

Used to being in a position of authority, Harrison did not take no for an answer.

Jared was, unfortunately, well-aware of this fact, and he resorted to calling Carter for help.

Carter answered his call from the emergency room. After hearing out Jared's request, he replied hesitantly, "All right, the two of you can come in, but you'll need to put on scrubs. They're performing an open-chest surgery on him, and it's vital to keep the environment sterile."

"I know." With that, Jared hung up and explained the situation to Harrison.

His grandfather was more than aware of the risks of the need for stringent hygienic requirements during surgeries, having had his fair share of wounds and injuries in the army.

The two of them sanitized themselves and put on scrubs before entering the emergency room.

Jared and Harrison were struck silent upon seeing Harvey on the surgical table.

Queenie was getting ready to perform the open-chest surgery, and the sight of someone as high-profile as Harrison observing the surgery peaked her anxiety.

His murderous aura was palpable and impossible to ignore, a consequence of his years of experience commanding the battlefield.

“Are you the lead surgeon on Harvey's operation?”
Harrison fixed his piercing gaze on Queenie.

He was at least two meters away from Queenie, but her hands could not help but fidget nervously at his question.

Even her voice shook as she replied, “Y-Yes, t-that's me.”

“She looks too young to be a lead surgeon. Are you sure she's the best pick?” Harrison glanced at Queenie before questioning Carter.

Carter nodded firmly. “She's the best surgeon in our hospital with a flawless track record. I'll make sure that she has our hospital's entire resources at her disposal.”

His words seemed to reassure Harrison, who then stared coldly at Queenie and barked, “You better perform the best damn surgery of your life, or I'll shoot you dead!”

Queenie broke out into a cold sweat.

Such an operation already had a low chance of success. Coupled with the bullet in his heart, they had no idea if Harvey's would be even worse than expected after cutting open his chest.

Harrison's threat had Queenie deciding then and there that she could not agree to lead the operation.

I'd rather lose my chance at promotion than take the risk of offending the Jupiters. They're military men, for

God's sake! I can't afford to become enemies with men who tumble around with guns like child's play.

Her mind made up, Queenie stared at Carter and said determinedly, "Mr. Morgan, I—"

"Carter!" A voice rang out, interrupting her speech.

Queenie stiffened the moment she heard the familiar voice. She stared at the entrance to the emergency room in befuddlement.

A slender woman stood there, masked up and dressed in scrubs.

Only her eyes were exposed, but it was more than enough to identify the mysterious arrival.

Arielle.

Carter and Jared recognized her at first glance as well.

Carter brightened up immediately and rushed forward to greet her. "Chief, you made it! I had Jordan contact you and Vin."

Arielle nodded and replied, "I asked them to modify something in the hospital supply room while I came over to evaluate his condition."

"Modification? On what?"

"A pacemaker." Arielle continued, "I took a look at Harvey's file once I reached the hospital. If my

preliminary evaluation is accurate, Harvey's heart is not going to make it.”

Harrison immediately roared, “What do you mean? Not going to make it? Explain yourself, young lady!”

Confused by his outburst, Arielle looked at him and asked, “And you are?”

Jared hastily introduced Harrison to her. “This is my grandpa.”

Arielle finally understood his anxiety and said, “Everything I've said is the truth. Harvey's heart will not survive this operation.”



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Arielle emphasized again that Harvey's heart was failing. Harrison fell out with her, casting a ferocious look at her.

“What did you say?”

He raised his walking stick and was about to swing it toward Arielle.

Arielle stood still, without any trace of fear.

Meanwhile, Carter and Jared panicked as they immediately stood between Harrison and Arielle.

In the end, Jared was the one who got beaten by the stick.

Despite the pain, he still grabbed Harrison's hand and pleaded, “Grandpa, please stop. She's Arielle!”

“I don't care who she is. I'll kill anyone who dares to curse my grandson!”

Carter also helped to ease the situation. “Old Mr. Jupiter, Arielle is good in medical. Please let her finish. I believe there's something more she wants to say.”

Upon saying that, Carter turned to Arielle. “Right?”

If not, it would be the end for Harvey's life.

“Yes.” Arielle nodded slightly, and Carter's eyes lit up with anticipation.

So, there's still hope for him! Thank God!

Harrison questioned Arielle coldly, "What else do you want to say?"

Arielle started to explain. "His heart has been damaged terribly, so it will take time to recover. Thus, we'll have to install a robotic pacemaker before his heart loses its function completely. And after his heart resumes to function normally, we can take off the robotic pacemaker."

Harrison was stunned momentarily upon hearing that. "Do you mean the robotic pacemaker that Sann Group is selling?"

Arielle nodded firmly. Yes, that's my masterpiece in Sann Group.

With that, Harrison furrowed his brows slightly. "I've seen the information about it. But I remember it is used for hearts with diseases. Could it be used to replace a heart's function?"

Arielle shook her head slightly and then nodded again. "Initially, it couldn't. But I've asked Vinson to modify it according to my instruction. It should be done at any minute now. That's why I have to begin the open-chest surgery now. As soon as the robotic pacemaker is completed, I'll install it into him right away."

"A-Are you sure you can do it?" Harrison stared at Arielle skeptically.

She seems younger than the lead surgeon.

Arielle nodded. "I'll do my best."

Right then, Carter also nodded fervently. "Old Mr. Jupiter, you can count on her. She's the best doctor I've ever seen."

Upon hearing that, only then did Harrison heave a sigh of relief.

But still, he let out a warning. "If you fail the surgery, I'll kill you!"

That was indeed his catch-phrase which Queenie also got intimidated before.

Queenie's heart skipped a beat as she heard him say it again.

She would not dare to conduct the surgery if she were Arielle.

And what modification is she talking about? I've never heard the robotic pacemaker can be used to replace a real heart. It's merely a supporting aid. If she fails, Old Mr. Jupiter would never let her off. Fine. Maybe I should let her bear the responsibility since she volunteers for it. It won't be my fault if anything happens.

With that in mind, Queenie walked over to Harrison. "Old Mr. Jupiter, I'm confident in this surgery too. But since Ms. Moore's skills are better than mine, I'll let her

conduct it.”



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Upon hearing that, Harrison warned Arielle again, "Please don't make any mistake. I'll never forgive you if you did!"

Arielle feigned a frustrated look at Harrison. "As long as you don't interrupt me and delay the surgery, I promise the surgery will be successful."

In the emergency room, every second counts. And we've wasted a lot of time because of him.

Harrison was dumbfounded as Arielle did not seem to fear him at all.

However, with Arielle's confidence, his anger finally seemed to fade. As such, he left everything in Arielle's hands.

Meanwhile, Jared cast a bizarre look at Arielle. It's the first time I saw Grandpa give in to young people like her.

By then, Arielle had already put on her sterile gloves, totally ignoring Harrison.

Jared's jaw dropped upon seeing that.

She doesn't fear Grandpa at all! How could she be so bold? Queenie's a good doctor too, yet she never dares to guarantee success for such an operation.

With that, he was eager to witness how Arielle would be able to perform a miraculous surgery.

The chance of success was less than one percent.

Meanwhile, Queenie was waiting casually as Arielle slowly began the surgery.

Jared left the scene shortly after, as he could not bear to see the bloody scene.

On the other hand, Harrison, who had gotten used to blood, closely observed the surgery.

In the blink of an eye, the open-chest surgery was completed.

Arielle began to check the heart's condition. If the condition was not as bad as she predicted, maybe they could avoid using the robotic pacemaker. After all, a robotic pacemaker could not compare to a real heart.

But after the checking, her gaze darkened.

The damage is worse than I expected. It would take at least two years for the heart to recover.

Fortunately, she had donated ten robotic pacemakers to the Rocher Private Hospital last time. If not, it would be too late for Sann Group to send one.

Right at the moment, Vinson entered the emergency room with the robotic pacemaker he had modified.

Harrison walked over to Vinson as soon as he stepped in. "Vin, what robot is she talking about? Have you completed it? Are you sure it can work?"

Vinson was slightly bewildered to see Harrison was still in the room.

He nodded slightly. “Arielle gave me the program. I inserted the program and modified a few parts. Fortunately, it just so happens that Jordan and I are both good at this, so we managed to complete it in time.”

Just when Harrison was about to open his mouth again, Arielle urged mercilessly, “Old Mr. Jupiter, please stop wasting my time.”

Harrison choked on his words upon hearing that.

Vinson nodded slightly toward Harrison and walked over to Arielle.

“Mr. Nightshire!”

Just then, Queenie started to provoke, “I've been looking at this robotic pacemaker since it got listed on the market. It can never replace a human heart. Do you want to reconsider it? After all, it's Mr. Jupiter's life we're talking about here.”

Vinson immediately frowned upon hearing that.

Before he could open his mouth, Arielle's voice emerged again. “Vinson, please give it to me.”

“Okay.” Vinson ignored Queenie and passed the robotic pacemaker to Arielle.

Arielle checked it and performed sterilization on it.

Without any delay, she installed it into Harvey.

Suddenly, the ECG monitor sounded an alarm.



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Beep...

The beeping sound seemed extremely loud inside the quiet emergency room.

“W-What's wrong? Harvey! You can't die earlier than me!”

Harrison anxiously strode toward the operation bed.

But after he took a step, Arielle cast a hostile gaze at him, as though she was saying: Don't you dare to come close!

Harrison felt a blow in his heart upon seeing Arielle's expression.

“Old Mr. Jupiter, don't worry. Arielle won't let anything happen to Harvey. I can guarantee that with my life.”

After handing over the robotic pacemaker, Vinson had stood over to Harrison's side.

He did not know a thing about medical, but he would not let anyone disturb Arielle.

Harrison had no choice but to comply as cold sweat dripped from his forehead.

After all, he only had two grandsons. And compared to Jared, who got sent overseas to study, Harvey, who had been keeping his company in the military, was his most precious one.

If anything were to happen to Harvey, Harrison would not be able to hold on.

It was such irony that he could take lives in war, yet he was utterly helpless when it came to saving a life.

All he could do was to rely on a young lady.

Harrison cast a glance at Arielle. Her expression was extraordinarily stern, and her hands did not stop working.

He had never entrusted young people with an important task like this one. He did not know why, but he seemed to feel secure, staring at Arielle.

Maybe it's because I've never come across someone who doesn't fear me at all. She's one of a kind!

As such, time passed by slowly.

Sweat began to break out of Arielle's forehead, and her lips turned pale.

All of a sudden, a flat line appeared on the ECG monitor.

Harrison's eyes widened in bewilderment.

He did not know anything medical, but he knew what that meant.

It'll only become a flat line when one dies!

He froze on the spot, and his mind went blank.

Is he gone? Is my grandson gone?

Queenie stared at the ECG monitor while her lips secretly curled into a smile.

As expected, the operation failed.

She got overwhelmed with excitement, and she did not even bother to check on Harvey's body. "Arielle, I've told you that a human heart could not be replaced with a robot! Why didn't you listen to me? You're a doctor. How could you treat the patient's life as a game? You don't deserve to be a doctor!"

After Queenie finished her sentence, Harrison slowly regained his senses.

Filled with rage, he wanted to hit Arielle with his walking stick.

You b*tch! You killed my grandson!"

"You're going to pay for this..."

But the second Harrison lifted his walking stick, a firm hand grabbed it right away.

"Old Mr. Jupiter, Arielle is with me. No one is allowed to touch her without my permission. Not even you."

"You..." Harrison stomped his feet in exasperation.

Right then, Arielle uttered, “What are you guys doing? Didn't the surgery end successfully?”

Harrison was stunned again as he displayed a confused look. “What're you saying? Isn't he dead?”



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“Of course not.” Arielle furrowed her brows as she cast a side glance at Queenie. “Please don't listen to someone else's nonsense. The surgery is successful. He will be able to wake up after the anesthetic effect passes.”

“But...” Harrison still could not wrap his head around it. “Hasn't the ECG monitor become a flat line?”

Arielle explained patiently, “Indeed, his heart has stopped beating. He's depending on the robotic pacemaker now. So there's no conflict.”

“Really? That's great to know! Thank God!”

Harrison leaped in joy, throwing aside his walking stick. Tears of joy flowed down his cheeks.

Vinson reminded faintly beside him, “You should be thanking Arielle. She's the one who saved him.”

Harrison nodded right away. “That's right. Your name is Arielle, right? I apologize for my behavior. I was worried about my grandson. Name your price. I'll give you anything you want!”

“It's fine.” Arielle sounded exhausted. “There are still two bullets in his arms. If you don't mind, please wait outside now and stop disturbing the surgery in the emergency room.”

“Sure, sure!” Harrison nodded obediently. With that, he picked up his walking stick and walked out.

He could not wait to tell Jared about the good news.

After Harrison left, Arielle shifted her attention back to Harvey.

She had to take out those bullets in his arms before they left any after effect.

Ignoring everything in the surroundings, she focused on the surgery.

Nonetheless, Vinson and Carter, who were still in the room, did not forget what Queenie said to mislead Harrison just now.

Vinson cast a cold glare at Queenie without saying anything.

At that instance, Queenie's heart fell with a thud.

The color drained from her face as her body trembled incessantly.

The surgery was a success? The chance was less than one percent, yet she did it in less than an hour? What kind of magic is this? It's impossible!

“That's impossible!” Queenie pointed her finger at Arielle. “You must be lying! The surgery couldn't have possibly succeeded!”

Arielle had no time to react to Queenie.

At that moment, Carter sneered fiercely, “Queenie,

that's enough!”

Queenie froze on the spot with fright.

Carter's wrathful expression was even scarier than just now, as though he was going to tear her apart.

“Mr. Morgan...”

“Stop calling me. I want nothing to do with a heartless human like you.”

Queenie's eyes widened in terror.

“What do you mean by that?”

“I should be the one asking you that.” Carter leaned toward Queenie. “A doctor should be happy over a successful surgery. But what was your reaction? Not only did you not believe it, but you also looked happy thinking that Harvey had died. Do you think you deserve to be a doctor?”

“T-That's not what I meant. I just didn't know that—”

“Enough! Just cut the crap. I have no right to judge you, though, because I'm not your patient. But you're no longer a doctor of Rocher Private Hospital from now on. And none of the hospitals under Morgan Enterprise will ever hire you. Get lost!”

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“Are you firing me?” Queenie could not believe her ears.

I'm a doctor that every patient longs for. Is he going to chase me out just because I said a few wrong things?

Carter stared at Queenie, his face devoid of expression. “That's right. Get out of my sight right now. Pack your stuff and leave. Don't ever let me see you again in this hospital.”

Queenie's eyes widened in fright. Her mind went blank as her heart fell with a thud.

Vinson approached her. “What are you waiting for? Do you want me to call the security to escort you out?”

Staring at Queenie reminded him about what happened to Donovan last time. If it were not for the sake of Arielle's reputation, he would have let the Specialized Forces put Queenie in prison.

The color drained from Queenie's face as she stomped out of the emergency room in embarrassment.

After she left the emergency room, she tried hard to recollect herself.

It's all right. Even if I leave Rocher Private Hospital, there will still be many hospitals wanting to hire me.

As long as I tell the public that I resigned out of my will, maybe Mr. Hurrell from General Hospital would even approach me with a job. Who knows, I might end

up becoming an assistant director or something?

Queenie tried to persuade herself that getting fired was not a bad thing.

After all, there were too many doctors here in Rocher Private Hospital, so it would not be easy to get promoted.

However, when she was heading to her office to pack her stuff, a bunch of bodyguards in black blocked her way.

“Who are you guys?”

Recoiling in fear, Queenie took a few steps back.

The next second, those bodyguards stood into two lines.

Queenie was startled to see Harrison standing at the end of the lines.

Harrison took out a pistol from his pocket and pointed right at her forehead.

“No!” Queenie was beyond terrified upon seeing that.

With a bang, Queenie collapsed to the ground.

“Huh?” Harrison approached her with an amused look. He stared at Queenie, who had fainted out, and shifted his gaze toward the toy gun in his hand. “What a useless coward!”

It's Jadeborough here, not a battlefield. How would I possibly shoot a woman in public? Haha. You're no match at all with that female doctor in the emergency room.

Harrison shook his head and instructed the bodyguard, "Cast her out."

"Yes!" With that, the bodyguards carried Queenie away without any hesitation.

The patients and doctors at the scene were left speechless as they saw Queenie getting carried out in such a gesture.

"What's going on?"

"Isn't that Dr. Mill? Did she offend someone?"

"I guess most probably she has failed to treat some patient!"

"What? That's unbelievable..."

Back at the emergency room entrance, Jared, who had no idea what happened, confronted Harrison. "Grandpa, why did you scare a doctor off like that? And why would you chase her out?"

"What doctor? She doesn't deserve to be one! I'm not a fool. I could see that she had no confidence to save Harvey at all. D*mn her!"

The moment Harrison finished cursing, the emergency

room light turned green.

As such, the surgery was completed.



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Harrison and Jared ignored Queenie as they took steps forward.

Harvey, whose body was covered with injuries, was pushed out, and he was still unconscious.

Before Harrison could say anything, Arielle uttered, “The anesthesia will still be in effect for another hour, but he'll have to stay in ICU for the next two days. No visitors. If anyone wants to visit him, they'll have to put on scrubs.”

Harrison would revere anything Arielle said, so he hastily nodded. “Of course, of course.”

Harvey was soon brought into the sterile ICU. Harrison was anxious to see his grandson, so he quickly put on scrubs and visited Harvey.

Jared entered the ward as well, but he only stayed for a while before leaving to look for Arielle.

However, even after scouring the entire hospital, he found no signs of Arielle. Right then, Vinson exited from a ward, and Jared hurried over to him. “Vin, where's my sister-in-law?”

The so-called sister-in-law Jared was talking about was Harvey's future wife, but Vinson thought he was calling Arielle his sister-in-law because he thought of them as brothers.

He smiled, but when he thought about Arielle's condition, he grimaced. “She's exhausted and a little

dehydrated, so she's getting a drip inside.”

Jared froze. “When my brother wakes, I'll have to tell him that she's the one who saved him and to get him to marry her right away.”

With that said, Jared stepped aside to enter the room.

However, he only managed to take a step into the ward before a hand pulled him out of the room again.

When Jared turned around, he realized that it was Vinson pulling him.

The look on Vinson's face was terrifying, to say the least. Even the temperature of their surroundings seemed to have dropped to sub-zeros.

Shocked and confused, he asked, “What's the matter, Vin?”

Vinson fixed his furious gaze on Jared and questioned, “Why did you call Arielle your sister-in-law?”

Completely unaware of what landmines he was treading on, Jared said, “That's because she and Harvey are mutually in love. They're going to marry eventually, so I've started to call her my sister-in-law.”

“They're going to marry? Arielle and Harvey?”

“That's right...” Jared trailed off when he lifted his head to see the murderous look in Vinson's eyes. He gulped before stammering out, “W-What's the matter?”

A fire of fury was burning brightly in Vinson's chest, almost visible to the naked eye.

He took a deep breath, only to realize that he could not suppress it at all. Hence, he shot out his hand to grab Jared's collar and hissed out, "Brat, listen well now. Arielle's indeed your sister-in-law, but she'll never be Harvey's wife. Never!"

Jared's eyes widened, but still, he could not comprehend Vinson's words.

"Why do you say that? Our family doesn't mind the girl's status. When I was in the ICU earlier, I sneakily asked Grandpa about Arielle, and it seems like he has quite a good impression of her. It's the first time I've heard him praise a girl non-stop."

"Ha," Vinson barked out. "If you don't get it, then I'll just be straightforward with you. I've married Arielle. She's mine, and she can only be mine."

Jared's eyes widened even more when he heard that.

"Wha—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Vinson fished out an item from his pocket and showed it to Jared. Then, in a solemn voice, he said, "You're in luck that I've brought my marriage certificate today. If you still don't believe in my words, you can have a look at it yourself."

With shaking hands, Jared took the two certificates and

scrutinized them. Finally, he realized that Arielle was indeed married to Vinson.

The printing on the marriage certificates was clear, so it was obvious that they were not faked. Moreover, it was not like Vinson had the need to make fake marriage certificates.

At that second, Jared felt as if someone had drained all his strength from his body.

His genius sister-in-law had been taken by another man.



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When Vinson saw the expression on Jared's face, he felt a weight had lifted from his chest.

Everything was truly a coincidence. Earlier in the day, he had gone to transfer several properties under her name, and that was why he had their marriage certificates with him.

He never thought it would come to use at the hospital.

“All right.” Vinson patted Jared's shoulder. “It's irreversible, so don't dwell on it. There's no need for you to visit Arielle either. I'll watch over my wife myself.”

Jared nodded stiffly before leaving, and his eyes were still clouded over in a haze of shock.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Arielle had no idea what had transpired outside. She only heard Jared's voice.

When Vinson re-entered the room, she said, “I think I heard Jared's voice earlier. Is he not coming in?”

Vinson nodded. “He suddenly recalled having other things to do, so he took his leave first.”

Arielle hummed quietly in response. After a beat, she muttered, “He shouldn't keep staying in the hospital. Harvey's mostly fine now, and the nurses will take care of him in the ICU. Instead of staying in the hospital, he should take the opportunity to learn.

At that, Vinson raised a brow. “I wonder why he

suddenly dropped the idea of joining the army and said that he wanted to study instead.”

“He's thinking of getting into Maxwell University,” Arielle started as she looked toward the doorway.

“Honestly, he's talented and smart. If he were to put in more effort, I'm sure he won't have any troubles enrolling into Maxwell University.”

As Vinson adjusted the blanket on Arielle, he pointed out, “This isn't the time for you to worry about anyone else. First and foremost, you should be worrying about yourself. Be good and close your eyes to rest. You'll be fine by tomorrow.”

Indeed, Arielle was exhausted. Without saying anything else, she closed her eyes. In minutes, she fell asleep.

Vinson gently tucked her exposed arm under the blanket. Then, he took out his phone and began going through his emails while making sure that the bag of fluid was not running out any time soon.

Soon, night arrived.

Queenie, who had been tossed out of the hospital, woke.

What's going on? Wasn't I shot dead? Why am I still alive?

Queenie hurriedly lifted her arm to touch her forehead, and she realized that there was no wound there at all; there was only a small swollen bump.

Immediately, Queenie came to the realization that she had been tricked by Harrison.

“D*mn it!” she cursed as she climbed to her feet. After dusting her clothes, she turned on her phone.

Right as the screen lit up, her phone rang.

It was a call from Cornelius Mill.

When she saw the caller ID, she smacked her thigh in frustration.

D*mn it! I have forgotten all about the family meal!

If I had known early on that taking on Harvey's surgery would not only not bring any benefits to me, but even make Harrison and Carter chase me out of the hospital, then I would've gone home for the family meal instead.

Gritting her teeth, Queenie came to a decision.

No matter what, she was going to become the head of the Mill family.

Once she was the head of the family, she would not need to care about Rocher Private Hospital or General Hospital anymore.

She was going to lead the Mills to glorious days and make Vinson and Carter regret ever treating her like they did earlier in the day.

Queenie then promptly answered the call. “Hey, Cor.”

As usual, Cornelius' voice was gentle.

“Were you in a surgery earlier?”

Queenie hummed in affirmation before saying, “It just ended, so I didn't pick up the call until now. I'm sorry. Cor, could you apologize to Dad on my behalf? I didn't mean to be late.”



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“It's fine. Dad guessed that you must be working on a surgery too,” Cornelius told her. “The patient takes priority. We've saved some of the meal for you and my brother-in-law, so take your time. Don't overwork yourself.”

“All right, Cor.” Once Queenie ended the call, the soft look on her face dissipated.

Her elder brother was good in everything but ancient Chanaean medicine—he had little talent in it. Therefore, someone like him would not be able to bring the family back to the glorious days they used to have.

She, Queenie, was the best choice for the head of the family. However, she could only hope that her father would not make the same choice as before—he had handed Silverbirch Hospital to Cornelius to manage.

The moment she became the head of the family, the first thing she was going to do was to get back Silverbirch Hospital.

Gritting her teeth, Queenie then called Donovan as she returned to the hospital to grab her things.

Unfortunately, Donovan never picked up the call, and she could do nothing but shove her phone back into her pocket in frustration as she continued her way into the hospital.

In a way, the hospital was a small place. Without needing to think much about it, she was sure that everyone would have heard about what happened to her

in the operating room.

Not wanting to suffer the odd looks from others, Queenie avoided the main entrance; she entered the building via the inpatient department's entrance before heading to her office.

Nevertheless, just as she was done packing and was about to leave the office, she heard the voices of two nurses outside.

Startled, she glanced around before tensing up and scurrying under the desk to hide.

The two nurses did not notice that someone else was in the office. As they chatted away, they went to their seats.

Right as Queenie was anxiously wondering when they would leave, she abruptly heard one of them mentioning her.

“Hey, have you heard about what happened to Dr. Mill in the operating room?”

“Duh. It's all over the hospital. I never thought Dr. Mill was someone like that. Say, what conflict do you think she has with Arielle? Arielle saved the patient, but it sounded like Dr. Mill was displeased with how she saved the patient. I wonder what happened between them.”

“Maybe it is nothing major. I've realized early on that Dr. Mill's quite a jealous person. Maybe she's jealous

that a cafe ambassador has better medical skills than she does.”

“Maybe you're right. Wow. You really can't judge a book by its cover.”

“Arielle really is the goddess of my heart. She's pretty and amazing. Not only has she donated ten expensive robotic pacemakers to our hospital, but she has impressive operating skills. I've heard things from the doctors who had been at the surgery. That surgery was doomed to fail. The success rate of it had been close to zero!”

“Wow, that means she revived the guy, right? Unbelievable!”

“No wonder Mr. Morgan wanted Arielle to take over Dr. Mill. From now on, Dr. Mill's position is essentially Arielle's.”

“She's not really taking over her position. Mr. Morgan only invited her here to treat this one patient. She'll only be coming once in a while, so she's not the same as Dr. Mill.”

It was hot and stuffy under the desk, so when she overheard the two nurses' conversation, she nearly lost control and darted out to shout at them.

Is it that fun to talk behind people's backs?

Gossipmongers!

Right then, the signal went off, and the two nurses swiftly leaped to their feet.

“It's from the eleventh bed. Quick, let's go!”

The two hurried away.

Once their footsteps could no longer be heard, Queenie finally climbed out from under the desk.

There was a mirror on her desk, and when she rose to her full height, she saw how disheveled she looked.

“D*mn it!” She smacked her fists on the desk, but the loud sound alarmed her. Fearing that someone would notice her presence, she quickly slinked out of the office with her things.

Just as she was about to step out of the room, she turned around to look at her desk again.



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So this desk is going to be Arielle's soon, huh?

Fine. Isn't she famous on the internet because of her looks? I'll make sure she'll get a face no one ever dares to look at!

Queenie then began scavenging through her suitcase. Soon, she found a bottle of light yellow powder, and she evenly scattered it across the desk.

Her desk was different from the others as she had custom-made it. The desk was made with figured elm wood.

Once the powder fell into the grooves, it was camouflaged. Without a closer look, no one would notice it.

Just a little contact with the powder would make one's skin itch and rot. Without a special kind of antidote, the skin would be disfigured permanently.

Queenie coldly smirked. When she fantasized about how disfigured Arielle was going to be, her spirits lifted.

With an arrogant scoff, she took her suitcase and sneaked out of the office.

After leaving the hospital, Queenie tried calling Donovan again.

Nevertheless, no one picked up.

Darn it! What the hell is Donovan doing?

Has he forgotten everything I've told him this afternoon?

Just as Queenie was about to storm her way to the school, Donovan suddenly called back.

The fury in her dissipating, she asked, "Why didn't you pick up my call just now?"

"I was showering," came his curt reply, but somehow it sounded alluring to Queenie's ears.

All of a sudden, she thought about that long night they had when they were under the influence of drugs.

She had to admit that Donovan was indeed great in bed, and she was starting to miss it.

Clearing her throat, Queenie then subconsciously softened her tone and said, "Sorry. I had a last-minute surgery, so I was late. Do I come to school to pick you up now?"

Despite her softened tone, Donovan's voice remained cold. "I'll give you half an hour. If you don't come in half an hour, I'm going back to sleep."

"All right. I'll be there in half an hour."

With that said, Queenie ran to the parking lot.

Meanwhile, Donovan was surprised. The truth was that

no matter how long Queenie asked him to wait for her, he would still wait for her. After all, he was not as powerful as her in this relationship, and Queenie could drag him down to hell any time she wanted.

Why is she suddenly so nice?

Donovan shook his head and told himself not to dwell on meaningless things like those. Then, he picked up the hairdryer and began drying his hair.

An hour later, Queenie's car came to a stop in front of the Mill residence.

The Mill residence was a relatively big courtyard house, and the entire place was worth over a hundred million.

The house would belong to whoever the head of the family was.

On her way there, Queenie kept talking about what benefits they would get once she was the head of the family, but Donovan had no interest in it.

When the car stopped, he immediately stepped out of it and walked away.

It's a family meal. All I need to do is to show my face. Let's just get this over with as soon as possible.

“Donovan!” Queenie cried out before pointing at the trunk. “Don't go in empty-handed. You have to be serious in putting on this show with me.”

Donovan then turned around to see the gift boxes of various sizes in the trunk.

Then, Queenie said, “These are bought according to every family member's preference. When we go in, I'll say that you're the one who bought it. If you don't know what to say, I'll say them on your behalf, but you'll have to carry them.”

“Got it,” Donovan grumbled as he took the gifts.

Meanwhile, Queenie only had a bag on the crook of her elbow as she hooked her other arm around Donovan's intimately.



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Instinctively, Donovan struggled to pry her off. However, Queenie lowered her voice and warned, “You know how important it is for me to become the head of the family, so do well to cooperate with me.”

Donovan gritted his teeth, but in the end, he forced himself to play along with Queenie as they entered the compound.

The Mill residence had been built a long time ago, but it had undergone a renovation a while ago. Therefore, there were no cracks to be seen. Instead, it was as elegant as ever.

The Mills were in the drawing room in the main house.

Furthermore, distant relatives of the Mill family were there as well.

With a bright smile on her face and Donovan by her side, Queenie said, “Dad, I'm home.”

“You're finally home.” Abraham Mill stood up and smiled at Donovan. “You must be Don.”

Donovan nodded. Then, with Queenie's constant staring, he greeted, “Dad.”

“Yes, hello there!” Abraham exclaimed in delight before pulling Cornelius over to let the two young men chat.

After a while, Queenie said, “Dad, Don has brought gifts for you all. Don, don't just keep holding to them.

You can put them down.”

Donovan hummed in response and did as she said.

When Queenie's aunts heard that they had gifts, they began showering Donovan with praises.

Like them, Cornelius and Abraham were satisfied with Donovan. The young man was tall, and he was a university teacher who had graduated from Maxwell University. His future was a bright one.

“Come and sit,” Abraham said as he pulled a chair over.

After saying his thanks, Donovan sat down.

“No need for pleasantries. We're a family. Queenie's mother had passed on early, but I'm sure she'd be delighted to see you too.” Abraham's eyes slowly reddened as he spoke.

Queenie's mother had died in a plane crash, and Abraham had been traumatized by it. From then on, he had not taken a plane, nor did he ever leave Jadeborough.

That was why the Mill family's power was weakening during his generation's ruling.

Power was maintained with effort. Without visible effort, the family was doomed to collapse.

That was why the Mills were in a hurry to find a new head of the family.

Donovan flashed him a small consoling smile but said nothing otherwise.

Queenie then chuckled and said, “We wanted to say hi, but you know that we've been busy. Don and I had been overwhelmed with silencing those netizens and our marriage. Moreover, both of us have busy jobs. That's why it took us so long to meet you all.”

“It's fine, it's fine. I'm an easy-going person, and you know that,” Abraham said.

Feeling at ease, Queenie then looked around the drawing room and said, “Where's the younger one? Don found out that he was still studying, so he bought him a rather expensive pen.”

“It's not the weekend, so he's doing his revision right now,” Abraham said before standing up. “Salvador, take Don on a trip around the house. Also, tidy up Queenie's room and prepare a set of toiletries for Don. Queenie, Cornelius, come with me to the study. I have something to say to the both of you.”

Queenie tensed up.

Here comes the highlight. Dad must be going to talk about the selection of the head of the family.

Queenie balled her fists. After glancing at Donovan, she then walked toward the study with Abraham.

The study was decorated with vintage decor, and the flame in the diffuser was burning bright.

After Queenie's mother died, Abraham no longer slept in the bedroom. Instead, he slept in the study every night.

He had trouble sleeping. The only way he could sleep was through the use of aromatherapy.

“Since only the two of you are here, I'll be direct with my words. Queenie, Cornelius, I've decided to step down as the head of the family this year,” Abraham started. “However, I'd like to make a different choice this time.”



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Abraham glanced at Queenie and continued, “Cornelius has already heard about this, so I'd like to hear about your opinion.”

Confounded, Queenie slowly nodded. “Please continue, Dad.”

“I'd like to broaden the scope for the selection of the head of the family this time.”

Instantly, Queenie's eyes twitched as she thought about her younger brother, Francis Mill.

Due to familial pressures, Abraham married another woman after Queenie's mother's death, and that was when they had Francis Mill.

Although her stepmother treated her like her own daughter and Queenie had treated the woman as her mother and that she had begun to forget bits of memories of her biological mother, she was somewhat displeased with Francis.

However, Francis had never learned anything medical at all. He could not even recognize herbs. He would be of no threat to her even if he were to join the selection of the next head of the family.

Queenie nodded. “I understand. Let Francis join in. I don't mind.”

Abraham lifted his head and said, “That isn't what I mean. Only the ones who are older than eighteen can join, and that's a rule that'll never change.”

“Then what do you mean?”

“I meant expanding the scope. Not only will the members' extended family with talent be able to join, but outsiders who are talented can join as well.”

Queenie's eyes widened.

“Dad, are you telling me that we're allowing a random outsider to become the head of the family? Have you gone mad?”

Abraham frowned. “I never said the pick will be random. I'll be mulling over the choices.”

“I disagree with this!” Queenie uttered. “The Mill family has been around for a hundred years. How can we possibly let an outsider be the head of the family? Cor, say something! You can't just let Dad do as he pleases!”

“Queenie,” Cornelius yelled with a warning tone, “I think Dad has the right idea to pick someone talented without limiting it only the Mills. That way, we can find someone who's truly capable of bringing our family down a better path.”

Queenie wanted to voice her objections again, but Abraham uttered, “I've made up my mind, and I've already been searching for potential participants. So far, I've found five. Before the start of the next month, I'll invite them to the Mill residence to join the selection, and I'll be the one to come up with the topic. Queenie, if you're anxious about this, perhaps it will do you good to

start preparing for it.”

Biting down on her lower lip, Queenie spun around and left.

Insane! Both of them are out of their minds! They'd rather let an outsider become the head of the family than let me take on the role.

What have I done to make them not pick me?

As she stormed down the corridor, she called Donovan.

“We're leaving. I'll be waiting for you at the door.”

After ending the call, just as she was about to leave the place, her stepmother, Barbara, walked over.

She liked daughters, but she had only given birth to a son. That was why she adored Queenie.

“Hm? Queenie, I heard that Don's here. Why don't you lead me to him? As far as I remember, I've only seen Don twice.”

Still in a foul mood, Queenie snapped, “Next time. I'm leaving now.”

“Leaving? Are you not going to stay for the night?”

Just as those words left Barbara's mouth, Queenie's figure disappeared around the corner.

Barbara inhaled sharply, but in the end, she shook her

head and walked toward the study.

After a while of being in the car, Queenie finally calmed down.

Even if outsiders get to join in the selection, I still have a high chance of winning. I'm a great doctor.

With that thought in mind, Queenie exhaled slowly and relaxed her tensed muscles.

It's a good thing to leave Rocher Private Hospital. I get to concentrate on preparing for the selection.

In a blink of an eye, the next day arrived.

That day was the first monthly test of the preparatory class.



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