking her brain trying to figure out how to leave without alerting those men, an MPV screeched to a halt before them.

The car window rolled down to reveal Carter's face.

"Get in!" he yelled.

Arielle instantly relaxed. She released Vinson and



hopped into the vehicle swiftly.

Vinson came in after her.

Vroom! With a loud roar, the car sped away.

In the car, Carter glanced at them through the rearview mirror and laughed. "Chief, if I hadn't seen the surveillance cameras, I wouldn't have recognized you. Your disguise is awesome!"

"Thanks," Arielle said and took off her cap coolly. "Let's go to the hospital now."

"Sure!" Carter nodded. Ignoring the lights, he floored the accelerator as his expression scrunched up in anguish.

I might have to retake my driving test to get my driver's license back. Ah, this is more important than my driver's license. I can ask my chauffeur to drive me around anyway.

In the backseat, Vinson scanned Arielle carefully and made sure she was fine before letting out a sigh of relief. He chuckled and said, "I've never seen you in this style."

Arielle shot him an exasperated look. "How dare you laugh at me? If I wasn't smart enough to put on a disguise, we would've been beaten up by those thugs by now."

Though she was skilled in combat, there was no way

she could defeat a bunch of men alone.

The smile on Vinson's lips disappeared as he ruffled her hair affectionately. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have laughed at you. You're the smartest person I've ever seen."

As a tickling sensation spread all over her scalp, Arielle felt her heart racing.

She let out a dry cough and slapped his hand away. "Don't touch me!"

Before Vinson could answer, Carter pressed the button to raise the partition between them.

Two seconds before the partition closed completely, his voice rang out, "I refuse to listen to your PDA."

Arielle's embarrassment heightened. She didn't even dare to look in Vinson's direction.

Unfazed, Vinson retracted his hand and uttered, "This isn't a big deal. You shouldn't have come. What if something happens to you?"

"Your problem isn't a big deal?" Arielle's brows furrowed in displeasure. "I don't like it when you act this way. When I was in trouble, you'd offer help at once. But when you're in trouble, you don't even tell me about it. Don't you see me as a friend?"

Vinson gulped at her words. He wanted to say that he never thought of them as friends but changed his mind instead. "I want you to be safe."

Arielle blurted out, “I want you to be safe, too!”



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At once, Vinson went rigid with shock.

He smiled boyishly, crinkling his eyes in the process.

Arielle stared at him unwittingly, for his smile could melt an iceberg.

His loving gaze made her heart skip a beat.

“I-I...” she stuttered. “Don't take it the wrong way. I'm worried about you as a friend. That's all.”

Vinson shot her a solemn nod. “I know. I'm your 'Backer.' I didn't say you had something else in mind or that you have a crush on me.”

Arielle's cheeks flushed red as though all her deepest secrets had been laid bare.

“No one has a crush on you! Stop being narcissistic!” she raised her voice.

Calmly, Vinson nodded and admitted to it. “Yes, I'm a narcissist, so you don't have to mind my words.”

Arielle was at a loss for words.

She swiveled her head around in a fit of fury and ignored Vinson's presence.

Vinson loved it when she acted this way. His smile grew wider. I'm kinda glad this happened to me now. At least I got to see how Arielle's worried about me.

As Carter didn't slow down, they soon arrived at the hospital where the customer was admitted.

It was General Hospital, a public hospital in Jadeborough.

The most prominent doctors in all of Chanaea were here to treat the customer, excluding the doctors in Carter's private hospital, of course.

Once the car rolled to a stop, Arielle hopped off.

Vinson caught up to her and explained, "He's in the VIP emergency room. Let's go."

"Okay!" Arielle nodded. They then hurried into the hospital.

When Carter alighted his car, they were no longer in sight.

He muttered to himself, "Did they turn into cheetahs?"

Though I have long legs, I can't catch up to them.

...

Shortly after, Vinson and Arielle arrived at the entrance of the VIP emergency room.

The family members of the customer had their hands on the nurse as they wailed in distress.

One of them was an elderly lady who was saying,

“Please save my son. He's a fresh graduate who has a bright future ahead of him!”

The nurse assured her, “The best doctors in our hospital are inside. Calm down. We'll do our best to save the patient.”

The old lady refused to release her grip on the nurse as her tone turned furious. “Do your best? You've said that countless times! It's been ages since my son was wheeled into that room. I bet you aren't even trying to save him!”

The nurse seemed stumped. It was normal for the patient's family to lose control of their emotions, but she couldn't refute their words and had to be at the receiving end of their unpleasant curses.

Looking up, she spotted a man and a lady rushing over to them from the other end of the corridor.

The couple was both slender and tall, with attractive features. They exuded charisma as though they were the male and female lead of a romance novel.

As the nurse admired their appearance, she suddenly realized who they were—the CEO of Nightshire Group and the ambassador of Soir Coffee.

“Mr. Nightshire?” she greeted excitedly.

The family members promptly turned at their shoulders to see who it was.

The old lady recognized Vinson at once. She dashed over and grabbed his collar.

“This is all your fault! Your shop killed my son! Give me back my son! Give him back to me!” she demanded.

Instead of retaliating, Vinson blocked her punches aimed at his chest.

The man behind the old lady frowned at his actions and hollered, “Murderer, how dare you block her punches? You deserve my mom's punches!”



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Having heard his words, Vinson looked up and gave that man an icy stare.

His eyes were filled with utter coldness and a trace of hostility.

The man gulped, for that single stare from Vinson had knocked his arrogance down a notch.

That was how intimidating Vinson's presence was.

Arielle had learned about micro-expressions from the Wilhelms. She stood aside, studying the elderly lady and the man silently.

The anger and sorrow on the old lady's face were real, but the man was a different matter altogether. When he spotted Vinson, delight flashed across his gaze.

When Vinson met the man's eyes, Arielle also caught a glimpse of guilt in his gaze.

Guilt? Why does he feel guilty? And what about that flash of delight?

Besides guilt and delight, Arielle didn't find any trace of concern on that man, as opposed to the old lady.

From the various clues, she knew something was wrong but still couldn't be sure about it.

When the lady noticed her eldest son's silence, she burst out angrily, "So what if you're rich? Give me back my son!" She then rained punches on Vinson's chest.



This time, Vinson didn't stop her attacks, for he could understand how upset she was. Her son had indeed collapsed after eating the food in his store, after all.

Just as her fist was about to land on Vinson's face, a slender but strong arm stretched out to grab her wrist.

Vinson glanced sideways, and Arielle's frosty but protective expression appeared in sight.

Touched, he parted his lips to say, "Arielle, I'm fine. Let her vent her frustrations on me."

How much damage could an old lady cause? He didn't mind getting punched as long as she could calm down.

Alas, Arielle refused to listen to him. She gripped the elderly woman's hand tightly and reminded, "Ma'am, your son is still alive. Besides, we haven't gotten to the bottom of this incident. It isn't right to put the blame on someone else right now!"

The old lady knitted her brows together. "My son ate something in his shop and fainted before he could leave! It must be that shop's fault. What else could it be?"

Though the man behind the old woman was fearful of Vinson, he wasn't afraid of a young lady dressed in a strange manner.

"It's none of your business, brat. My brother is in the emergency room because of him. He needs to compensate us!" he declared.

“Compensation?” Arielle drawled, amused by his demands. “Sure. How much do you want?”

The man froze as a glint of delight appeared in his gaze. He barked, “Ten million and nothing less!”

“Ten million?” Arielle arched a brow. “That's enough to buy a person's life. Do you mean ten million is enough if your brother were to die?”

The man hesitated before answering, “If my brother dies, besides the ten million, you need to close down your coffee shop forever!”

Arielle nodded thoughtfully. “If he survives, we don't have to compensate you, right?”

“Er...” The man faltered.

Right then, Arielle spotted the hesitance in his gaze.

Obviously, ten million was more important to him than his brother's life.

“Don't worry,” Arielle uttered. “Your brother will survive. We'll find out what happened to him.”

Right after she made that announcement, the door to the VIP emergency room slid open.

“Is the patient's family here? Please prepare yourselves, for the patient's just gone into cardiac arrest.”



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“What?” the old lady blurted in a shrill voice. Her eyes widened in consternation before she blacked out.

“Mom!” The man grabbed her before she collapsed to the ground. He turned to Arielle and demanded, “Ten million! We demand ten million!”

“His heart might've stopped beating, but that doesn't mean he's dead. Don't you go cursing your brother.” With that, Arielle spun on her heels and headed for the emergency room.

The doctor shot her a curious glance. “Who are you? Unauthorized personnel are not allowed to enter the emergency room.”

Instead of answering his question, Arielle requested, “Prepare a surgical gown for me. I shall try my luck.”

“Huh?” The doctor was taken aback. He then chuckled in amusement. “Young lady, are you sure?”

“I'm sure,” Arielle stated firmly.

The doctor ignored her and told the nurse, “Call security to take her out. We're still trying to resuscitate him and can't afford any interference.”

The nurse was busy holding the old lady who had fainted. She pointed at Vinson hesitantly and explained, “Dr. Ziegler, Mr. Nightshire is here. He was the one who brought the young lady here.”

“Mr. Nightshire?” Zachary Ziegler looked in the

direction of her finger and saw Vinson.

As Vinson was the one who brought him here from Rocher Private Hospital, he knew who the former was.

Yet, he couldn't understand why Vinson summoned this strangely-dressed young woman.

“Mr. Nightshire, did you ask for this... Uh, doctor's help?” he inquired carefully.

It sounded ridiculous to call this young lady a doctor.

After all, no doctor would be caught dead in a hip-hop outfit. She's quite pretty. Her thick makeup didn't even manage to cover her delicate features.

Vinson nodded and said curtly, “Just follow her orders.”

Hearing Vinson's order, Zachary had no choice but to lead Arielle into the emergency room.

The door slid shut after them.

The man regained his composure and stared at Vinson in disbelief. “Did you just ask that brat to save my brother?”

“She's not a brat,” came Vinson's reply. “She's a miracle doctor.”

“Miracle doctor?” A look of incredulity crept up his face. However, he didn't stop Arielle from carrying out her treatment.

I can have ten million to myself if my brother dies. It's a good thing that this useless woman has gone in.

As that thought occurred to him, he stopped questioning Vinson. Turning to the nurse, he demanded, "Hurry, save my mom!"

The nurse had already summoned help. After the doctor she summoned arrived, the three of them brought the old woman to the nearest ward.

Vinson ignored them and paced anxiously before the emergency room.

Carter finally arrived.

As Vinson was alone, he asked, "Did she head in already?"

Vinson nodded, his expression grim.

Though Soir Coffee wasn't Nightshire Group's biggest investment, it was an important venture for their F&B division.

If Soir Coffee ended up as a failure, it would hamper the development of the F&B division in Nightshire Group.

In other words, the future of Nightshire Group's F&B division depended heavily on the customer's survival.

Seeing how concerned Vinson was, Carter offered some consolation. "Don't worry. She's a great doctor, so we need to have trust in her!"

After saying that, he exhaled sharply.

Vinson took one look at him and revealed, “Just now, Dr. Ziegler, who works in your hospital, came out to announce that the patient had a cardiac arrest.”



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Carter parted his lips in dismay, not knowing what else to say.

Though it was common knowledge that the customer was in a critical state all the while, the news still gave him a shock.

Oh my God, I didn't expect things to be this bad! The chances of saving someone who had a cardiac arrest are slim. Can Arielle do it?

Carter couldn't stop anxiety from overwhelming his heart. It wasn't that he didn't trust Arielle, but the chances of resuscitating a dead person were practically next to none.

He gave Vinson a worried glance. "Since he had a cardiac arrest, we need to prepare for the worst."

"No need." Vinson met his gaze. "We'll wait for Arielle."

"Wait, didn't you say his heart had stopped beating? Can she resuscitate the dead?"

"Well, I've witnessed that firsthand," Vinson revealed calmly.

Back then, when Yvette's father, Russell, suffered from a stroke, everyone thought he was dead. Even so, Arielle managed to save his life. She had successfully resuscitated the dead once.

Hence, he told the story of how she saved Russell.



Carter felt pumped after hearing it.

She did the impossible!

“Indeed, she's amazing,” he muttered. “But if that's the case, why do you look more uneasy than I do?”

“I'm not worried about this,” Vinson clarified solemnly. “I'm concerned that Arielle's intervention will make her a target of the culprit.”

The recipient of his concern had always been Arielle.

Carter nodded in understanding. He patted Vinson's shoulder and said, “If that's what you're worried about, you can relax. She's capable of protecting herself. Besides, we'll do our very best to protect her. She'll be fine.”

Alas, Vinson's apprehension remained.

Two explosion incidents had happened, so he refused to let his guard down.

After a brief silence, Vinson said, “After Toni and Andy's funeral, I'll station both Sasha and Blake by Arielle's side.”

Carter parted his lips to convince his friend that both Sasha and Blake were capable and loyal to him, and they should be protecting him instead.

In the end, he thought the better and nodded in agreement. “They are your bodyguards, anyway. You

can make your own arrangements.”

In a way, he had finally accepted Arielle as one of their own.

I don't want Arielle to get dragged into our mess.

Meanwhile, inside the emergency room.

Arielle took the surgical gown from the surgeon's assistant and went into the changing room to change her clothes.

The doctors surrounding the operating table shared curious glances. They were well-known surgeons from all over Chanaea, and Vinson had gathered them here.

One doctor questioned, “Is she really a doctor?”

After all, Arielle's age, temperament, and the way she was dressed didn't look like one.

Zachary gave a rather awkward nod. “Mr. Nightshire said she's a doctor. Right, let's prepare the cardiac pacemaker and try to revive him one last time.”

“All right!” The other doctors nodded and got to work.

Though his heart had stopped beating, it didn't mean that he was dead. He would only be pronounced dead legally the moment his brain stopped working.

They still had a chance of reviving him!

Chapter 556

By the time Arielle stepped out in her surgical gown, the cardiac pacemaker was ready.



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The medical staff around the operating table turned to look at her instinctively.

Arielle was a sight for sore eyes in her surgical gown after her makeup was removed. Even though only her sparkling eyes were visible above the mask, everyone could immediately tell that she was a gorgeous beauty.

After she changed her outfit, it felt like she was indeed a miracle doctor.

“She resembles Queenie Mill, right?”

Queenie Mill was the top female doctor working in a hospital managed by Morgan Enterprise. She was currently attending a medical conference in Epea as the representative of Chanaea, so Vinson didn't request for her to be here.

Young and capable, Queenie was hailed as the next big star of Chanaea's medical world. With her gorgeous looks, she was practically every male doctor's dream girl, while all the female doctors looked up to her.

Zachary frowned upon hearing that.

He worked in the same hospital as Queenie. She was the woman of his dreams, so he had pursued her many times and got rejected every single time. To him, no one could compare to her.

Frowning, he cautioned, “Are you here to chat? What about the patient?”

Look at them, charmed by a pretty girl. They are gossiping without a care about their responsibilities!

Zachary was the youngest doctor here. Both his and Queenie's families were prominent in the field of medicine, and he was a superb doctor, so everyone had respect for him.

They snapped back to their senses and prepared the surgery to insert the cardiac pacemaker.

The pacemaker they were using was different from the ones commonly used in the industry. Most pacemakers were implanted in the body to monitor heart rate and rhythm. It would provide the heart with electrical stimulation when it failed to beat normally.

However, this pacemaker they were using was one of the twenty mini-pacemakers in the world. Each could only be used once.

This pacemaker was the latest product developed by Sann Group and cost two hundred million each. An incision would be made in the chest to insert the pacemaker, which resembled a mini-robot, in the patient's chest to resuscitate a patient's heart that had stopped beating.

Without Vinson's order, they wouldn't have dared to use this expensive medical device on an ordinary person.

Two doctors took the pacemaker out of its box carefully while Zachary changed into a fresh pair of surgical gloves, ready to make an incision on the patient's chest.

As the assistant disinfected the patient, Zachary glanced at the pacemaker with his lips pursed. Queenie wanted to have a look at it, but the higher-ups kept rejecting her requests. Now that she isn't here, they are using it on an ordinary patient. She must regret not being here. Ah, what a pity!

He looked away and shifted his attention back to the patient.

Right then, Arielle came to him. "Let me do it."

Zachary stared at Arielle in astonishment. He then sneered, "Young lady, I know Mr. Nightshire sent you here, but this pacemaker is incredibly expensive. We must make sure it's put to good use and not waste it. Just stand aside and watch me do it. I've operated on at least a thousand patients, so just watch and learn."

The other doctors gazed at her, seemingly overwhelmed by complicated feelings. "Young lady, don't interfere in this matter. Just watch and learn from aside. It cost a lot to buy, so we need to implant it carefully."



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One by one, the doctors spoke up to persuade Arielle to stay out of the matter.

Zachary didn't bother mincing his words. "Young lady, don't be a hindrance. The patient will wake up once the device is inserted."

There was a lack of emotions in his eyes as he glared at Arielle. How dare they compare her to my kind Queenie? They are total opposites!

Unfazed, she parted her lips calmly and asked, "Have you used it prior to this?"

One doctor answered, "No. There's only one in Chanaea, and our hospital was the one that received it. This is the first time we're using it, so it's especially meaningful to us. Miss, don't blame us for not giving you a chance. This is an important surgery that might make it into Chanaea's medical history."

Zachary snorted. "If we get the chance to record this surgery in the annals of Chanaea's medical history, I shall add your name on one condition—stand aside and don't interrupt my surgery. You have my word."

Arielle glanced at him briefly and proceeded to ignore him. "I know this is an important surgery, but this patient is extremely important to me too. You haven't used this pacemaker before, so I must head this surgery."

"What?" Zachary burst out laughing. "You must head the surgery? You're making it sound like you've done

this before. I bet you haven't even seen this device before, right?"

"Well, to be honest, I'm the inventor of the robotic pacemaker," Arielle revealed. She didn't want to waste more time and delay the surgery.

Silence ensued.

Zachary's guffaw soon broke the silence. "Miss, stop joking around. Even if you want to show yourself off to Mr. Nightshire, boasting isn't the right thing to do! The patient is waiting for us to rescue him. He isn't a tool for you to steal the limelight!" he exclaimed.

By now, his disgust for Arielle had heightened.

If Vinson wasn't waiting outside, he would've kicked her out without further delay.

Arielle scowled and insisted, "I'm telling the truth. I invented this pacemaker!"

"Oh," Zachary responded with a nod. "Why don't you say that you own Sann Group?"

Arielle inclined her head. "I actually do own Sann Group."

Sann Group, a company established overseas, was the company she poured most of her investments and efforts into. It dabbled in the latest technologies of different fields, including medical technology.



“Ha! You—”

“Dr. Ziegler!” Arielle cut him short. “If you let me head the surgery, I can gift you ten robotic pacemakers.”

Stunned, Zachary fell silent and studied her carefully.

The young girl's expression was hidden behind her mask, but her eyes showed how determined she was. She didn't seem like she was joking or boasting.

Could it be that she's really the owner of Sann Group? That famous technology company is owned by this petite young woman? That sounds ridiculous!

Before he had time to discern whether she was telling the truth, Arielle picked up the scalpel and announced coolly, “There isn't much time left. If we wait till it's too late, even this pacemaker can't save his life. Please move aside.”

Though her voice was polite, the oppressive air about her stunned Zachary into silence.



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She has a strong presence! The only other person who's this oppressive is Vinson Nightshire.

The other doctors exchanged looks before turning to Zachary, signaling him to make the decision of who would head the surgery.

Zachary hesitated briefly before making up his mind. "You can head the surgery."

Though it was a simple surgery, if something were to happen and that expensive pacemaker went to waste, his career would be ruined.

After all, the chief surgeon would have to bear the most responsibility. Now that someone was here to bear the load on his behalf, there was no harm in giving up the position to her.

If she successfully implants the pacemaker, my name will still be on the record. No matter if the surgery succeeds or fails, I'll still end up reaping all the benefits. I should've thought of this earlier!

Without hesitation, he gave up his position to Arielle and stood aside, doing nothing.

As he had already made up his mind, the other doctors said nothing and proceeded to examine the device according to the instruction manual.

Though the manual was in Ustranasion, they had studied overseas and could somewhat understand it.

Meanwhile, Arielle had already made the marks on the patient's body. She reached her hand out and said, "Scalpel!"

The surgical assistant wasn't used to working with her, but he still gave her the equipment she needed.

"Gauze!"

"Hemostat!"

"Forceps!"

The surgery went on smoothly under Arielle's direction.

Next to her, Zachary's eyes rounded in surprise.

Arielle was swift and precise, as though she was an experienced doctor.

She looks younger than Queenie. How many surgeries has she done to be this experienced? Besides, it takes years to graduate from a medical program. She's too young to be an experienced chief surgeon.

Zachary had the necessary connections and was talented, but he didn't get many opportunities to join complicated surgeries like this when he was her age.

He clamped his mouth shut and watched as Arielle operated on the patient.

Soon, an incision was made on the chest.

Arielle uttered, “Pacemaker.”

A doctor handed the tiny robotic pacemaker to her carefully.

Parting his lips, Zachary read out the manual, which he knew by heart. “Click on the green button. Then—”

Before he could finish, he saw Arielle clicking on several buttons on the robotic pacemaker before connecting one lead wire to the patient's heart chamber. After attaching the other end to the generator, she then slipped the pacemaker under the skin through the incision just below the collarbone.

The whole procedure took less than twenty seconds.

Twenty seconds! Even if I memorized the entire manual, I couldn't be as fast as her! Only someone that understands the device inside out and has plenty of experience in handling it can achieve that. Did she succeed?

The initially dormant line on the ECG machine started spiking from zero to a normal heart rate.

“It worked!” a doctor blurted out excitedly.

Arielle replied nonchalantly. “All right. Stitch this up!”



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What? She's done! The patient's vital signs are back to normal! Who exactly is this young woman?

Zachary stared at Arielle as though she were a monster.

Meeting his gaze, Arielle's voice remained calm as she said, "Now that his heart rate is back to normal, let's start treating his condition."

The resident surgeon was already stitching the incision up.

The other doctors turned to Arielle, seemingly forgetting about the patient on the operating table.

This time, instead of suspicion and doubt, they regarded her with reverence.

As doctors, they would only regard doctors with superb medical skills with admiration. Right now, Arielle had their full respect.

Zachary's eyes bulged so much that it seemed like they were about to pop out from his sockets.

Until now, he still couldn't believe what he had seen.

However, Arielle had indeed succeeded!

"W-Who are you?" he stammered.

As the patient's heart rate was back to normal and he was currently in a stable condition, Arielle relaxed and joked. "A pretty lady."

Zachary was speechless.

He wasn't in the mood to joke around.

Recalling Arielle's claim earlier, he asked in a trembling voice, "Y-You said you're the inventor of the robotic pacemaker and the founder of Sann Group. W-Was that true?"

Everyone in the emergency room held their breaths as they waited for her answer.

After a pause, Arielle shrugged and responded, "That was a joke. Sann Group's a well-known company. If I'm the owner, I wouldn't be here, would I?"

"You!" Zachary choked on his saliva, his face turning red in fury.

Was she just pulling us by the noses?

Meanwhile, the incision had been closed with sutures, and the patient's vital signs were back to normal.

The smile on Arielle's face disappeared as she asked, "Who's the patient's attending doctor? I need to know his situation in detail."

A middle-aged doctor stepped forward. "I've been in charge of this patient ever since he got admitted to the hospital. This is his report."

Arielle took the file from him and scanned it quickly. She soon understood what was going on.

The patient suffered from mild hemophilia. It wasn't that serious. After eating something he shouldn't, his condition turned serious.

“When the patient was brought in, what symptoms did he exhibit?” she questioned.

The doctor pondered briefly before answering, “When he was brought in, he was delirious and foaming at the mouth. He also had an epileptic fit every ten minutes or so.”

Arielle confirmed her initial guess. “He has been poisoned.”

“Of course we know that!” Zachary cut in. “But we can't figure out what poison it is. If it remains in his body until he regains consciousness, he'll suffer from another cardiac arrest.”

He sighed. “I wish Queenie was here. Her family specializes in traditional Chanaean medicine. Rumor has it that they dabble in ancient Chanaean medicine, too. If she were here, she would definitely be able to find out what the poison is.”

Arielle got curious. “Her family specializes in traditional Chanaean medicine? What's their name?”

“The Jadeborough Mills!”

Oh, I've heard about them. The Mill family is famous for their skills in traditional Chanaean medicine. Many of their ancestors were famous ancient Chanaean



medicine physicians. The development of modern medicine led to the Mill family's downfall, but they are still held in great respect.

Zachary continued proudly, “Queenie's the heiress of the Mill family. Let's not waste time and summon her back to treat the patient.”



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Queenie was attending a medical conference overseas, but if Vinson sent his helicopter to pick her up, she'd be back in ten hours.

He expressed his opinion. "Queenie can be back in ten hours. It's perfectly fine to stabilize the patient's condition. Now that the robotic pacemaker developed by Sann Group is implanted in his chest, he won't be in danger. We can wait until Queenie's back to find an antidote."

The other doctors nodded in agreement.

A while ago, Queenie had cured a patient who nearly died after being poisoned by a poison developed by Manchernius, a country famous for its deadly poisons. No one had developed an antidote for it yet, but Queenie managed to develop one.

It proved that no one was better than Queenie in neutralizing poisons.

Everyone reached a consensus. Before Zachary could leave to ask Vinson to give Queenie a ride back to the country, Arielle stopped him.

"Wait!" She spoke up. "Ten hours is too long. The patient can wait, but Soir Coffee can't wait that long."

The public opinion would get out of hand ten hours later. Soir Coffee's reputation would be destroyed completely, and even Nightshire Group's share prices would be affected.

Frowning in displeasure, Zachary spoke, disdain tinged his voice. "If Queenie doesn't come back, who will treat the patient? You?"

"Yes." Arielle nodded.

He promptly snorted. "Young lady, even if you know how to insert a robotic pacemaker, that doesn't mean you can purge a poison. They are completely unrelated, get it?"

Only ancient Chanaean medicine physicians were able to purge poisons, especially unknown poisons that rendered normal doctors helpless.

Arielle couldn't be bothered to argue with Zachary. "You can ask that female doctor to come back if you want to. However, before she arrives, I shall try to treat the patient."

"Nonsense! You should find out what poison this is!" Zachary declared furiously. He stalked out and kicked the button to open the doors. After removing his gloves, he exited the emergency room.

Arielle paid no attention to him. After making sure the incision was closed, she turned to the patient's attending doctor. "I need some stuff. I'll prepare a list for you, so get those ready for me. If you can't get them, ask for Vinson's help. He'll get them for you."

The doctor nodded vehemently. "All right!"

He had seen with his own eyes how swift, precise, and

delicate Arielle's actions were. She left a great impression on him, so he immediately prepared a pen and paper for her to make her list.

After Arielle listed down everything she needed, the attending doctor scanned it and realized it was a long list that included acupuncture stuff and herbs.

He had never even heard of some herbs on her list.

Thus, he asked for Vinson's help.

Arielle asked the assistant to draw two tubes of blood and took the patient's pulse.

The other doctors were surprised to see her taking the patient's pulse.

Her previous surgery made them think she studied modern medicine, but now she looked like an experienced traditional Chanaean medicine practitioner.

Did she study modern medicine or traditional Chanaean medicine? Or did she study both, just like Queenie Mill? It's hard to learn and master different approaches to medicine. Only geniuses can achieve that. Is she a medical prodigy, just like Queenie? But this is the first time we've heard of her!



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The doctors in the emergency room seemed to have a lot of questions to ask Arielle. Things like which university she graduated from, how many years she had been working as a doctor, who was her mentor, etc. filled their minds.

At this moment, Arielle closed her eyes while checking the pulse with a serious look on her face. Everyone subconsciously held their breath as they watched.

The General Hospital in Jadeborough had always faced a crisis-level shortage of beds. Despite that, the old lady was admitted to an isolation ward due to Vinson.

She had awoken as Vinson and Carter went to check on her, but she was still emotionally unstable.

Just then, a nurse delightedly entered the ward and said, "Madam, good news! Your son's heart has started beating again, and his vital signs are stable."

She was stunned for a moment before excitedly saying, "Really? You're not lying, are you?"

The nurse let out a smile. "Of course not, why would I lie to you? You just have to wait until he comes round. The best doctors of Chanaea are all here to treat your son. Don't worry."

Upon hearing that, she heaved a sigh of relief.

She gave birth to her son at an old age. Perhaps it was the reason why her son had always been sick. That said, it was the first time his son experienced such a serious

health condition.

Vinson cast his gaze on the old lady before turning to look at her eldest son, who looked hesitant upon hearing the news.

There wasn't even a trace of joy on his face.

Deep down, he had an idea.

However, it would only work after her youngest son regained consciousness.

The nurse added, "It was all thanks to the pacemaker that Mr. Nightshire bought over. Not only is the cost of the device astronomical, but it is also the only device in Chanaea, and we have used it on your son.

The old lady looked at Vinson with a grim expression after hearing that.

From what she learned from her firstborn, it was because her youngest son had eaten the food in Soir Coffee that had him ended up like that. But now, Vinson saved her son.

Despite that, she didn't thank him. "Well, I will just forget the whole thing if my son is fine."

"How can we forget about it?" Her eldest son blurted out.

Realizing his careless remark, he then added, "It's because of his coffee shop that my brother has gone

through all of this. Even if he regains consciousness, you all have to compensate us. Otherwise, you have to close down your damn shop.”

Vinson narrowed his eyes intimidatingly.

His heart skipped a beat as he caught the change in Vinson's expression.

Right then, the door was pushed open.

Zachary walked into the room. Ignoring everyone, he went straight up to Vinson and said, “Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Morgan, we have to ask Queenie to come over. Although the patient now is no longer in critical condition, the poison in his body has not been neutralized yet. He will experience the same symptoms again in the future. Queenie is a master at counteracting the poison. She will be able to cure the patient. The problem is that she is now abroad. Would it be possible if you could send a helicopter over there to pick her up?”

His words startled the old lady. She then asked, “Poison? Did you just say that my son is poisoned? It's not food allergy instead?”

There was a slight change in her eldest son's countenance upon hearing the remark. He thought that his brother would be gone. Never would he have expected that the latter would survive. Now that they had already found his brother was poisoned, he had a bad feeling about it.

After hearing what Zachary said, Carter turned to



Vinson and said, “Queenie is a genius in the medical field. She is working in my hospital now. She has a traditional Chanaean medicine background, but now she focuses on modern medicine.”

Vinson glanced at her eldest son before asking Zachary, “I got it. Could you inform her that I will ask someone to send a helicopter over to pick her up?”

“Sure!” Zachary answered beamingly before leaving the room.



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Zachary immediately called Queenie as he walked out of the ward.

The first call was rejected.

Despite that, Zachary was not bothered by it at all. After all, Queenie had always hung up on him.

Without a second thought, Zachary dialed her number again. This time, the call was connected. However, Queenie said in an annoyed tone, "Zachary, are you done? Don't you know that I'm having an academic conference now?"

"Queenie, You've got to come back now," Zachary replied. He then immediately recounted the event that happened in Soir Coffee in fear that she would hang up. "Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Morgan already agreed to send over a helicopter to pick you up. Do you think you could request some leave and come back?"

There was a heavy silence on the other end of the line for a few seconds. Just when Zachary thought that Queenie had already hung up, she suddenly said, "I'm going to ask for a leave now and then head straight to Reynolds Airport."

"Okay!" Zachary was overjoyed as he heard that. Right when he wanted to share with her an update about the pacemaker, Queenie had already ended the call.

Zachary was left bewildered. He thought that the reason she agreed was that she had changed her attitude toward him. But it seemed that it wasn't because of him that she

was willing to return.

Zachary did not think much about it. He was merely under the impression that it was for the sake of Mr. Morgan that she agreed to come back.

After that, Zachary immediately made his way back to the ward and informed Vinson that Queenie was on her way to Reynolds Airport.

Vinson nodded slightly. His fingers then flew across his mobile screen.

“Rayson, get a helicopter from Reynolds Airport and pick up a doctor named Queenie.”

He then hung up after receiving a reply from Rayson.

Rubbing his hands excitedly, Zachary said, “I didn't know that you have a helicopter there. Awesome! The time can be shortened to five hours. After five hours, Queenie will be here.”

“It's three hours! He has a private helicopter route, which is shorter than the ordinary route.” Carter clarified.

Zachary was even more excited upon hearing that. The thought that Queenie was going to showcase her skills made him thrill.

“Well, Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Morgan, I've got to go back to the emergency room.”

Zachary then left the ward.

Right after Zachary walked away, the attending doctor entered the room and respectfully handed a note to Vinson. “Mr. Nightshire, this is the list that the lady passed to me. I've already ticked off the things that I can prepare. As for those that are unfindable, I've marked them with a horizontal line. That lady told me that I could reach out to you if there is anything that I can't find.”

His voice was getting softer as he spoke, for the man in front of him was not only handsome and tall, but the aura that emanated from him was also intimidating.

Stretching out his long and defined fingers, Vinson took the note.

He glanced at it. The ones that were marked by the horizontal line were all those pricey medicinal herbs and special devices. It was, however, easy for him to get hold of them.

“I got it, thank you!” Vinson replied. Following that, he ordered the bodyguard outside the ward to prepare the things that had been marked on the paper.

“Does Chief know how to counteract the poison too, which is why she asked you to prepare?” Carter asked.

“Yup!” Vinson nodded. He then added, “Perhaps we don't need that well-known doctor. Arielle herself will be able to cure.”

“That's amazing! But Queenie has learned the medical skills from her parents since she was a kid.”

Raising his brows, Vinson answered proudly, “There's a thing called talent.”



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