

The first test was at half-past nine in the morning.

Early at seven in the morning, the students of the preparatory class had reached their classroom and started revising.

It was the same for Wendy.

She knew that her grades for the monthly tests would be the make or break for her qualification for Maxwell University's advanced test, and that was why she was much more serious with the test than her classmates.

After a round of revision, Wendy turned to glance at Arielle's seat and saw that it was still empty.

It seems like she doesn't even want to take this test.

At that thought, Wendy found herself sighing in relief.

Arielle's earlier performance in class was stressful and threatening to Wendy. Thus, it was good news to her that Arielle was giving up on the test.

Gritting her teeth, Wendy cheered for herself inwardly before returning to her revision.

Right as she read the first line of the text, a commotion broke out in the classroom.

“The transfer student's here!”

“He's going to take the first monthly tests, right? I heard he's from Maxwell University. Maybe he'll be a dark

horse!”

Wendy whipped her head to the side to look at the doorway.

She then saw Aaron ambling into the classroom before walking toward the students on the first row. “Hey, is Arielle here yet?”

“Not yet,” one of them answered. “It's test day today. Aaron, are you taking the test too?”

“Test?” Aaron shook his head, completely disinterested. “I'm not keen on boring things like these. How many days will your tests be?”

“Two.”

“Okay.” Aaron nodded appreciatively. “I'll be back on Monday then.”

With that said, he turned and left the classroom.

There was a complicated look in Wendy's eyes.

That guy... He always comes to school, but he always asks the same question before leaving.

What kind of relationship does Arielle have with him?

Aaron's appearance disrupted Wendy's thoughts, and it took her seemingly forever to refocus on her books.

Yet, not long after she started, Donovan entered the

classroom.

“Put your books into the drawers and turn your tables around. We'll be starting the test soon.”

At that, the students in the classroom sighed, for they were all nervous.

“Is everyone here?” Donovan asked Wendy.

Wendy, the class representative of the preparatory class, shook her head. “Arielle, Jared, and Henry aren't here yet, but the others have all arrived.”

“Ignore them. Jared and Henry have transferred to another class. As for Arielle...” Donovan trailed off darkly. “Don't go over your materials for the last half an hour. Keep your mind clear and relax a bit at the corridors.”

“All right, Mr. Baxter.” Wendy nodded before leading the others out of the classroom.

What was most important when the tests were about to begin was to keep a calm demeanor.

Once she was outside, Wendy took in a deep breath and looked at the horizon.

No matter what, I have to be in the first place for this month's test.

As Arielle had been absent recently, the other students in the class were starting to ask her for help with the

subjects.

If she were to come out as the first place in the tests, not only would she be able to take Maxwell University's advanced test, but her classmates would also see her in a different light.

Although she had done some unfavorable acts in the past, she had not done anything horrendous. Grades were still what was most important to the students in the preparatory class.

Wendy clenched her fists.

Finally, it was half-past nine.



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“Everyone, enter the classroom. The papers will now be distributed,” came Donovan's voice as the students scurried to their seats.

Donovan had adjusted the tables in the classroom to make sure that each table was kept a distance away from another. That was to prevent students from peeking at their classmates' answers.

Trisha was the last to enter the room.

Noticing Arielle's absence and hearing Donovan's urgings, she rushed into the restroom to call Arielle.

The call went through, but Vinson was the one to speak.

“Hello?”

The man's voice took Trisha aback, but she quickly recomposed herself and asked, “May I know if Arielle is around?”

“She's sleeping. Is something the matter?”

“It's the first monthly test today. Is Arielle not going to come for the test? She told me she was coming.”

“I understand. I'll tell her that.”

“Thank you.” With that, Trisha ended the call and ran back to the classroom.

Donovan berated her for being late for two minutes, but he limited it to a few seconds before sending her back to

her seat.

Narrowing her eyes, Wendy glanced at Trisha.

I'm sure she must have gone to call Arielle.

Still, it's too late. It'll take Arielle at least half an hour to reach school, and Mr. Baxter just has already said that anyone who's late for ten minutes won't be allowed to take the test.

There's no way she'll make it in time.

Wendy smirked, and she lowered her head to continue doing her test.

The first test was Chanaean, and it was of average difficulty. To Wendy, it was as easy as ABC.

Meanwhile, in a ward at Rocher Private Hospital, Vinson entered the ward after picking up the call outside.

It was rather dark in the ward, and he had picked up the call in time to avoid the ringtone from waking Arielle. Thus, Arielle was still asleep when he returned.

After a moment of hesitation, he woke her up.

“Sannie, wake up.”

Usually, Arielle was a light sleeper. However, the Wilhelm couple's aromatherapy, as well as the exhaustion from the day before, made her sleep like a

log.

Vinson had to call her thrice before Arielle slowly came to the waking world.

“What's wrong?” she groggily asked.

“Trisha called you,” Vinson said, gritting out Trisha's name. “She asked if you're going for the test.”

“The test!” Arielle bolted upright. “Darn it! I'd forgotten about the test. What time is it now?”

“Thirty-five minutes past nine.”

“Thirty-five minutes... It'll take me half an hour to get there,” Arielle calculated out loud. Then, she shook her head and lay back down. “Forget it, then. I'll sleep for a little longer. After all, the first test is Chanaean.”

It was not as if she would score well in Chanaean. She might as well sleep until it was time for her to head to the afternoon test.

Vinson smiled lovingly at her. “Since you're awake, why don't you have some breakfast before going back to sleep? I've ordered some toasts for you, and I'm sure they'll be here soon.”

“All right.” Arielle stretched lazily before getting up to wash up.

After a night's rest, she was more or less rejuvenated.

I'll sleep for a little longer after breakfast. Then, I'll check on Harvey. After that, I'll have lunch before going to school. Yes, that sounds like a good plan.

While Arielle leisurely ate breakfast with Vinson, the students in the preparatory class were busy scribbling answers down on their test papers.

Time went by in a blink of an eye. Soon, the Chanaean test was over.

When Wendy stepped out of the classroom, her face was pale.

At the start, she thought the test was of average difficulty, but near the end, it was then she found out she was wrong.

At most, she would be able to score eighty for the Chanaean test. However, the full marks were a hundred and fifty. That was how difficult it had been.



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Wendy let a tired sigh leave her.

All of a sudden, she noticed her two classmates chatting behind her.

“I'm going crazy! This Chanaean test is so hard, and it's probably the worst Chanaean paper I've ever seen. It isn't even testing Chanaean anymore! Instead, this is just a philosophy paper!”

“I agree! The front part was still all right, but the back part was horrible. I could understand every word when they were separated, but they were all alien to me when they were in a sentence. I'm so scared of papers like these.”

“We're doomed. It'll be such a blessing if I can even get a seventy for this test.”

When Wendy heard them, the gloomy clouds above her head finally went away.

Indeed, she could not score high marks due to the paper's difficulty, but that also meant that the others would not score high either.

Therefore, she was rather certain she would still emerge at the top of the class.

The smile returned to Wendy's face.

However, in the afternoon, the smile was gone again.

She stood by the classroom's doorway as she stared at

the girl talking to Trisha in a daze. Fear slowly filled her limbs and weighed them down.

It was Arielle.

She's here.

“It's fine. You're really smart, Trisha. I'm sure you'll do well in the other subjects.” Arielle smiled sweetly at Trisha as she ruffled the latter's hair. “There's no need to be scared when the test is hard. Just remember that if you find it tough, others find it tough too. That way, you'll have a calm mind when you do your test.”

Trisha nodded.

She understood that, but still, she was anxious. The Chanaean test in the morning had horrified her.

Yet, confidence somehow came back to her after hearing Arielle's consolation.

Perhaps it was because Arielle had talent in consoling others.

What Trisha did not know was that Arielle had hypnotized her.

That hypnotization did nothing but calm a person's nerves.

“Arielle,” came a female voice from behind them.

Realizing it was Wendy's voice, Arielle turned around

with a raised brow and asked, “What's the matter?”

The moment the two started talking to each other, the other students in the classroom turned to look at them.

After the incident on the forum, the things that Wendy had done to Arielle in the library, and the translation livestream, everyone had found out that there was something up between the two of them.

At the start, Wendy wanted to mock Arielle, but when she noticed the gazes of the others, she quickly changed her strategy. She smiled and said, “I have a problem I need help with, so I'm wondering if you have the time.”

Not wanting to waste any of her time on Wendy, Arielle snapped, “No.”

With that, she walked off to her seat.

Wendy froze, and the smile on her face slowly faded away. It felt as if embarrassment was exploding from her chest.

She never thought that Arielle would embarrass her in that way; she never thought Arielle would outright reject her.

Frustrated, she gritted her teeth before crying out, “Arielle!”

Arielle stopped, seemingly waiting for her to continue.

Wendy then took a deep breath. “Is this the way you

should be treating your classmate?”

In the next second, Arielle turned around to give Wendy a smile that did not reach her eyes.

“Have you ever seen me treating the others like this? Wendy, you're not my classmate at all.”

At that, she ignored Wendy and closed her eyes when she sat back on her chair.

The anger that thrummed in Wendy's veins made her shake. Right as she was about to question Arielle about it, she heard a guy say, “Wendy, cut your maniacal act out. Why don't you spend the time revising instead? The true smart student's back. Don't you need to work harder?”



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The moment those words left his mouth, the other classmates chimed in.

“That's right. Why won't she think about what's wrong with her instead?”

“Hear, hear. Whether or not Arielle helps you with your question is Arielle's choice. Wendy, you're just forcing it onto her.”

“If I were Arielle, I'd have poured acid on her face after what Wendy had done.”

The students did not care that Wendy was still in the same room at all.

Thus, when Wendy heard their comments, she trembled in rage. However, there was nothing she could do to Arielle.

She could only swear to herself that she had to be at the top of the class.

So what if Arielle's back? She missed out on a test, and that means she'll have to score a hundred and thirty for all the other tests to compensate for the Chanaean paper. I'm sure she won't have a higher grade than me this time.

Right then, Donovan entered with the test papers.

There was someone else who came into the classroom with him—Marcus Brown.

The moment Donovan entered, he spotted Arielle, and his footsteps faltered. If not for Marcus behind him, he would have told Arielle to get out of the class.

Why should I keep her here? She's been absent a week, and she was absent for her first test too.

It took Donovan several deep breaths before he managed to ignore Arielle and continued his way to the front of the classroom. “Students, this test is particularly important to you in another way as well. However, to make sure that it won't affect your moods, I've decided to tell you about it after you're all done with the test.”

After a pause, Donovan continued, “Mr. Brown is paying much attention to our preparatory class' test this time too, so he has come to be an invigilator. I hope that you'll be focusing on your papers to not squander the trust Mr. Brown has in our class. All right, the test begins now, so please return your seats and turn the tables to the side.”

After some shuffling noises, silence enveloped the classroom.

“This paper will be on advanced mathematics. We will be having University Ustranasion tomorrow morning. For tomorrow afternoon, it'll be a paper on physics and chemistry.”

As Donovan informed them about the schedule, he and Marcus handed out the papers.

When Donovan reached Arielle's table, he quietly

warned, "If you're not interested in studying, either lie on the table and sleep, so you won't disturb the others, or leave before the test starts."

Arielle fixed her gaze on Donovan as her lips parted, but in the end, she said nothing as she took the paper and wrote her name on it.

It's pointless wasting my breath on him. I might as well just do the test.

Soon, the papers were all distributed. After Donovan announced the start of the test, all the students hurriedly began filling their papers with answers.

More or less, they were anxious with Marcus around.

Trisha thought she would be nervous as well. To her surprise, she was not.

After taking in a deep breath, she hunched over and began reading the questions.

On the second row, Wendy had lifted her pen and began writing down her answer.

She never expected the first question to be extremely difficult.

By the time she was done with it, ten minutes had passed, much to her shock.

Ten minutes? It was only the first question!

Sweat began beading on Wendy's forehead. She forced herself to focus as she went on to the next question.

Nevertheless, the second question was even tougher than the first, and Wendy could only blink dumbly in bewilderment.

Unable to help it, she glanced at her sides. When she saw the others scratching their heads in confusion, the heart in her throat lowered.

If it was difficult for her, it was difficult for others, which also meant it was even more difficult for Arielle.

Arielle hasn't been coming to school. I'm sure she can't even answer the first question, huh?

Lips curling, Wendy recomposed herself and continued doing her paper.

Meanwhile, in the last row, Arielle had finished the ten multiple-choice questions in ten minutes.

It was indeed rather tough. Otherwise, she would have already been working on the next section.

Right then...



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Marcus walked past Arielle's table.

When he realized that Arielle had finished the multiple-choice questions in ten minutes, he could not help but walk toward Donovan and whisper, "Mr. Baxter, this test is different from the others. Did you not raise the difficulty level of it? If it's too easy and many get a good score, it'll be tough to choose those five people from them."

Confused, Donovan said, "I did raise the difficulty level, especially for the advanced mathematics test. I took many questions from Maxwell University's tests."

Equally confused, Marcus scratched his head. "That's weird..."

"What's the matter?" Donovan wondered out loud.

"It's nothing. Maybe she's just talented," Marcus muttered under his breath before returning to the chair at the back of the classroom.

Donovan swept his eyes across the class. When he saw that many were holding their pens but not writing anything, he rapped on his desk and said, "Listen up. It's a tough paper this time, but you only have the same amount of time as the other tests to complete it. If you come across questions you can't answer, skip them and do the others. Don't keep lingering on the same question and waste your time on that one question only."

Donovan's words were a cold bucket of water that woke Wendy up. She hastily abandoned the second multiple-

choice question to start the next.

Time ticked away. Soon, the advanced mathematics test was over.

“Put down your pens,” Donovan said. “Whoever doesn't will be disqualified from the test. Mr. Brown, please collect their papers.”

“Sure.”

Marcus stood up and began taking the papers, starting from the last row.

Soon, the papers were all with Marcus, and he left the classroom with Donovan.

None of the students in the room was joyous at the end of the test.

Wendy turned to the boy beside her and asked, “Did you finish your paper?”

He shook his head. “No. I just randomly picked an answer for quite a few questions, and I only managed to do three questions of the next section.”

Wendy became at ease when she heard his answer.

The boy beside her was one of the top five students in the class, but even he could only do three questions in the second test. That meant that the other students would do even lesser.

On the other hand, she did four.

Her melancholic mood turned delightful. Right as she was about to stand up and leave the classroom, she saw the boy running toward Arielle.

“Boss, do you remember which answers you chose for the multiple-choice questions? I'd like to see if I've gotten the right ones.”

Almost immediately, the other students swarmed toward Arielle as well.

“Arielle, what was the answer to the first question? Was it one?”

“Did you manage to do the last question in the paper? I didn't even get to read it.”

Everyone was butting into the conversation as they huddled around Arielle.

In the end, the boy was the one to shout, “Stop cutting in line! I was the first to ask. Boss, do you remember what your choices were?”

Arielle nodded. She then uttered, “I do. It was A, C, D...”

Wendy tried to leave, but it was as if her legs were not hers, and her mind was out of her control as it compared Arielle's answers with her own ones.

Six of her questions were the same as Arielle's, but four



were not.

Just then, she heard the boy wailing, “I've only done six right!”

Wendy scowled.

What does he mean? Does he think that Arielle's answers are all right?

Aren't they thinking too highly of her? Don't they know how difficult this paper is?

I really doubt that Arielle will be able to get all of the questions right.

While it was true that she was not certain she had gotten those four right, she was certain that Arielle must have done something wrong somewhere.

Gritting her teeth, Wendy decided to leave. Hence, she raised her foot and went out of the room.



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After hearing the barrage of questions from her classmates, Arielle told them her answers.

Just then, her phone rang. It was a call from Vinson.

Standing up, she then apologetically said, "I'm sorry. I have to go home now. Let's check our answers another time. It's best if we prepare for the Ustranasion test tomorrow. Since the advanced mathematics paper is already over, there's no point dwelling on it."

The students nodded. Embarrassed to keep pestering her, the crowd dispersed.

Arielle then waved at Trisha, who had not been able to squeeze past the crowd earlier. Finally, she had the chance to talk to Arielle. In a disappointed tone, she said, "What do I do? I think I've only gotten six questions right for the multiple-choice section."

"It's fine." Arielle pinched Trisha's chubby cheeks. "This paper was exceptionally tough. Look, even I didn't get to hand in my paper earlier. I only finished the last part of the test two minutes before the time was up."

Trisha narrowed her eyes.

I only did three questions for the second part! Her words aren't making me feel at ease at all.

"Let's go." Arielle pinched her cheeks again. "Thanks for reminding me that today's test day. Let me treat you to dinner and figure out what might be in the

Ustranasion paper tomorrow.”

Trisha's eyes lit up at that.

“Really?”

“Hush now.” Arielle placed her index over her lips.

“We'll continue this talk outside.”

Trisha nodded eagerly before going to the school gates with Arielle.

When the two arrived at the entrance, they noticed a crowd by the gates.

Tilting her head to the side, Trisha wondered, “Is some kind of celebrity here?”

Arielle shook her head. “No, I don't think it's a celebrity.”

“Then who is it?”

“Maybe a fancy little butterfly.”

With a small smile on her face, she then pulled Trisha and walked around the crowd.

Indeed, it was a fancy little butterfly named Vinson, who was in a suit and waiting for her as he leaned on his car.

Vinson was on the phone, and he had a solemn look on his face. Only when Arielle was in front of him, then

did he finally smile and end the call. “Are you done?”

Arielle nodded. “I'd like to take Trisha to Maureen's Kitchen for dinner.”

Vinson's eyes flicked toward Trisha before nodding. “Sure. Hop on.”

“Come on.” Arielle then pulled open the door to the back seat of the car and sat by Trisha's side.

Vinson opened his mouth, but he said nothing. In the end, he canceled the reservation he made at a high-end restaurant as he sat on the driver's seat.

It felt as if he was nothing but a tool.

The three soon arrived outside Maureen's Kitchen.

After ordering, Trisha asked, “Sannie, were you serious when you were talking about figuring out the questions for the upcoming test?”

“Of course.” Arielle nodded in confirmation. “I'm quite good at figuring out the questions. After taking the advanced mathematics test, I can guess what questions they'll be having for the next few tests.”

The two then began discussing tests. Vinson, beside them, could not even cut into the conversation at all.

It was only when the dishes were served did the two finally stopped their academic conversation.

Finally having the chance to speak, Vinson turned to Trisha and asked, “Trisha, do you have a boyfriend?”

Trisha froze before her face visibly turned into a bright shade of red.

“It seems like that's a no,” Vinson mumbled. “I know many people. Would you like me to introduce someone to you, or do you prefer to get to know someone more familiar? How about Jared?”

Instantly, Trisha turned even redder. The words had died in her throat, and she sat transfixed on her chair.

At that, Arielle shot a glare at Vinson. “We're talking about the tests. Why are you suddenly talking about this? Trish, ignore him. Let's eat. I opened this restaurant, and I think the dishes are quite delicious.”

A second later, Trisha stiffly nodded. She averted her eyes from Vinson and lowered her head to dig into her food instead.



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After the glare from Arielle, Vinson lost all courage to keep offering boyfriends to Trisha.

It was a peaceful meal.

After Trisha hurriedly finished her meal—she could not truly enjoy the taste of her food—she rose to her feet, about to bid her farewells.

Although she was not a social butterfly, she knew how to read a room.

Vinson must have felt that she was interrupting them for him to have said that earlier.

However, Trisha did not hate Vinson. If he was even jealous of a girl, that meant his love for Arielle had to be plenty.

She felt relieved with that thought in mind.

After Arielle sent Trisha into a cab, she grumpily entered Vinson's car. "Aren't you a little too hostile to Trisha? She's shy. You'll scare her like this."

"I'm sorry." Vinson shrugged. "I'll take note of it next time."

Arielle frowned. "Next time? I doubt she'll have a meal with you around ever again."

Vinson repeated, "Sorry. I guess I'll apologize to her next time."

Not wanting to start a fight with Vinson, Arielle sighed. “Forget it. That’ll scare her even more. By the way, let’s go to Rocher Private Hospital before going home.”

“Okay.” Vinson then stepped on the accelerator as he mulled over the call he had gotten back when he was waiting for Arielle at the school gates earlier.

It was a call from the Specialized Forces.

They told him that the target had stopped moving and that the target was at Turlen.

Cindy was indeed rescued by those who had killed Maureen, but should I tell this to Arielle?

He knew that once Arielle found out about it, she was sure to find a way to get to Turlen.

He had to find out as soon as possible what was different about that place from others.

The entire trip to Rocher Private Hospital, Vinson was lost in his thoughts.

Harvey's sedative effects had long passed, but he was still drifting between the conscious world and the sleeping world.

When Arielle arrived, Harvey was sleeping again.

She took his pulse and noticed that it was weak. Nevertheless, nothing major would happen to him. At the very least, he was no longer on the verge of death.

Harrison, who had been in the hospital the entire time, worriedly asked, “Are you sure he's fine like this? Why do I feel like he's sleeping more than a koala?”

A laugh escaped Arielle. “You don't need to worry. It's normal for him to rest for prolonged periods after a major surgery like his. He can't just start dancing right after his surgery, right?”

Harrison understood what she meant; he was only seeking words of consolation from Arielle.

“T-Then when will he start staying awake longer?”

Arielle cocked her head to the side and hummed. “I'll prepare some herbs for him when I'm home tonight. Once he's no longer intubated, feed him the herbs for a herbal and modern medicine combined treatment. I believe he'll be joking with you in the normal ward in less than half a month.”

Half a month was already swift for recovery, but still, Harrison felt it was far too long.

“That's quite a while.”

Arielle nodded. “That's the quickest he can go. I'll prepare some medication for him. His body is quite strong, so I'm guessing that he can be extubated tomorrow and start breathing on his own.”

Harrison nodded fervently, the anxiety in his eyes obvious to anyone who looked at him.



When Arielle turned around, she realized Vinson was missing.

She then tried to call him, but she realized he was engaged in another call.

Just as she was puzzling over the situation, she spotted Vinson through the window, standing outside and on his phone again.

There was an odd expression on his face.

Did something happen?

“Ms. Moore,” came Harrison's voice, disrupting her train of thoughts.



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“Yes.” Arielle intuitively turned around and met Harrison's gaze.

Although Harrison put on a smile, she couldn't help but feel that the cunning old man was staring at her with ill intentions.

Am I overthinking?

“Is there anything else?” Arielle calmed herself down and asked.

Harrison chuckled and asked, “Do you have a boyfriend?”

“A boyfriend—” Glancing at Harrison, Arielle remembered that he had been single for a long time.

This guy can't possibly...

“Please don't misunderstand!” It was as if Harrison had read Arielle's mind, the former continued, “What I meant was that Harvey happens to be single. You have rescued him. Yet, I don't have anything valuable to offer to you in return. Therefore, I think I can only give him to you as a gift!”

Shocked, Arielle replied embarrassedly, “Old Mr. Jupiter, thank you for your kindness, but Harvey and I are only friends.”

“You two are friends for now but can become a couple in the future!” Harrison clapped his hand and said, “It's settled then. You've agreed to it.”

“Wait a second. When did I ever agree to it? Old Mr. Jupiter, I have—”

Before Arielle could finish, Harrison had disappeared.

He usually walks with a walking stick but runs as fast as lightning now. I wonder if he really has difficulty walking.

When Arielle came up to Harrison to explain it to him, the elevator suddenly opened.

The next moment, Vinson came out of it.

“Have you checked up on Harvey?”

Feeling that Vinson looked as calm as usual, Arielle nodded and asked purposely, “What did you do just now?”

“I went to the washroom.”

“And?”

“Nothing else. I smoked in the washroom, and so it took me some time to be here.”

Arielle's smile stiffened when she heard it.

Vinson is keeping something from me.

Arielle bit her lips to resist her desire to reveal that she saw Vinson making a phone call in the garden. Then, she said, “I'm going to the traditional medicine clinic

later to ask for a prescription. Hopefully, the medicine will help with Harvey's recovery."

"Okay," Vinson nodded and said, "I'll ask Rayson to drive you to the clinic."

"What about you?"

"I... have to conduct a meeting at the company."

Pretending that nothing was off, Arielle nodded and said, "I understand. Go ahead then. I'll talk to Old Mr. Jupiter for a while."

"Sure. I'll ask Rayson to wait for you at the entrance."

"Okay. Off you go. Also, take care of yourself."

"No worries. I always remember that my wife is waiting for me at home. I'll go home once I've finished everything." Vinson caressed Arielle's head lovingly, yet she couldn't even force a smile.

Back then, Vinson would be curious and ask Arielle why she wanted to talk to Harrison.

Hence, Arielle felt disappointed when Vinson didn't do so.

Besides, she suddenly realized that she cared about Vinson more than she initially thought.

Arielle only came to her senses after Vinson entered the elevator and left. She then turned around to look for

Harrison.

Deep down, she comforted herself that Vinson probably didn't intend to hide anything from her. Moreover, the phone call could probably be something trivial.

After taking a deep breath, Arielle walked to the counter to ask a nurse.

“Excuse me. Did you see a family member of the patient in the ICU? He's an old man who walks with a stick.”

The nurse was excited and replied delightedly, “I think he headed in that direction. My goddess, can I get an autograph from you?”

As Arielle wanted to decline her request politely, she suddenly saw Harrison walking in her direction.

However, Harrison ran away to avoid her once she wanted to call his name.

As such, Arielle was dumbfounded.

What is he doing?



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Arielle rushed over but couldn't see Harrison anymore.

Hence, she could only explain it to him next time.

When she arrived at the hospital entrance, Rayson was already waiting for her. He waved his hands passionately and said, "Ms. Moore, this way."

Arielle nodded in response and hopped in.

"May I know which traditional medicine clinic you would like to visit?"

"Silverbirch Hospital."

"Sure, please sit tight."

With that, he sped up and pulled over at Silverbirch Hospital in less than half an hour.

Initially, Arielle thought that Cornelius would be in the hospital. The next moment, she was shocked to see Queenie.

Meanwhile, Queenie's expression turned grim once she saw Arielle.

Before Arielle could begin, Queenie came up to her and said unfriendly, "Thanks for coming to mock me. Don't you have anything better to do?"

Arielle refused to entertain Queenie and asked expressionlessly, "Where is Cornelius?"

“Do you mean my brother? Do you know him?”

Ignoring her unpleasant words, Arielle got straight to the point. “I'm here to get a prescription from him.”

“I see.” Queenie deliberately drawled and chuckled. “I'm sorry. We don't serve customers that we don't like. Please leave now. Moreover, Silverbirch Hospital will never sell any herbs to you from today onward.”

Arielle frowned upon hearing it. “Is this how you treat your customers as a doctor?”

“So what? Do you want to snatch the herbs from me if I don't sell them to you? Get her out!” Queenie instructed her staff in Silverbirch Hospital.

Soon, two of her staff came up to Arielle and asked hesitantly, “I'm sorry, miss. Please let us see you out.”

“It's fine. I can leave on my own.”

After taking two steps, Arielle suddenly turned around and glanced at Queenie.

Feeling uneasy, Queenie frowned and questioned, “What are you looking at?”

Arielle sneered. “Queenie, I was initially considering giving you a chance. Unfortunately, you've lost the chance now.”

With that, she turned around and left Silverbirch Hospital.

Meanwhile, Queenie's heart skipped a beat.

Did Arielle mean she wants to expose the incident related to Donovan?

Nevertheless, Queenie thought she had left Rocher Private Hospital and had no plans to venture into modern medicine. She didn't mind if Arielle exposed it, for her reputation didn't matter anymore.

If Arielle plans to bring a lawsuit, it will be a long process, and the evidence might eventually disappear. Under such circumstances, I won't be found guilty because of the recording alone.

Moreover, since nothing happened on that day, I'm only an accomplice and have to pay a court fine at most.

Haha! I have nothing to worry about!

Queenie caught up with Arielle and shouted, “Arielle, I'm telling you, don't threaten me with the recording anymore! Expose it whenever you want, but I won't be afraid! On the contrary, the netizens will gossip about you once the recording is exposed. By then, you'll face bigger losses than me! Think about it carefully!”

Arielle turned around and gazed at Queenie nonchalantly. “Who says I'm going to expose it? It's not worth putting myself to trouble for some losers like you.”

Instantly, Queenie scowled and gritted her teeth. “What do you mean?”



Slowly, Arielle put on a disdainful smile and replied, “You'll know it soon enough.”

Arielle was initially interested in the Mills' disguising techniques that utilized ancient Chanaean medicine. However, she couldn't help but think that it wasn't a bad idea to slap Queenie in the face.



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Arielle's bizarre gaze sent goosebumps to Queenie's body.

Although Queenie initially thought she had the upper hand over Arielle, she felt that her advantage slowly vanished.

Arielle's gaze is indeed terrifying!

With that, Queenie decided to avoid Arielle's eyes and said, "I don't want to know! Get out now, or else I'll instruct my staff to chase you away!"

In response, Arielle snorted arrogantly and strode away from the hospital.

It wasn't until Arielle had left that Queenie could finally heave a sigh of relief.

After going back to Silverbirch Hospital, she felt uneasy and kept fidgeting.

Shortly after, Cornelius came back.

Out of curiosity, Queenie asked impatiently, "Cor, how did you get to know Queenie?"

Meanwhile, Cornelius was a little surprised to see Queenie in Silverbirch Hospital. "Queenie, why are you still here? Shouldn't you be working in your hospital now?"

Queenie was taken aback by Cornelius' question. Soon, she calmed herself down and came up with an excuse.

“The hospital is entrenched with office politics. I don't want to be like them. Besides, I've tendered my resignation, considering that I've learned a lot about modern medicine already.”

“Did you say you have resigned?” Cornelius howled.

Nonetheless, he regained his composure very soon and added noddingly, “It's okay. After all, dad didn't agree with your decision to learn modern medicine in the first place. Besides, Silverbirch Hospital happens to need more staff. We don't have someone who can make decisions whenever I'm outside to visit patients. Also, while working here, you can have more time to prepare for the selection of our family's heir.”

“Well, you haven't answered my question.” Queenie wanted to leave no stones unturned. “How did you get to know Arielle?”

Cornelius' expression froze. Deep down, he knew that Queenie was jealous and didn't have a good impression of Arielle. Hence, he chose not to tell Queenie that he gave Arielle an invitation card to participate in the heir selection. Instead, he briefly explained to Queenie that Arielle lent him a hand when he treated Jennie in the past.

“I see...” Queenie looked up at Cornelius and said, “Cor, Arielle is a lot more scheming than she appears. The main reason that I left Rocher Private Hospital is related to her. I'd advise you to stay away from her, for she's not a kind-hearted person.”

Cornelius felt uneasy after hearing Queenie's unpleasant comment about Arielle. He frowned and reminded, "Queenie, you shouldn't say such things to others, for Dad values virtues above all else. Please don't badmouth anyone from now on."

"I understand." Queenie waved her hand impatiently and sat back on her chair to scroll her phone.

Cornelius couldn't help but sigh.

Alas, I wonder how Queenie will react when she sees Arielle during the heir selection day. Hopefully, everything will go smoothly.

After taking some rest in the lobby for a while, Cornelius left the hospital to visit his patients.

On the other hand, Arielle instructed Rayson to drive to a nearby traditional medicine clinic.

Most of the herbs that Arielle wanted to buy were ordinary herbs except for one.

Hence, she had to visit three clinics to buy all the herbs.

"Ms. Moore, where should we head to now? Are we going back to Maple Mansion?"

Surprisingly, Arielle shook her head and responded, "I want to visit Jadeborough University."

Since she was available now, she hoped to visit the archive to look for clues about that man.

Rayson didn't ask questions but drove to Jadeborough University as instructed.

The car stopped on red lights many times along the way. When they were at the city center, Arielle suddenly saw a familiar figure.



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