

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 831

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Despite the slender figure of the woman, she stood tall.

Arielle's skills in playing chess were so professional that he often forgot that his Grandmaster was just a girl who had lost her mother since she was young.

She had a tragic past, and therefore he would do his best to help her!

As both sides' debate ended, the plaintiff was to give their last statement before the defendant according to the rules.

Arielle presented the evidence that she managed to acquire herself for the last statement, including evidence showing that Henrick and Cindy were at the building the night Maureen died and their motives for killing Maureen.

When it was Henrick's turn, he had to defend himself because his lawyer gave up on defending him. However, his statement was completely illogical and disorganized.

The more he said, the worse his situation was. He had already lost the battle.

Facing the evidence and his own inability to defend himself, Henrick was forced to tell the truth in front of Everett.

The case came to an end when Henrick finally admitted to his crimes. Everett sentenced him to a lifetime of imprisonment at Specialized Forces Prison.

When Henrick heard the verdict, he knelt on the floor.

His life ended at that moment.

He would never have thought that Arielle would be the one to send him to jail, seeing that she looked harmless.

At that moment, he finally realized that Arielle was not someone that could be messed with.

She was so capable of hiding her true colors that he didn't see his downfall coming.

Specialized Forces Prison was a place that everyone would shiver uncontrollably upon hearing the name.

Henrick's legs went limp, and he couldn't stand up properly even when the police helped him up.

Suddenly, someone exclaimed, "He peed his pants!"

Everyone looked at Henrick and noticed the wet patch on his pants.

"Hahaha..."

Everett did not stop the crowd from bursting into laughter this time.

Embarrassed and desperate, Henrick's eyes rolled as he fainted.

When Arielle witnessed it, she closed her eyes and held her tears back.

It's been ten years. Finally, the person who killed Mom gets his punishment.

Are you seeing this, Mom?

A drop of tear rolled down her cheek and splashed onto the ground, finally evaporating into thin air.

At last, Henrick was carried onto the prisoner transport vehicle by the Specialized Forces.

Henrick had cared about his pride all his life, but he had no dignity left at all today.

Arielle watched coldly as the vehicle transported Henrick away.

It was only a matter of time before he got his punishment.

When Henrick reached Specialized Forces Prison, he would wish that he had never been born.

After Henrick, it was Cindy and her accomplices' turn to receive their punishment.

Arielle would make sure that every one of them received what they deserved.

Everything was just a matter of time.

As the trial ended, the title *Henrick Southall Faces A Lifetime Imprisonment* became the top trending search on the internet.

Wendy happened to click on the news and watch the trial video.

When she saw the part where Henrick yelled about Arielle being an illegitimate child, she curled her lips into a smile.

She used to think that Arielle was still considerably wealthy even if she wasn't from a prominent family. If Vinson insisted on marrying her, Susanne might give in to him one day.

However, now that Arielle wasn't related by blood to the Southalls, she was nothing close to being wealthy

Susanne would never accept a daughter-in-law like Arielle.

What a good news!

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Wendy didn't bother to continue watching the trial video because she already knew the outcome.

Arielle was just an illegitimate child that Maureen had with some other man.

How would the other students think of Arielle once they saw the video?

Wendy blinked her eyes and raised her voice purposely as she turned to her deskmate. "Have you seen the news? Arielle's father's trial has ended. You can even watch the trial video online. Won't you want to watch your goddess online?"

Instantly, the boy beside her turned on his phone and browsed the internet.

Trisha and ed hurriedly took out their phones.

If they weren't having Donovan's class during the trial, they would have watched the live stream.

With them in the lead, other students started watching the video out of curiosity or concern.

As everyone turned up the speed of the video, Wendy could hear Henrick's voice saying, "She is not my biological daughter! She is the illegitimate daughter of Maureen and some other man! She's doing everything to frame me!"

Then, Arielle's soft reply could be heard. "I'm indeed not his biological daughter."

Wendy smiled wickedly.

Very well. Now everyone will know that Arielle is a bastard that should never have existed in the first place.

Just as Wendy expected, she heard two of her classmates behind her exclaiming, "Oh gosh! Arielle is not Henrick Southall's daughter!"

Satisfied with the outcome, Wendy smiled again.

Yes. Arielle isn't Henrick's daughter. She is an illegitimate bastard that should have never been born! Her birth is immoral!

Well, you all will never look at her admiringly again, won't you?

Wendy was waiting for the students behind her to express their disappointment and hatred for Arielle, but what they said next was completely unprecedented.

"This is good news! Arielle's perfection shouldn't be ruined by a man like Henrick Southall. Luckily she isn't his daughter!"

"You're right! Arielle is so perfect. How can she be such a cruel man's daughter? I should have known this from the start!"

"I can't wait to know who Arielle's biological father is. Since Arielle is so beautiful, her father must be very handsome!"

Wendy poked a hole in her notebook as her grip on her pen tightened.

These brainless fans!

Do their parents know that they are so messed up?

Shaking in anger, Wendy got up and went to the toilet because she was afraid that she couldn't refrain

herself from yelling at her classmates.

However, she accidentally tripped over her own chair because she got up too hastily.

At the instant, she lost her balance and fell to the ground.

"Ouch!" Everyone looked in Wendy's direction as she exclaimed.

It was so embarrassing that Wendy couldn't care less about the pain she felt and ran out of the classroom. She seemed somewhat disheveled from the back.

One of the students sitting behind Wendy couldn't help but ask Wendy's deskmate. "Hey Terry, what's with your deskmate?"

"I don't know, and I don't intend to know. She's always behaving weirdly."

Terry, Wendy's deskmate, couldn't stand Wendy's weird behavior at first, but now he chose to turn a blind eye to it.

At Nightshire Group's headquarters, Vinson finally ended the emergency meeting.

He called Arielle right after he walked out of the meeting room.

However, she did not pick up her phone.

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Vinson started getting anxious when Arielle didn't pick up the first two times he called.

Knowing that Vinson was worried about Arielle, Vinson's assistant Rayson comforted him, "Her phone might have died. Don't worry. I'll send someone to ask around at Maple Mansion and the school."

"It's okay." Vinson replied. "I know where she is."

At Jadeborough Cemetery, Arielle was kneeling in front of Maureen's tomb and holding the photocopied trial results.

"Can you see this, Mom? I've completed the revenge for you... Henrick Southall is sentenced to a lifetime of imprisonment at Specialized Forces Prison. He's going to have a hard time in there. I'll burn this for you to read."

As Arielle said, she lit the lighter and set the document on flames. She watched as the document was burnt to ashes.

A gust of wind blew past and scattered the ashes into the air.

Arielle raised her head and looked at Maureen's photo on the tomb. "Henrick is the first of many. I'll find Cindy as soon as possible. After her, I'll track down her accomplices. If not for them, you'd still be alive. Therefore, they must be punished too."

Biting her lips, Arielle continued, "However, if the man in the pictures is involved, please don't blame me for taking action on him. I won't let him off even if he's my biological father."

Arielle was selfish. To her, her only family was Maureen and the Wilhelms.

As for that man, he was just some stranger who sired her life.

Suddenly, an umbrella appeared over her head and shielded her from the sun.

She didn't have to turn around to know that it was Vinson who was holding it.

Now, she had one more person who meant a lot to her.

Every time she thought of him, she felt safe and secure.

"You are here." Arielle stood up and smoothed the creases on her dress. Her voice was calm.

The reason she wore a white dress to the court was that she would visit the cemetery afterward.

"Why didn't you pick up?" Vinson asked gently.

"I'm sorry." Arielle took out her phone and explained, "I switched off my phone before entering the court and forgot to turn it back on again."

"It's okay. As long as you're fine, everything's okay." Vinson reached out and caressed Arielle's soft hair. "Next time, remember to bring an umbrella. Aren't you afraid that you will get tanned by the sun?"

As he spoke, he handed his umbrella to Arielle and stood under the sun.

Next, he knelt in front of Maureen's tomb.

Arielle was looking at Vinson in surprise when he began, "Please allow me to call you Mom, Ms. Maureen. I would have come to visit you a long time ago, but I wasn't sure that Sannie felt the same way for me. But now..."

Vinson turned around and looked at Arielle affectionately. Then, he faced Maureen's tomb again.

"I've married Sannie, Mom. I promise to take care of her and treat her better than myself. Please rest assured that I will take care of her on behalf of you."

Arielle froze for a moment before a smile appeared on her face.

As she smiled, tears started to flow out of her eyes.

"Why are you crying?"

Vinson immediately stood up upon seeing Arielle crying. He fumbled his pockets in search of some tissue paper, but he didn't have any.

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In the end, Vinson placed Arielle's head on his shoulders while she cried her heart out.

In fact, the man was a clean freak and would never have tolerated his clothes being stained. However, he had taken the initiative to lend Arielle his shoulders, completely not minding the tears and mucus that would get onto his shirt. It was as if his germophobia had been cured.

Initially, Arielle was just crying silently, but slowly, she started sobbing. Eventually, she started wailing out loud.

What she was releasing was a combination of stress, helplessness, anxiety, and all kinds of emotions that she had accumulated lately.

Many people had asked Arielle about the qualities her ideal partner should possess. However, she did not ask for much. All she wanted was simply a shoulder for her to cry on—a man whom she could be vulnerable with and who accepted her for who she was.

After a long while, Arielle finally calmed down.

"You haven't had lunch yet, right?" Vinson asked gently while wiping away a tear from the corner of the woman's eye. "What do you feel like having?"

"I want to go to Maureen's Kitchen."

"Sure, let's go there then."

On the way to Maureen's Kitchen, Arielle asked about Cindy.

"Have they found anyone suspicious on the plane?"

Vinson nodded and replied, "Yup, I was just about to tell you about it. They found two suspects who might be wearing human skin masks and are currently tailing them. I'll update you once there's news."

"All right." Arielle nodded while clenching her fists.

Meanwhile, Queenie had finished watching Henrick's court hearing online.

A hint of disdain flashed past her eyes when she heard Arielle admitting that she wasn't Henrick's biological daughter.

So, Arielle is just Maureen and another man's illegitimate child?

Queenie had originally thought that Arielle was a dignified woman from a prestigious family. She couldn't help but wonder if Vinson was out of his mind to fall in love with such a lowly woman.

It didn't matter how good Arielle's medical skills were. To Queenie, one's future was entirely determined by one's birth.

It was an undeniable fact that Arielle was just an illegitimate child.

Just as Queenie was cursing at Arielle silently, she suddenly received a text from Salvador: *Ms. Queenie, Mr. Mill has informed everyone that the Mill family is about to appoint the next patriarch. Please remember to attend the family dinner tonight with Mr. Baxter.*

Queenie was stunned for a moment when she saw the butler's message, as it seemed like the event had been brought forward.

Immediately, the woman rang Donovan, but her call was rejected. Having no other choice, Queenie headed toward Jadeborough University during lunchtime and found Donovan in his office.

Donovan, who was busy marking papers in his office, heard the door open and thought that it was his students approaching him to ask questions.

However, when he looked up, he saw Queenie walking through the door with a smile on her face.

The man's expression darkened at once and asked coldly, "Didn't I already tell you not to look for me in school?"

Upon hearing that, the smile on Queenie's face froze.

With a sullen look, the woman walked toward her husband and said, "Donovan, do you remember? It was you who agreed to marry me back then!"

"Because you forced me to marry you," Donovan replied through gritted teeth.

Queenie was crushed when she heard the man's words and immediately fell into a bad mood.

Pulling out a chair and sitting down across Donovan, Queenie tried her best to control her emotions as she said, "I'm not here to pick a fight with you today. I have a family dinner tonight, and I need you to attend it with me."

"I'm afraid I can't. I have to conduct revision classes tonight," Donovan rejected the woman's request straight away.

"Sure," Queenie nodded and continued, "You can choose not to attend, but I guarantee that if you refuse to cooperate with me tonight, tomorrow, your entire school will know that, as a teacher, you fell in love with your student. Moreover, that student is the illegitimate child of her mom and another man!"

"Queenie Mill!" Donovan slammed on the table and bolted up as anger poured through him.

Looking at the man's frustrated expression, Queenie finally felt slightly happier.

However, none of them noticed that someone had been standing at the door.

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At the office entrance, Wendy was standing there with her eyes widened in shock, hardly believing what she had just heard.

Are my ears playing tricks on me?

She could not believe what Donovan's wife had just said. *Mr. Baxter has fallen in love with his student?*

If that student was an illegitimate child, Wendy knew that it had to be Arielle.

Mr. Baxter is in love with Arielle?

How is *that possible*? From what she remembered, Donovan had always disliked Arielle. He was always making life difficult for her and was especially strict toward her.

However, judging by the look on the man's face, Wendy knew that she had heard it correctly.

Mr. Baxter is indeed in love with Arielle!

That was definitely a shocking piece of news.

In order to avoid being seen by Donovan and Queenie, Wendy quickly hid behind the walls and continued listening to the conversation between the two. Holding her papers in her hands, she switched on the voice recorder on her phone.

Meanwhile, inside the office, neither Queenie nor Donovan noticed a fleeting figure outside.

The corners of Queenie's lips curled up into a smug smile, and leaning against the desk, she looked at Donovan nonchalantly and said, "Are you angry at me for exposing you? Well, I did force you to marry me, but it's all because of you. If you had not fallen in love with Arielle,"

Donovan gritted his teeth and interrupted Queenie's words.

"Queenie, you should really stop pushing your luck! It won't do you any good if you expose me. If you hadn't fooled me into drugging Arielle, I wouldn't have landed myself in today's state, having to marry someone like you in order to continue teaching at the school!"

"Someone like me?" Queenie sneered and continued, "What do you mean by 'someone like me? You and I are the same. Do you think you're any better than me? Let me tell you, if I fail to become the next patriarch of the Mill family, I will definitely drag you down to hell with me."

As a fresh swell of rage rose in Donovan, he slammed the table again. However, Queenie did not back down. In fact, she lifted her chin and continued, "Donovan, since we are already married, we are on the same boat now and are bound together for good and for ill! If you are still unable to get over Arielle, can wait for you. But with regards to me being the next patriarch of the Mill family, I won't allow you to be my obstacle."

Donovan's face was flushed with anger as he marinated in resentment.

However, the man was still able to remain rational. He knew that he could not afford to be embroiled in any scandals before graduating from Maxwell University. As such, he had no choice but to cooperate with Queenie.

Judging by her husband's expression, Queenie knew that Donovan had already agreed to compromise.

Softening her tone, the woman said, "I'll pick you up from here at five o'clock sharp. Don't be late as we need to arrive at the Mill residence by six."

Queenie turned and left immediately after she finished speaking, leaving no chance for Donovan to

Scanned with CamScanner

refuse.

When Wendy heard footsteps nearing, she immediately acted as if she had just climbed up the stairs and arrived at Donovan's office.

"Mr. Baxter," Wendy greeted as she opened the door. When she saw Queenie, who was just walking out, she pretended to be surprised and asked, "Oh! Mrs. Baxter, you're here too? I'm a fan of yours! heard that you have excellent medical skills."

After all, everyone enjoyed hearing compliments.

With a faint smile, Queenie replied, "Thank you. If you have any health concerns next time, feel free to look for me at Rocher Private Hospital."

"Thanks, Mrs. Baxter!" Wendy replied with a broad smile on her face.

"I shall make a move first, Donovan." Queenie waved to Donovan, who acknowledged with a nod.

In front of others, the two of them still behaved like a loving newly-wed couple.

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If Wendy did not stumble upon their conversation, she would have thought that they were a loving couple.

However, she did not expect that Donovan would attempt to drug Arielle.

I wonder if he succeeded in doing so?

Wendy calmed her thoughts and concealed her anxiousness.

She kept her cool and observed Queenie leaving with admiration-filled eyes.

"Is there anything wrong?" Donovan's voice was slightly hoarse as a result of the quarrel with Queenie.

Wendy pretended to be oblivious to the fight. She placed the scripts on his table and said, "Mr. Baxter, I'm done collecting the scripts. However, I note that Arielle was not here for class, and Henry submitted an empty script. Hence, the collection is not complete."

When Donovan heard Arielle's name, his expression quickly turned sour and indecipherable.

He nodded and instructed, "Next time, it doesn't matter if everyone submitted their scripts. Pass the available ones to me first. This will give me enough time to grade them."

"All right, Mr. Baxter. I'll return to class now." Wendy turned and walked away.

"Hold on for a second," Donovan called out to her. Without any expression, he asked, "When did you arrive here?"

Wendy felt her heart racing. She pinched her arm in an attempt to calm herself down. "Just a short while ago. Mr. Baxter, is there anything that I can help you with?"

Donovan gazed warily at Wendy again.

As Wendy appeared unbothered, he brushed away his suspicion and nodded. "Don't worry about it. You may leave now. By the way, the test is held tomorrow. At the end of the month, I will bring the ones ranked in the top three to Maxwell University for the first round of written tests. I don't think you will have a problem achieving top three, but I'm just telling you beforehand for your own mental preparation."

Wendy widened her eyes in shock, and a sense of nervousness surged within her. "So soon? I remember it was held somewhere in August last year."

Donovan nodded and said, "It is the same thing this year. The test at the end of this month is just an additional opportunity. Even if you don't make it, there's another chance in August. Nonetheless, I am sure you will nail the test."

Wendy nodded profusely. "Mr. Baxter, I will work hard and make you proud."

Donovan felt assured and relieved.

Among all his students, Donovan paid special attention to Wendy. She was one of his brightest and smartest students, and she had the highest chance of getting enrolled at Maxwell University.

He reminded her, "Don't tell anyone about this yet so that the other students are not unnecessarily pressured. That may jeopardize the test results. However, fret not. You have it in the bag. Stay focused."

"I will, Mr. Baxter." Wendy decided to put aside the groundbreaking news that she discovered moments ago.

Right now, nothing was more important than getting enrolled at Maxwell University.

After Wendy left, Donovan picked out Wendy's script from the stack of papers and graded it.

As expected, she passed with flying colors. With that level of standard, passing the test would be a walk in the park.

Wendy had firmly secured a slot for herself. The other students should keep up their game.

After finishing Wendy's script, he continued marking the other students' scripts.

Donovan was perplexed when he marked the last script. "92 marks..."

It was even higher than Wendy's score!

Whose script is this?

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Donovan never expected that someone in his class could surpass Wendy.

If that were the case, he would surely meet his goal! The graduation cert could be obtained!

Donovan excitedly placed the script before him and checked the name list.

However, he frowned upon knowing the name of the mysterious student.

In the blink of an eye, it was already afternoon.

Ever since Henrick was transferred to Specialized Forces Prison, his first observation was its living condition. He found it to be satisfactory and, to a certain extent, comfortable.

Not only that every inmate had their own room, but the facilities were also complete and comprehensive. In fact, there was even a television to watch. Despite the usage being limited to one hour a day and with only one fixed channel, that was good enough for him.

Henrick's hope reignited.

Even though he was sentenced to life imprisonment, and all his assets were confiscated, so long as he behaved well, there could be a chance of getting out early.

If he could get out of prison, there would be hope. With his intelligence, he could start over and take his revenge on Arielle.

He would not forget being cheated on. Since there was a library in the prison, he could gather as much knowledge as required.

Henrick laid down on his bed and started planning his revenge. Out of the blue, his door was opened by the wardens.

Henrick was taken aback. Just as he wanted to question them, the two wardens dragged him from his bed.

“What do you want? Where are you bringing me?” he anxiously screamed.

The warden slyly smiled. “Stop talking. You’ll find out soon enough.”

However, Henrick couldn’t help but panic. When they passed by the other cells, he noticed a bearded man standing by the grill. With a frail and wicked smile, he uttered, “Newcomer, enjoy your first day!”

Henrick recognized the man.

He was the boss of a big corporation. However, he was part of an international syndicate that engineered a cryptocurrency that caused many to go bankrupt. As a result, he was imprisoned here.

Nonetheless, he could remember vividly that the man had a bulging belly. Now, he was as skinny as a stick.

He instinctively realized that something was off. As he regained his senses, he was dragged into a room full of sophisticated equipment.

“Where is this? Let me go!” Henrick was struggling ferociously.

However, he could not escape from the wardens, and his struggling attempt was in vain.

A few minutes later, he was brought into a room and pinned on a single bed.

Someone dressed as a doctor entered the room and asked, “Newcomer?”

“Yes.” The warden nodded. “The captain instructed that he should be given special treatment. However, since today is his first day, level three will be sufficient.”

“Understood.” The doctor adjusted his glasses and walked toward Henrick, eyeing him from top to bottom.

"He's not overweight. Losing twenty pounds in ten days should not be a problem," the doctor remarked

The warden reminded, "Exercise restraint. Don't kill him. He's here forever. *We* cannot let him escape easily."

"All right," the doctor answered.

Henrick screamed in horror, "What do you want with me? You cannot torture me in prison! You all are violating the laws of Chanaea!"

"Laws?" The doctor snarkily laughed. "Indeed, the laws in Chanaea forbid the torturing of inmates. However, the Specialized Forces Prison is not bound by law! As the name of this prison suggests, we are outside the jurisdiction of the courts!"

He put on his medical gloves shortly after.

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Henrick had no clue what was going to happen to him.

The doctor slapped something unidentified on all his limbs and head, with wirings of different colors attached to it.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to dismember me?" Henrick quavered.

"Dismember?" The doctor wiggled his finger. "No, no, no. This is just your first day. *Progression* matters. I'll go easy on you today."

The doctor maneuvered with the equipment before pressing the red button with the start label on it.

After that, he covered his ears.

"Ahhh!" an ear-splitting scream reverberated around the room.

Henrick was shrieking in pain, his face pale as paper, and his body was trembling intensely.

The pain in his stomach was unbearable!

It was as if his stomach was rotting.

However, nobody had laid a finger on him. He was just tied on the bed.

Right!It's caused by the wires!

After what appeared to be forever, the pain subsided just as Henrick was about to convulse.

The doctor let go of his hands from his ears and walked toward him with a smile. "How does it feel to have stomach cancer?"

"Stomach, stomach cancer?" Henrick was dumbfounded.

The doctor nodded. "Today, you will go through three rounds of this. This is the special privilege of a newcomer. Things will get intense tomorrow. Get ready-here comes round two. Each interval will last

for ten minutes. Stay strong. It will pass very quickly."

His tone was gentle, but his speech was heinous.

At that moment, Henrick understood the purpose of all those equipment.

The equipment could replicate different types of pain, just like how many tried to experience the pain of childbirth.

The thought of going through something even more intense caused Henrick to break down in fear.

"Let me go! I don't want to stay here!" he begged.

Though, no one cared.

The second round started soon after.

Little did Henrick know that the torture awaiting him would intensify as the days went on. Endless days of torture would befall him for the rest of his life.

The next afternoon.

Arielle went to visit Nigel and Josee in their temporary accommodation. It was located near her previous school.

The house was filled with warmth and happiness. When Arielle entered the place, she noticed the smell of fried chicken.

"Fried chicken?" Arielle looked toward Teddy, who was having a rapacious appetite.

Teddy immediately brought a drumstick to her. "Sannie, here's a drumstick for you!"

Arielle ruffled his hair and responded, "Thank you so much, Teddy. But I'm good. Where is your daddy? Why are you alone at home?"

Teddy obediently replied, "Daddy is visiting Mommy in the hospital. He said that the meals provided by the hospital are not yummy. Hence, he brought some homecooked food for Mommy."

"Do you want me to bring you to the hospital to visit your mommy?" Arielle asked.

"Yes!" Teddy beamed with excitement. "I have not eaten the two drumsticks. I'll bring them to Mommy! This is my first time having a drumstick. Daddy mentioned that he has money now, and I can have a drumstick every day."

Arielle smiled. "Just have the drumstick for yourself. Your mommy cannot consume oily food. You should also avoid eating too much of it as it's bad for your health. Next time, I'll cook some food for you."

"Yay!" Teddy cheered.

Shortly after, the two of them arrived at the entrance of the Rocher Private Hospital.

Coincidentally, Arielle met someone familiar when she got out of the car.

"Oh! It's Ms. Moore!" Queenie scornfully headed toward them.

She had just returned from Jadeborough University and bumped into Arielle.

She noticed Teddy and asked, "Who is this? Is he your illegitimate child? An illegitimate daughter giving birth to an illegitimate son, does Mr. Nightshire know about this?"

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"What do you mean by an illegitimate child?" Teddy was confused.

He was still a young boy. Besides, the phrase was new to him. Hence, he looked at Arielle with a puzzled expression.

Arielle covered Teddy's ears and whispered softly, "Teddy, be a good boy. Do not listen nor look at her."

Teddy nodded and closed his eyes.

He would obey any instructions from Arielle.

Queenie saw Teddy's reaction and laughed. "What's wrong? Do you feel ashamed of your identity? Is that the reason why he's covering his ears? Come to think of it, is it true that he's your illegitimate child?"

Arielle smiled and said, "Queenie, did you not learn your lesson? I still have leverage against you. If you continue such arrogance, it will backfire against you."

"You..." Ironically, Queenie was the person that got triggered.

"Why? Do you finally recall the incident where you drugged me? Do you want to pay a visit to the Specialized Forces Prison?" Arielle was a completely different person from who she was moments ago.

She exuded a terrifying aura.

Teddy, who kept his eyes closed, could feel the sudden change in ambiance.

Even so, he did not open his eyes.

Queenie was infuriated but could not retaliate against her. Deep down, she was worried that Arielle would expose her.

Soon, the Mills would elect a new leader. She could not risk such a negative impact on her reputation.

"Arielle, don't get ahead of yourself. You'll suffer the consequences!" Queenie narrowed her eyes.

"Let me tell you this. Although I'm not Henrick's biological daughter, I do exist in this world. Nobody is allowed to use my background against me. So what if you are your parents' child? You're no better than me based on the despicable things that you have done."

"I..." Queenie was at a loss for words.

"This is my last warning!" Arielle warned coldly, "if I hear anything negative from you, I will release the recording to the public. Your sordid actions will be exposed to the world!"

Arielle chose not to expose Queenie out of the concern that her own reputation would be affected.

However, since everyone knew that she was an illegitimate child, she didn't care if her reputation would once again be tainted by the scandal.

Arielle confidently continued, "If the matter is exposed, you will be thrust to the limelight. Let's see if the focus will be on you or me."

Queenie shivered at the thought.

She gritted her teeth and turned to leave.

Hold on!" Arielle called out to her.

Queenie came to an abrupt halt. "What more do you want?"

"Apologize."

Feeling stupefied, Queenie asked again, "What?"

"You have offended me and should apologize to me. Of course, you can choose not to do so, and we will meet in court. I will demand the same remedy from the judge." Arielle continued accosting her.

Queenie had no choice but to satisfy her demand. She unwillingly uttered, "I'm sorry."

Arielle raised her eyebrows in response. "I will accept your apology. But this is the last time. Do it again and risk the consequences."

Queenie was enraged but chose to keep quiet. She swallowed her anger and left afterward.

After Queenie left, Arielle removed Teddy's hands from his ears. "You can open your eyes now. Let's go find your daddy and mommy."

"Okay." Teddy was understanding and did not ask any questions. He held onto Arielle's hand as they made their way to the inpatient department.

However...

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 840

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After Queenie stormed off in a haze of rage, she found herself growing suspicious. She quickly backtracked to trail after Arielle and Teddy in secret.

Since the hospital was packed today, Queenie blended in seamlessly with the crowd as she followed the duo to the eleventh floor. Finally, they stopped in front of a ward.

Was one of Arielle's friends admitted to the hospital? Is Vinson the patient?

Queenie lingered outside the ward for a few moments before she decided to seek answers from a nearby nurse.

"Although the patient is in a VIP ward, there are no doctors assigned to him?" Queenie asked suspiciously

Is Arielle the patient's doctor?

"That's right." The nurse nodded. "There are no doctors attending the patient. Nevertheless, the hospital director visits the ward every day. We aren't allowed to enter the ward without permission too. Mr. Nightshire isn't the patient. Instead, the patient is a young maiden from the countryside. However, Mr. Nightshire's men did drop by once. Mr. Nightshire's assistant was the one who handled her admission procedures."

Queenie wracked her brain and came up with an idea.

"Could you give me the patient's details? I might be able to offer some help," Queenie asked.

The naive nurse did not give Queenie's question a second thought. She was under the impression that Queenie was merely trying to help the patient.

She clapped her hands in delight. "Dr. Mill, it would be great if you are willing to help out. The patient has been diagnosed with lung cancer. I've seen her records; it looks like her lung cancer has progressed to its later stages. Hence, her recovery might be difficult. But, if you help her out, I'm sure her chances of recovery will increase greatly!"

Upon hearing the words "lung cancer," Queenie was taken aback.

She gathered the patient's report file and returned to her office.

After Queenie read through the reports, she finally had a solid grasp of the entire situation.

The couple was a pair of workers to whom Henrick owed wages. Arielle must have wanted to impress Vinson. Hence, she admitted the woman here and personally attended to her.

It must be why this patient wasn't assigned a doctor.

Once realization dawned upon Queenie, she sneered scornfully.

In Chanaea, lung cancer had the highest mortality rate among patients. She'd never heard of lung cancer being successfully cured with traditional Chanaean medicine before.

Although Queenie herself had a background in ancient and traditional Chanaean medicine, she strongly favored the use of modern medicine to treat cancer.

Modern medicine would be Queenie's first choice, even more so when it came to lung cancer.

Arielle must be delusional to think that traditional Chanaean medicine can cure this patient's lung cancer.

Right now, Queenie only needed to sit back and wait for the patient to succumb to her illness. Then,

she would leak the news of Arielle's failure to the press. *Let's see how much backlash she'll get once / publish this patient's death to the public!*

In truth, Queenie felt threatened when she realized that Arielle was the one who created the antidote for the snake's venom. She was afraid that Arielle might topple her from her position in the medical field.

Once I reveal Arielle's failure, my position will be as secure as ever!

Queenie grew giddy with glee as she fantasized about witnessing Arielle's downfall.

Back at the ward, Arielle gave Josee another round of acupuncture and instructed her to drink the herbal concoction she'd prepared earlier.

This time, she doubled the herbs' dosage.

Not long after Josee scarfed down the drink, she began to cough up blood.

Nigel's heart ached when he saw Josee's pain. On the other hand, Josee found that she felt better after vomiting all the blood.

After a few words of advice, Arielle asked Teddy to remain in the hospital while she hailed a cab to the largest traditional Chanaean hospital in Jadeborough.

The largest traditional Chanaean hospital in Jadeborough was called Silverbirch Hospital. It was a medical body owned by the famous Mills.