

Carter shrugged. "Fine. But trust me, you're gonna screw up should you continue to act like this. People who fall deeply in love with someone are often the ones who get hurt the most."

Vinson gave Carter the cold shoulder. He then returned to the ward and talked to the elderly woman, "We're trying our best to rescue your son and find out the truth. Don't worry, we'll take full responsibility, if it's our shop that triggered your son's illness, and compensate him accordingly."

Upon seeing how sincere Vinson was, the elderly woman's frown gradually disappeared.

She coughed and responded, "I just want my son to be safe. I'll not pursue the matter as long as he's healthy."

Her elder son immediately interrupted her and expressed his dismay. "How can you say that, Mom? It's all their fault, to begin with!"

"Enough!" She knitted her brows. "Can't you tell that they felt sorry for the mishap? We don't need any compensation from them. We just want your brother to be safe!"

The doctor, who was about to leave, overheard their conversation. He paused for a moment, turned around, and said to her. "I'm afraid he has a more severe health issue."

A line formed between the woman's brows. "What do you mean?"

Vinson, too, turned his attention to the doctor.

The doctor explained, “I suppose you're not aware of his health condition. Your son has hemophilia. Even if he manages to leave the hospital this time, he will still be hospitalized because of this disorder.”

“Hemophilia? How did he contract this disease? My son's body has always been weak, but... could it be a misdiagnosis?”

The doctor shook his head. “We've carried out a thorough checkup on him. We've also checked his medical record and realized he had come to the hospital for treatment before this. Your son knew he was sick all along.”

The woman looked at him in disbelief and asked her elder son in a trembling voice, “Do you know about this?”

Words stuck in his throat, as he did not know how to reply to her. The woman was appalled at his reaction. “So you knew all along? How could you hide this from me?”

“We have no choice but to keep this away from you, Mom. You have a heart condition, and we can't agitate you further.” The son sighed.

A vortex of anger swirled inside her. “You shouldn't have hidden it from me. You shouldn't have done that!”

Vinson and Carter then walked the doctor out of the

ward and asked, "What else did Arielle say besides the thing she wanted?"

The doctor shook his head. "She didn't say anything. She asked us to retrieve the patient's blood serum and said she would know the cause once the result is out."

Vinson nodded. "Got it. We just have to trust her judgment and give her all the assistance she needs."

"All right, Mr. Nightshire." The doctor nodded and left.

Carter looked worried. "It's going to be difficult to help this man recover since he has hemophilia."

Yet, Vinson was pleased that this had cleared one of his doubts. "This explains why he was the only customer in danger. But right now, we still do not know if someone intentionally used him to take us down."

Carter gritted his teeth. "That person must be a psychopath with no conscience! How could he put a man's life at risk just to get back at you? He's no different from the man who tried to hunt us down!"

Vinson, on the other hand, was calm as usual.

Instead of panicking, he decided to wait patiently for Arielle's update.

The truth would come to light when he regains his consciousness.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Meanwhile, Arielle discovered a type of snake venom in the man's blood serum. "The snake venom must have come from Manchernius."

"Snake venom?" Zachary, who stood beside her, disagreed with her analysis. "It's impossible! During our blood test earlier, his blood sample didn't match with all the snake venoms in our database!"

Even the patient's doctor nodded in agreement. "Dr. Ziegler's right. His blood sample didn't match with the snake venoms in our database. Yes, there's venom in his body, but we're not sure what it is."

"It's snake venom for sure," Arielle refuted steadily. "Some snakes are bred and farmed specifically, and they're fed with poison. The farmers would then mate those snakes to produce offsprings that are one of a kind. From what I know, they had successfully bred seven types of snakes, and these snakes are called Seven Deadly Sins. The venom in the patient's body belongs to Furious Devil—one of the seven snakes."

The patient's doctor was taken aback upon hearing that name. He stuttered, "Fu...Furious Devil?"

Arielle nodded. "That's right."

The snake must be the manifestation of anger. But why? What are they angry about?

Zachary, on the other hand, snorted. "Seven Deadly Sins? The manifestation of anger? Come on. We're not shooting a psychological thriller here, so please don't

crack this kind of joke. Queenie's coming back soon. I'm sure she'll know what to do with the patient as long as we keep him stable.”

Arielle shook her head. “We're running out of time. Of all the snake venoms, Furious Devil is the most powerful one, as it could destroy the platelets in the victim's blood. It wouldn't pose a threat to ordinary folks because platelets can regenerate rapidly, but it's fatal for the patient with hemophilia. He would be dead by the time the doctor arrives.”

The doctor then checked the patient's latest data and realized he had a low platelet count, as Arielle had predicted.

Upon seeing the test results, Zachary panicked. “What do we do now?”

“We need to clear the venom from his body,” she said.

Now that Arielle had confirmed the source of venom, Arielle needed to wait for the items to arrive before she could proceed with the treatment.

Zachary cast a doubtful glance at her. “You said the venom is deadly. Are you capable of treating the patient?”

“Yes,” Arielle replied without any hesitation.

Yet, Zachary had no faith in her. Can I trust her?

Before Zachary could make up his mind, the patient's

doctor immediately said to Arielle. “If that's the case, please clear the toxin from the patient's body, Ms. Moore. I'll get a few packs of platelets from the blood bank and prepare him for the blood transfusion.”

Arielle nodded.

At that moment, a nurse came in with the items that Arielle needed. “Mr. Nightshire wanted me to pass this to you. It has all been sterilized.”

“Got it.” Arielle took over the items and laid them all on the desk.

First of all, she had to perform acupuncture on the patient.

In a body checkup conducted earlier, she found out there were not any snakebites on the patient's body. In other words, he was poisoned by ingestion.

Hence, Arielle would need to perform acupuncture to purge a part of the venom from the body and then systematically remove the remaining toxic substance.

After a platelet transfusion, Arielle began her acupuncture treatment.

Inserting the first needle into the acupuncture point on the patient's skull was a challenging task, as a slight misjudgment would lead to the patient's death.



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Arielle prepared the needles and other instruments that she needed to perform the acupuncture, but she did not begin just yet.

She crushed some herbs and added a few drops of antibiotics. Then, she soaked all her silver-plated needles in the concoction.

After about ten seconds, she pulled out the needles, waited for the liquid on the surface of the needle to solidify. Then, she began inserting the needles at several targeted areas.

Zachary, who had studied traditional Chanaean medicine and acupuncture under Queenie's tutelage, saw that Arielle was about to insert a needle into a fatal point and quickly grabbed her arm.

“What are you doing?” he yelled furiously. “Are you trying to kill the patient? Do you even know what acupuncture point that is? If you put your needle there, it will be an instant death!”

Zachary's hand had shot out suddenly and grabbed Arielle's arm, almost scratching the patient's head in the process.

Arielle's patience finally ran out. She turned her eyes to stare straight at Zachary.

Zachary visibly shrunk away from her gaze.

“You...” Zachary hesitated, but still insisted, “Why are you looking at me like that? I'm preventing you from

accidentally committing a murder! You will kill the patient if you stick your needle there!”

Arielle yanked her hand away from him and said in a deadpan voice, “Thank you for your kind warning, but there's really no need for that. The acupoint I'm inserting the needle in is not the fatal point. Please do not bother me while I'm performing acupuncture.”

“You...” Zachary said anxiously. “This patient is very important to us! We can't afford to have anything go wrong!”

Arielle lost her patience and said simply to the attending physician, “He is too distracting; get him out of here.”

“Uh...” The attending physician glanced sheepishly at Zachary.

Zachary was a much more well-known doctor than the attending physician. However, this was not Rocher Private Hospital. This was a public hospital, and here, everybody answers to the attending physician.

The physician recalled that Vinson had requested him to help Arielle in any way he can and said through gritted teeth, “Dr. Ziegler, you should not be distracting Ms. Moore! Mr. Nightshire knows what he was doing when he sent her here. Even if you don't trust in her medical skills, you should have faith in Mr. Nightshire!”

Zachary clamped his jaw and said, “Fine! I won't say another word, but let me make it clear that I'll take no responsibility for what happens to this patient! I'll have

nothing to do with this at all! It'll all be your fault!"

Is she really going to stick that needle in there? These people are all fools! Idiots! I won't let these people drag me into hot water together with them! Zachary thought angrily to himself.

He did want to stay in the emergency room any longer. He whirled around, pressed the switch on the lower right side of the door with his foot, and strode huffily out of the room.

The attending physician turned his anxious eyes on Arielle. "Ms. Moore, do you want me to ask Dr. Ziegler to come back in? He's the top surgeon at Rocher Private Hospital. He'll be of great help if something bad were to happen!"

"No need," Arielle replied lightly, glancing at the door that was slowly swinging shut behind Zachary's retreating figure. "I can do it alone. If you have other matters to attend to, you may go as well."

The attending physician's eyes widened in surprise. Does she mean that she doesn't need anyone else's help? Is she very confident or just very arrogant?

In the end, the attending physician decided that Arielle was just very confident in her skills.

Well, since she's so sure of her herself, I should stick around and watch how she deals with this snake venom. Maybe I could learn a thing or two from her...

All eyes were trained on Arielle. Some of them wanted to see her fail, but even more of them wanted to see how she would neutralize the venom.



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They could already see that Arielle was much more skilled than Zachary. It seemed highly probable that Arielle would be able to save this hemophilic patient all by herself.

Zachary loitered around the corridor outside, waiting for them to plead with him to go in again.

After all, he was the best surgeon in there. In fact, he was the top surgeon at Rocher Private Hospital. If anything were to go wrong, they would not be able to handle it without him.

Zachary deliberately slowed down his steps, waiting for someone from inside the emergency room to come running out after him.

However, no one came, and he could hear the sound of the door slowly swinging shut behind him.

Boom! The door slammed shut. Zachary's heart sank.

He knew how important the patient was to Vinson, and if he were the one to cure the patient, Vinson would be indebted to him.

Besides, Carter Morgan, who runs Rocher Private Hospital, was a good friend of Vinson. If the patient was cured by him, his promotion within the hospital would be guaranteed.

He had been so sure that they could not carry on without him and yet, they had let the door close behind him.

Zachary looked over his shoulder at the closed door in disbelief.

Even if he was unhappy about it, he could not deny the fact that he had just been rejected.

Zachary clenched his fists angrily.

However, since he had walked out on his own accord, it would be too embarrassing for him to go back inside again.

Zachary's hatred for Arielle intensified.

His eyes shone with resentment, and he secretly hoped that something terrible would happen and that brat would end up killing the patient instead.

At that moment, Vinson and Carter appeared.

Zachary quickly rearranged his expression and greeted them, "Mr. Nightshire, Mr. Morgan!"

Carter nodded back at him and asked, "Why aren't you in the emergency room? How's the situation in there?"

Zachary hesitated.

"Please speak your mind," Carter urged.

"Mr. Morgan, that girl does not know what she is doing at all! She tried to insert a needle into the patient's fatal point! This is instant death! I tried to stop her but she kicked me out of the room instead. Can you really trust

her?” Zachary blurted out.

He expected Carter and Vinson to react negatively to his outburst, but instead, they kept insisting that Arielle was extremely reliable.

Zachary felt cornered.

Why does that silly girl inspire such trust in them? Fine! So, she's very reliable, huh? I'll happily wait here for news of that patient's death!

Zachary lowered himself into a chair outside the room and waited silently.

At that moment, his phone rang.

He glanced at the screen. It was Queenie calling.

Zachary's face lit up. He walked out through the fire exit for some privacy.

“Hi, Queenie.”

Queenie's cool voice sounded through the phone, “It's me. I'm on the helicopter that Vinson arranged for me. How's the patient's doing?”

Zachary gritted his teeth angrily and exclaimed, “Queenie, you need to get here pronto! The patient's heartbeat returned to normal with the help of the pacemaker. However, Mr. Nightshire has given full authority over the patient to some brat. I don't know from which godd*mn hole he found her, but she has

absolutely no idea what she's doing! Earlier, she tried to insert an acupuncture needle into the patient's fatal point. If you don't reach soon, the patient will be a goner!”

“Brat?” Queenie furrowed her brows. Her eyes clouded over with dissatisfaction.



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Queenie was a brilliant doctor who was skilled in both traditional Chanaean medicine and modern medicine. Although she was still young, she was already well-known internationally. She was also the heiress of a family of Chanaean medicine practitioners.

Besides, Queenie graduated from Maxwell University with a graduation certificate, not just a completion certificate like Donovan.

She was clearly an extraordinary woman.

However, what most people did not know was that Queenie and Vinson had graduated from Maxwell University in the same year. Although they were in different majors, they had shared several common classes.

Since their time in university together, Queenie had completely fallen head over heels with Vinson.

Although the Mills were a prominent family, they were still nowhere close to the Nightshires. Furthermore, Jadeborough was a city full of beautiful celebrities. Queenie knew she would never have stood a chance to win Vinson's attention, let alone his affection.

However, after she had become a doctor, her social status had climbed higher and higher. When she had heard from Zachary that Vinson was sending a helicopter to get her, those old feelings stirred in her heart again.

Perhaps this is God's plan! His plan for Vinson and me

to meet again, and then... fall in love!

Queenie did not ask further about the 'brat'. She merely said, "I'll be there in three hours. Just keep the status quo for now. Don't let her harm the patient."

She must be the one to save the day in front of Vinson's eyes. She would not let him forget her again.

Queenie ended the call and turned to the bodyguard who had picked her up. "Hurry up! I want to take off immediately. I need to get there as soon as possible."

"Sure, Dr. Mill," the bodyguard affirmed with a nod. He could not help throwing a second glance at Queenie.

This famous medical expert is more beautiful than I had expected. She could give one of those TV stars a run for their money!

The bodyguard quickly looked away and went to the cockpit.

Soon after that, the helicopter rose into the air and headed for Chanaea.

Back in the Jadeborough General Hospital, Zachary headed back into the emergency room after hanging up the call.

He had to swallow his pride and go back in there to make sure Arielle would not harm the patient. Queenie trusted me! I can't let her down!

When Zachary reentered the emergency room, he expected the brat to taunt him for walking in with his tail between his legs, however, she did not even glance at him. All her attention was focused on performing acupuncture on the patient.

At that moment, Zachary saw her insert one of her silver-plated needles into a fatal point at the patient's head. The needle immediately turned black.

Zachary jumped in fright. He almost wanted to rush forward to yank out the needle.

He quickly glanced at the heart rate monitor next to the patient and was surprised to see that the patient's vitals were still normal.

How is the patient not dead after she inserted that needle into the fatal point? How is this possible? Could it be that I was mistaken? Perhaps that acupoint isn't the fatal point? That's very unlikely though...

However, no matter how puzzled Zachary was, the truth was right there in front of his own eyes.

He said nothing and merely stood back, watching silently.

All the doctors in the room, including the attending physician, were gathered around the operating table.

The patient had thirty-two silver-plated needles inserted all over his body. The needles turned pitch black as soon as they entered his body.

The doctors were watching Arielle quietly as she worked. She did not seem to be affected by their presence.

After Arielle inserted the final needle, she asked the attending physician, “That thing I requested for, is it ready?”

The attending physician immediately leaped to attention and quickly went over to the cabinets. He pulled out a small glass vial.

“What is that?” Zachary asked, stepping forward for a closer look.

“This is the tonic that Ms. Moore has requested me to make. It contains the venom of three types of snakes and some herb that I've never heard of,” the attending physician explained as he walked towards Arielle to hand her the vial.



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“What?” Zachary exclaimed, his eyes widening with surprise.

All of the snakes that the attending doctor mentioned earlier were extremely poisonous. One would definitely die if serum was not injected immediately after getting bitten by any one of the snakes.

He stared fearfully at the tiny bottle filled with black liquid before turning to the attending doctor, “Don't tell me you're going to inject this bottle of liquid onto the patient's body?”

The latter nodded and said, “The poison has already been diluted. As Ms. Moore said, the poison in the patient's body is just too strong. There's no way the serum would work now. That's why we're using ancient Chanaean medicine for this. We'll be fighting poison with poison.”

“Ancient Chanaean medicine?” Zachary repeated. “Out of all the doctors in Jadeborough, I'd say only the Mills would dare to say that they know about ancient Chanaean medicine. Who the hell does she think she is? Are you telling me you believe in her words?”

His words made the attending doctor tense up before saying awkwardly, “Don't say that, Dr. Ziegler...”

“You'll all be dragged into a big mess if I don't speak the truth!” Having said that, the man strode toward Arielle and questioned, “You're trying to poison him because you couldn't kill him with your needles, aren't you?”

The latter was in the midst of observing the silver-plated needles when she heard his words. Without sparing a glance at him, she ordered, "Kick him out."

He's being too noisy.

Zachary's face darkened in an instant as he barked furiously, "This damned woman! Have you forgotten who's in charge here? Mr. Morgan has already given me full authority over this patient. You're the one who should be leaving this place!"

As he spoke, he pointed at the assistant he brought from Rocher Private. "Why are you just standing there? Throw this murderer out!"

However, the assistant stood rooted to the spot. Instead, he lowered his head, afraid to meet eyes with the former.

Zachary furrowed his brows at the sight of this. "Hey! I'm talking to you. Are you deaf?"

Right then, the attending doctor walked up to him and said, "Sorry, Dr. Ziegler. Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Morgan had sent someone earlier to deliver a message. They want everyone in the emergency room to listen to Ms. Moore's orders. So, please, Dr. Ziegler."

He was trying to get Zachary to leave.

The man was stunned at that.

He finally managed to speak after a long moment,

“Alright. That's great. This is just great. Don't come begging me for help when something actually happens later. Whether this patient lives or dies has nothing to do with me.”

Having heard that, Arielle turned to him and said, “Are you saying that even though there's a chance this case could be included in the medical history, you don't want your name to be included, Dr. Ziegler?”

Zachary hesitated for a second before nodding. “That's right. There's no need to add my name anymore. That's why it's none of my business even if a medical accident happens.”

This patient is going to die sooner or later under this kind of treatment. I might as well cut off any relations I have with this when I have the chance.

Compared to fame and reputation, having zero medical accidents in his career was more important. Moreover, he felt that the patient Arielle was treating had no chance of surviving at all.

He could only ignore Queenie's request for now.

At the thought of this, Zachary walked over to the operation records and crossed off his name.

This meant that he had nothing to do with this treatment anymore.

It didn't matter if she became reputable in the country, or if she was reprimanded by the patient's family. It was

none of his business.

He didn't give Arielle any more chances of chasing him out as he strode out of the emergency room right after.

Carter was the only one waiting outside.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The incident at Soir Coffee had spread all over the internet. Vinson needed to hold an emergency press conference to quiet down the netizens and give those who were boycotting the coffee shop an explanation.

Jordan immediately went with Vinson to the press conference venue the moment he found out about the incident.

He was tactful and charming, while the latter was straightforward. The two contrasts would complement each other well.

Seeing that Zachary was walking out of the emergency room again, Carter asked as he adjusted his glasses, “Why are you out here again?”

Embarrassed, the former bit on his lips before answering, “That b****- the woman told me to come out. She said she didn't need me in there.”

Then, he added, “Mr. Morgan, just who is the person Mr. Nightshire hired? Her treatment is absurd. From the looks of it, the patient is going to die sooner or later.”

Carter frowned at his words, “I don't want to hear this from you again.”

Zachary was shocked. He had never expected that not only Vinson, but Carter was also so protective of Arielle.

Having no other choice, he changed the topic, “Queenie has already boarded the plane and is on the way back.

Why don't we talk more when she's back?"

"There won't be enough time," Carter replied while shaking his head. "Vin is already on his way to the press conference. We need to get a result here as soon as possible. Otherwise, we won't be able to hold off the netizens."

"But she-"

"That's enough. I'm sure you have many other things to attend to at the hospital. You should head back first."

Carter made it very clear that it was time for him to leave, but he didn't want to. So he looked for an excuse to continue staying.

He wanted to wait for Queenie's return, and for the patient's death.

Meanwhile, in the emergency room, Arielle waited for all the needles to turn black before removing them one by one.

The other doctors had noticed something peculiar. With the needles' removal, the blood that oozed out was also black in color.

"You guys squeeze the blood out from where the needles were earlier. I'll go prepare the other herbs," Arielle said.

When she was done speaking, she took the bottle of medicine from the attending doctor and headed to the

cooler filled with herbs.

Besides the poison in the bottle, she needed to add another expensive ingredient, the red ginseng.

While it was difficult to gather all the poison in a short period of time, it was also difficult to find red ginseng in the cooler.

She didn't expect Vinson to be able to gather these in such a short amount of time. It seems like I know too little about Vinson's capability.

Arielle shook her head to clear her mind of these thoughts before going back to preparing the medicine.

After cutting a piece of red ginseng, she ground it into a fine powder and measured the amount she needed. After the doctors were done squeezing out the dark blood, she used a syringe pump to infuse the medicine into the patient.

The attending doctor couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Moore, would this be enough? The time for the anesthesia to be effective is almost up."

Shaking her head, Arielle answered, "We still need to perform bloodletting therapy on the patient once we're done with the infusion. We'll only be done after that."

"Bloodletting therapy? Are we going to remove the poisonous blood?"

"Yes. But he has hemophilia, so you guys should

prepare a few bags of blood for him. Otherwise, we won't be able to stop the bleeding if blood clots don't form," she answered with a nod.

"Alright," the attending doctor complied.

It wasn't entirely because of Vinson and Carter, but also because there was a unique temperament to her. People couldn't help but trust her and listen to what she had to say.



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The attending doctor then went to the blood bags through a passageway in the emergency room.

Arielle was grateful that most of the doctors believed in her. Just as she was about to check on the patient, her vision blurred and a pang of dizziness hit her. She felt like she was about to faint soon.

The assistant standing closest to her quickly steadied her and asked worriedly, "What's wrong, Ms. Moore?"

Arielle tried her best to steady herself, before saying in exhaustion, "I'm feeling worn out. Please get me an IV bag. I need to recover as soon as possible."

Ancient Chanaean acupuncture was different from traditional Chanaean acupuncture. It required a lot of energy from the practitioner, so it was rather lucky that Arielle didn't faint from it.

One of the doctors quickly went to get her an IV bag and attached her to it.

When she finally regained some of her strength, she went back to tending to the patient. The woman treated his needle wounds, and disinfected them, all while connected to the IV drip. The doctors standing on the sides couldn't bear to watch the sight of her.

One of them finally said, "You should really rest up in the break room, Ms. Moore."

"No, it's alright," Arielle said as she shook her head. "The anesthetics are going to wear off soon. I need to

let out his blood before this happens.”

The doctors exchanged glances. They knew that they couldn't leave her side, so they paid close attention to how she was doing while observing the patient.

Soon enough, the syringe pump was done pumping all the medicine into the patient.

Arielle waited for a moment more to make sure that the medicine was in the patient's blood before she stood up, and got ready to let the patient's blood out.

She needed to be very careful with the location she chose to let the blood out. Detoxification wouldn't be complete if too little blood was released, while the patient might experience excessive loss of blood if too much blood was released.

After choosing the right spot, Arielle began with the procedure.

What shocked the other doctors the most was that the blood was as black as ink when it was released.

The patient was finally getting detoxified.

Everyone was delighted at the sight of this.

“It seems like Ms. Moore's treatment is successful!”

“Pay attention, all of you. He has hemophilia so his blood doesn't clot properly.”

“You should be careful too. Otherwise, you might faint again.”

About three or four minutes later, the patient's hand twitched.

At the same time, the blood that was being released was also returning to its original color.

Arielle looked up at the patient and saw that he was slowly opening his eyes, looking weak and lost.

“What happened to me?”

“You're in the emergency room receiving treatment right now,” she said. Signaling the doctors, they started to stop the patient's bleeding.

As expected, the patient's blood wasn't clotting properly. Fortunately, they had prepared bags of blood plasma and blood platelets, and they finally managed to stop the bleeding.

The patient was weak all over. As he stared at the female doctor who was busy treating him even with an IV drip attached to her, he asked hoarsely, “Am I... in any life-threatening danger?”

“What do you think?” Arielle handed the work over to the doctors and walked over to the patient.

He was still young and looked like a cheery person. However, he was pale and extremely weak.

The woman took his pulse and made sure that all toxins had left his body. Heaving a sigh of relief, she looked at the patient and said, "You would have died if it wasn't for me."

The young man was stunned for a second before he said gratefully, "Thank you, doctor..."

"I've never asked for your gratitude."

The former was stunned, having not expected the woman to be so realistic.

"I'll get you money as thanks after I'm out of here," he said.

The other doctors also didn't expect this.

They didn't think that after all this, Arielle was just doing it for money.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The doctors' eyes that were once full of respect for Arielle now had a hint of contempt in them.

As a doctor, helping the injured and the sick was supposed to be their job. Yet, she was asking for money from a patient who had just woken up.

She was tarnishing their careers by doing so.

It didn't matter how good her medical skills were, as it wasn't enough to cover up a taint like this.

Just as they were about to criticize her, Arielle said coldly, "Do you really think I want money? I saved your life, so you better tell me the truth."

Everyone was shocked by her words. However, the young man's eyes widened when he heard what she said, panic surfacing on his face.

The woman caught the change in expression on his face and was convinced that her hunch was right.

This young man had ingested the poison himself and blamed it on Soir Coffee.

It's also obvious that his snobbish brother knew of this too.

"Does your mother not know what you and your brother planned?" Arielle asked coldly.

"I..." The patient didn't dare to meet eyes with her, as it seemed like she could read right through him.

He looked away and came up with an excuse to brush her off, "I don't know what you're talking about. I'm tired. I'd like to get some rest."

"Rest?" Arielle raised a brow and continued, "It seems like you have no idea of your mother's condition. She fainted when she found out that you were in danger. I wonder if she finally woke up."

"Mom..." The patient turned his head abruptly, panic filling his eyes.

Arielle was sure that he wasn't the same as his brother.

That's great. I found his weak spot.

"You have hemophilia, but the nurse outside told me that your mother has no idea of your condition. Let me guess... You did this because of your medical fees, right?" she said.

"No..." the patient replied, instinctively shaking his head.

Not wanting to waste any more time with him, Arielle got straight to the point and said, "As long as you admit to it, Rocher Private Hospital will handle all your medical fees. You won't have to pay even if you need a blood transfusion in the future."

Hearing this, the patient bit on his lips, his heart already wavering at the option.

The woman then continued, "But... we still have a way

to get you to admit to it even if you don't want to. The poison in your body is extremely rare, and it will only work when mixed with coffee. Besides, finding out which snake it's from isn't difficult. However, if that happens, not only will you not be able to get even anything, but there's also a possibility that you'll end up in jail. How do you think your mother will feel if she finds out that her son framed a coffee shop for the sake of money? She might think that it'd be better for you to die from your sickness. Those without morals live a wasted life after all.”

Arielle was absolutely straightforward with her words, and a pained expression flashed across the patient's face.

He was pure at heart and his conscience wasn't going to let that happen. His eyes reddened as he spoke, “Alright. I'll tell you what happened. But... You have to promise that you'll keep this from Mom.”

“Sure,” Arielle nodded. “I'll let her stay in the hospital for free with the excuse of having to recuperate her body for one month. A month later, once this crisis is over, no one will mention the incident. An old lady like your mother wouldn't be going on the internet either, so she wouldn't know. But you need to follow me to the venue of the press conference right after this. Explain what actually happened to the press, and you need to tell me who ordered you to do it.”

“I don't know.”

The patient shook his head before adding, “I told my

brother immediately after I found out that I'm sick. I don't know where he found out about this, but someone had promised us one million which we would be getting from them, and also compensation from the Nightshire Group. That is if I inject the poison into my body, drink the coffee at Soir Coffee, and then put the blame on the coffee shop. My brother was the one they contacted so I know nothing about it.”



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Arielle nodded and said, "This is enough. Rest up for now. I'll bring you to the press conference later."

She then told the attending doctor to put up a drip that would replenish his energy and reminded the other doctors to prepare a wheelchair for the patient. Once she was done, the woman kicked the switch that controlled the door to the emergency room and strode out.

The patient's eyes subconsciously flitted toward Arielle. The woman seemed to shine with every step she took.

She seemed like she was able to sweep people off their feet.

At that, he looked away.

The attending doctor began explaining the pacemaker in his body, and reminded, "You mustn't perform any extreme sports from now on. Remember to return to the hospital every year to check up on the pacemaker's condition."

"I understand." The patient closed his eyes remorsefully.

Previously, his brother had told him that there would only be symptoms of allergies for a short period of time when the poison took effect. Yet, he could clearly feel that he had just escaped death.

True enough. I shouldn't have tried to earn money through evil deeds. I shouldn't have listened to my brother.

Outside the emergency room.

Carter instantly walked up to Arielle the moment he saw her. "How's everything inside?"

Zachary also stood still and was a little excited and emotional.

He's dead!

The patient must be dead!

However, Arielle answered calmly, "The patient's doing fine now."

Zachary replied immediately after, "I knew he would die. I knew that- Wait. What did you just say?"

He was stunned and couldn't help but think that he had heard her wrong.

Not batting him an eye, Arielle turned to Carter and said, "Send me two of your men. I already found out what happened. We need to look for his brother now."

The latter nodded instantly, "I'll go with you."

Before Vinson left earlier, he had sent someone to let Arielle in on the overall situation, so both of them were on the same page.

The woman asked as they walked, "How long more until the press conference starts?"

“An hour. Can the patient go?”

“Tell Vinson to hold it off a little longer. We'll bring him there after he's done with his drip. I don't want any accidents happening.”

“Sure.”

Zachary was ignored completely.

He stared blankly as the both of them left, before rushing into the emergency room.

He managed to get in just as the doors were about to shut.

“Where is he? Is he really alive?”

Zachary's sudden appearance shocked the entire room of people.

The attending doctor was the first to snap back to his senses. “Why are you shouting in such a place?” he scolded.

But Zachary couldn't care less about the doctor. He quickly went over to the patient instead.

To his disbelief, the patient was staring back at him with widened eyes. Shock was written all over his face, obviously surprised that the doctor had barged in suddenly.

After making sure that the young man was indeed still

alive, he leaned closer and asked, “How do you feel right now?”

The latter spoke after a moment, “Besides not having any strength, I don't feel anything else.”

The anesthetics hadn't worn off completely, so he wasn't able to feel the pain from the surgery.

“What about the feeling when you were first sent to the hospital?”

The attending doctor walked up to them and said, “Ms. Moore has already detoxified his body.”

“That's impossible. How can someone like her treat a patient affected by a poison that we don't even know the name of?”

The former instantly handed Zachary the latest copy of the blood results.

With a swoosh, he snatched it over and saw that the numbers were all in the normal range. His eyes widened instantly.



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The doctor's eyes widened in bewilderment when he realized what the young woman had achieved.

“How the heck did she do it? How did she find the cure? I don't understand.” Zachary could not believe that Arielle managed to find the cure on her own. She must've figured out the properties of the poison. That's how she found the proper treatment for it.

Arielle had put Zachary to utter shame since she was able to remedy a poison that even a doctor like himself could not.

Seeing how devastated Zachary was, the attending physician decided to stop his fellow doctor's nonsense with a wave of his hand. “That's enough, Dr. Ziegler. Let the patient rest. He has a press conference to attend to later on.”

“A press conference? What press conference? Are you seriously going to let a person who almost died walk around as if nothing happened?”

“He's going to the press conference at Soir Coffee, so we'll get a PCA pump ready for him. The patient's made up his mind.”

“Are you out of your mind?” exclaimed Zachary before turning to the patient. “Are you sure about this? Do you know how serious this is? Your life is on the line here. Do you know that?”

For some reason, Zachary refused to let things go Arielle's way.

Since he withdrew himself from the patient's operation, Arielle would take all the credit if the press conference were successfully held. There was no way a proud man like Zachary would ever let the young woman steal the limelight from him.

The patient then sighed in response. "This is my choice, so I'll take full responsibility for it. If I die, that's on me."

"This is insane! You're all insane! I'm his surgeon, and I say he has to stay and rest right here!" shouted Zachary with bloodshot eyes.

The attending physician scowled at the upset man and reminded sternly, "Dr. Ziegler, in case you've forgotten, you are no longer his surgeon because you quit halfway without any regard for the patient's wellbeing. He is not under your care anymore."

After that, the attending physician turned to the nurses in the emergency room. "Please escort Dr. Ziegler out."

It was made apparent who the helpful one was and who should remain in the room, so the attending physician finally decided to send Zachary out.

"How dare you kick me out! Have you forgotten who I am? I'm the top surgeon at Rocher Private! Just ask Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Morgan."

The attending physician unceremoniously gestured for the nurses to get a move on. "Why is Dr. Ziegler still here? Do you want him to continue disturbing our

patient?”

With that, the nurses in the room hurriedly worked together and removed Zachary.

That was the third time the doctor was sent out of the emergency room, but the others made sure that it would also be the last.

“Open this door now! Do you hear me? Open it now!” Zachary pounded on the door furiously before security at the hospital took him away for good and restored peace to the emergency room.

Meanwhile, Vinson received a call from Carter while he was on his way to the press conference.

“How is he?” inquired the man as soon as he answered his phone.

“He's fine. Chief is asking you to buy them some time at the press conference. She said the patient will be there as soon as they're done with the injection.”

Even though Vinson did not doubt that Arielle could save the patient, he was still stunned for two seconds when he heard the news. After getting poisoned and undergoing such a major operation, the patient is still able to attend the conference with just some pain medication? You're full of surprises, aren't you, Arielle?

Only after a few seconds of silence did the man finally continue, “Is she with you?”

“Yes.”

“Put her on.”



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“Sure.” Carter then handed his phone to Arielle. “Chief, Vin wants to speak to you.”

At that moment, Carter was looking at Arielle with nothing but respect for the woman in his eyes.

“Hello?” greeted Arielle after putting the phone to her ear.

Out of curiosity, Carter wanted to eavesdrop but could not because of how low the volume was on the phone. Although he could not hear anything, he could see Arielle's straight face slowly turning red.

“Money will do,” uttered Arielle before hanging up on Vinson.

Since Carter had never seen the woman blush like that before, he wondered what Vinson could have said to make Arielle react that way.

“What did he say?” Dying to find out, Carter questioned Arielle the second she returned his phone to him.

“Nothing much,” answered Arielle briefly to brush the man off.

She had no intention of repeating Vinson's narcissistic words. “I'd like to thank you with a monetary payment, but I'm sure you're not short of money. What you lack, though, is a fine gentleman like myself. Lucky for you, I'm available. What do you say?” offered Vinson when the two were on the phone.

Carter would have continued with his questioning had they not reached the patient's family. After swallowing his curiosity for the moment, Carter opened the door to see how the family was doing.

The old lady was still crying but was doing much better than before.

Sitting next to her was her eldest son swiping away on his phone. He seemed to have given up trying to stop his mother from crying.

The two immediately turned to the door when they heard someone opening it.

Like a machine, Arielle gazed coldly at the son's face, scanning every inch of it.

Unnerved by the woman's relentless staring, he gulped before asking anxiously, "Didn't you enter the emergency room just now? So how is my brother doing?"

Without responding to the son, Arielle made a gesture and ordered mercilessly, "Beat him up."

Naturally, the son was stunned, and so was Carter before he quickly regained his senses. Then, Carter turned around and gestured for the bodyguards behind him to give the son a good beating.

Dumbfounded at the scene, the old lady took a while before jumping to her feet to defend her bloodied son. "What do you think you're doing? You can't just beat

someone up like that. This is against the law! Stop it! Stop it now!” exclaimed the old lady as she tried to shield her son from the incoming attacks with her body.

“Stop!” As soon as Arielle gave the order, the bodyguards stopped attacking, so the old lady was left perfectly unharmed. On the other hand, the man cowering behind her had blood dripping down from his already broken nose.

“What the hell was that for?” roared the injured man, who was as angry as he was terrified.

His mother, too, was upset about the violence. “That was unacceptable! And here I thought you were good people. Now I see that my old age has made me a poor judge of character. You'll pay for what you did to my son! I'll make sure you answer for your actions in court!”

“Are you absolutely sure that's what you want to do?” Arielle raised a brow challengingly at the old lady.

After second-guessing herself for a second, the old lady puffed up her chest once more. “Of course! What reason could you possibly have to beat up my son like that?”

“Actually, I do,” responded Arielle before shifting her focus back onto the son. “Before protecting your son like that, maybe you should ask him what despicable things he's done to deserve such a beating.”

The old furrowed her brows in puzzlement. “What do you mean by that?”

“Don't look at me; ask him. Turn around and ask him about his plan to kill his brother. Get him to tell you how he poisoned his brother and blamed Soir Coffee for it. Maybe he'll tell you if money is really more important than the life of his own brother.”



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The son's face got paler and paler as Arielle went on.

By the time Arielle was done, he was completely drained of colors and covered in cold sweats.

The old lady was shocked to hear the truth at first, but then she refused to believe it. I don't believe a single word this woman is telling me! Why would my son hurt his own brother?

However, she was convinced otherwise after turning to see how pale her son was.

“You... It's true, isn't it? You really did try to kill your brother, didn't you?” stuttered the old lady.

“No, I didn't do anything like that! You have to trust me, Mom. Don't listen to them. They must be trying to blame me because they couldn't come up with a solution. Every word that came out of that woman is a lie!” The man started accusing Arielle and the others defensively.

Still, as his mother, the old lady could easily tell if he was lying, and the look on his face was enough to confirm her worst fear.

Angry and disappointed at her son, the old lady could not help but wonder how her children ended up that way.

“Do you still think it was unreasonable of me to have him beat up?” inquired Arielle at the right timing.

The old lady slowly rose without responding as if she did not hear a word Arielle said.

With a deadpan expression on the old lady's face, no one could tell what was going through her mind.

Then, her face started to turn pale as well. It was as if she suddenly had trouble breathing.

Seeing how devastated the old lady was, Arielle stepped forward to pat the elderly woman comfortingly on the back.

Arielle knew doing that would help the old lady calm down, and as expected, she managed to help the elderly woman relax and breathe properly again.

The old lady then raised her hand up high before giving her son a hard slap on the cheek.

Slap!

She hit the man as hard as she could and caused his face to become even more swollen than it already was.

“Ouch!” Immediately afterward, the son inhaled deeply to ease the pain.

“You think that's pain? You don't know half the pain I'm suffering right now because of what you did! Your brother is sick, and you know that. How could you poison him when you should be helping him with his condition instead? What did he ever do to you? You b*stard!”

“Mom! Stop it!” The man begged his mother to stop hitting him as he tried to defend himself.

Seeing how Arielle already knew everything, he was convinced that his brother was the one who spilled the beans.

The son then decided to justify his actions since he could no longer hide the truth. “I only did it to help him. Do you have any idea how much it costs to treat his condition? This is the only way to get enough money to help him. I did it for him!”

“The end does not justify the means. So what if you manage to keep your brother alive? What you did was wrong. I'd rather he die than be treated with your dirty money!” rebuked the old lady indignantly.

Her strong moral compass and firm resolution were more than enough to impress Arielle, but not the son, who shook his head in response. “You don't know what you're saying. You must've completely lost your mind. Everything I did, I did it for our family!”

“Do you actually believe that?” Carter scoffed at the man before continuing, “I think you're only capable of thinking for yourself. From what I've gathered, you gambled away ten million in a casino last month and lost all the money Vin gave you. Is that how much your brother's life is worth to you?”

“How dare you poke your nose into my business!” roared the man pulsing with rage.

Even more infuriated than before, the old lady raised her hand and tried to slap some sense into her son, but he would not have it.

The man pushed his mother away before making a break for it.



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