

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1381

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 1381

Chapter 1381 A Different Kind Of Kidnapping

That is not the point, dude. Isn't the fact that Arielle was kidnapped more shocking?

Oh yeah. Thanks for pointing that out. I totally missed the point.

Oh my gosh, I can't believe she was kidnapped. This is so saddening. It's been so long, and they still haven't rescued her. Have the kidnappers killed her? I think I'm going to cry.

Wait, isn't she married? Where is her husband? Why hasn't he gone to rescue her?

Oh, our sweet little thing leads such a difficult life. No one even realized that she was kidnapped, and the public called her a diva just because she asked for some time off.

Are the police made aware of the kidnapping? If not, let's get them involved right away. The longer she is missing, the more dangerous things are for her. The most incredible bit about that last comment on the internet was the netizen tagged the police station's account to get them involved.

The public's opinion changed drastically, and Joan, who had previously called Arielle a diva, became the target of everybody's hatred.

Once the netizens realized Arielle had been kidnapped, every single one of them felt bad for her and worried about her wellbeing.

"The police are here," informed the butler while knocking on Vinson's door.

Huh? The police officers are here? Why? Vinson frowned and left the study to meet the guests.

By then, the housekeeper had already invited the police officers to take a seat and had served them tea.

Geoffrey discreetly led the housekeeper away. After that, the former sent a message.

“What brings you here, officers?” The two police officers stood up as soon as they saw Vinson. He asked them about the situation before they even said anything.

“The thing is, Mr. Nightshire, we learned about Ms. Moore’s kidnapping via the Internet. We realized she is married to you so we came to find out more about the situation,” answered one officer right away.

Only then did Vinson know that a kind netizen had lodged a report on his behalf.

The other police officer, a lady, saw how Vinson was staying quiet. She hurriedly added, “Mr. Nightshire, we will do our best to help you, regardless of how difficult the situation is.”

Vinson massaged his forehead. He wasn’t against the idea of calling the authorities and having the police help him look for Arielle. The police couldn’t help. That particular country had closed its doors to every other country and had never participated in any international events. Hence, the police couldn’t do anything about issues within that country.

“Thank you for dropping by. Unfortunately, it seemed you guys can’t help.”

As soon as Vinson finished speaking, the first police officer replied, “What is that supposed to mean? We’re the police, so we will surely help bring her back to you. Tell us everything you know and share her schedule from before she was kidnapped. We’ll file a report and figure out a plan to rescue her.”

Vinson wasn’t upset with the police officer’s tone because he knew the latter meant well.

Hence, he looked right at the two police officers and replied, “Some things are beyond what the police can do. This is not an ordinary kidnapping, and the local authorities can’t rescue her.”

“What do you mean by that?” asked the second police officer while frowning.

“She was kidnapped by Turlenians,” replied Vinson in an exasperated tone. He didn’t want to share that information, but it seemed the police wouldn’t back down until they learned the truth.

Both police officers were dumbstruck when they heard the word “Turlenians”. He’s right. This is beyond our reach.

Most countries had foreign ministers to communicate with others should anything happen. Unfortunately, Turlen was an exception.

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Chapter 1382 A Treat

The country was completely cut off from the world. No foreigner could enter, and that meant the police couldn't communicate with the officials from Turlen. That, in turn, meant they couldn't help Arielle.

Both police officers felt awkward.

If the police were to sneak into Turlen, a simple kidnapping would escalate into an international political war. Those with malicious intentions could take advantage of the situation.

"You don't need to worry about her. I will find some way to bring her home," replied Vinson calmly. He saw how troubled the police officers were, so he spoke up to help them out.

"Okay, then. If you need any help at all, please call us," offered a police officer before leaving the house.

The police hadn't gone for long when Susanne showed up. She looked worried when she turned to Vinson, who was sitting on the couch at the time. "Geoffrey said the police were here. Is that true? What brought them over?"

"I leaked the news of Sannie's abduction to the media, so they dropped by to learn more about the situation."

"Well, are they going to help us?" asked Susanne. She wanted to know more about Vinson's plans because she didn't want him to go on a rescue mission on his own.

At Turlen.

Inside the bar, Xavier grinned as he watched Dillon approach. It had been days since the former had canceled on the latter, and he had been thinking about making up for it for days. Unfortunately, too many things happened afterward, so he kept forgetting about it. The second he was free, however, he picked up the phone and asked Dillon out for a drink.

"Eric, my man! It's so difficult to get you to show up these days," teased Dillon as he tapped lightly on his friend's shoulder.

“I’ve been busy lately.”

As soon as the two men sat down, Xavier waved to get the server over. “What would you like to drink? I’ll treat you.”

After they placed their orders, Dillon said seriously, “Let me pay for everything the next time we hang out together. I live here, so let me be a good host to you.”

He treasured their friendship since Xavier had helped him when he was in trouble.

“Okay, if you say so,” replied Xavier while smiling. If paying for my drinks makes him feel better, then I’ll just sit back and let him pick up the tab. At worst, I’ll just buy him some gifts before I leave.

Dillon was as nice as he had ever been. “Eric, you should stay at my place. My parents would welcome you as our guest.”

“Oh, maybe I’ll do that when I’m free.” Xavier didn’t want to risk getting Dillon into trouble. Besides, it was more convenient to stay in a hotel.

“What are you here for, Eric? You can talk to me if you need any help at all. I will do everything I can to help you,” promised Dillon in a sincere tone as he looked right at Xavier.

The Turlenian wouldn’t sit idly if his benefactor—who was practically family—needed help.

Xavier said nothing because the server showed up at that moment.

In the past, Xavier had always thought that Dillon was a kind person. He’s more than just a nice guy. He’s also observant and smart. Good. I don’t have to worry about him getting bullied.

“Thank you for asking. I promise I will turn to you if I need help.” He had always seen Dillon as a younger brother, so he refused to put the guy in danger.

“My family is rather influential, so just tell me if you need any help at all. You don’t need to feel bad or worry about getting us in trouble,” offered Dillon once more.

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Chapter 1383 Not Possible

Xavier thought about it. It'd be difficult to look for a person on my own. I might have a better shot with help from Dillon's family since they are rather powerful here.

"Okay, then I'll be counting on you."

Dillon was delighted and made a joke out of it by replying comically. "'Tis my honor to help you, o' great lord."

The two men smiled at each other before clinking their mugs and downing their drinks.

After that, Xavier told Dillon he was a private detective and how he was tasked with finding his client's biological father.

"His father? Did that man leave any clue behind?"

Xavier shook his head. "Things would be much simpler if the guy had done that. I've been here for days, but I still can't figure anything out."

Oh dear, that makes things so much more challenging.

Dillon thought some more about it before he pointed out, "Your client must've given you something to go on when he hired you. Maybe you can share that with me and I can have my men investigate the matter for you."

Xavier thought about the clue Vinson had provided and frowned deeply. "All I have is a first name."

"A first name?" Dillon was flabbergasted. How the hell are we supposed to locate the guy with so little to go on? We'd have a better shot at locating an actual needle in a haystack!

"Yeah, that's all I have," answered Xavier. If the pay wasn't ridiculously good, he would never have accepted the case. It was virtually impossible to get everything done within the month.

"What is that name? Maybe I can look into it for you," suggested Dillon in a somewhat defeated tone.

"Dylan."

“Dylan?” repeated Dillon as he straightened his back. He had a serious expression when he asked, “Are you sure that’s the name?”

Xavier became alert when he saw Dillon reacting this way. “Yes, I am sure. Why are you asking that? Do you know something?”

Dillon shook his head, then nodded, which was confusing to the detective.

“Do you know our king’s name?” He looked around and made sure that no one was paying any attention to them before he inched closer to Xavier and whispered, “His name is Dylan, and he is the only one with that first name.”

Xavier’s eyes bulged in surprise. What the hell? Is Vinson’s wife the princess of this country?

“That being said, there is no way he is your client’s biological father. My dad told me that the king has always been in the country and had never left Turlen territory before,” said Dillon softly.

He would never have secretly divulged the king’s personal information if the person sitting in front of him hadn’t helped him in the past.

Xavier became quiet after he heard what Dillon said. Could it be that someone snuck out of the country and assumed the king’s identity to do something illegal? Perhaps the culprit did that to discourage anyone from further investigating the issue. Maybe it’s a security measure put in place in case someone actually manages to come this far.

“I’m telling you, Eric. There is no way the king is involved,” insisted Dillon. After that, he continued speaking in an annoyed tone. “I bet someone stole the king’s identity and left the country to con some lady into sleeping with him.”

“Gah, f*ck. That means this investigation just got a dozen times more difficult.” Xavier ran his hand through his hair in exasperation.

He had cussed in Chanaean, so Dillon simply watched in confusion.

“Thank you for sharing all that with me. I’ll try to find some other way to investigate the matter.” Dillon immediately offered,

“Okay, I’ll help you look into the matter as well.”

Xavier returned to his motel room after they parted ways. All he could think about was what he had learned earlier that day. Suddenly, he sprung up.

“Shoot, I forgot to update that stupid Vinson Nightshire.” He picked up the phone and called his client immediately.

“Vinson, I got in touch with your wife,” Xavier blurted as soon as the line was established.

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Chapter 1384 Is She Okay

Vinson was in the study working. When he received the call, he jumped excitedly. “How is she? Is she okay?”

“Yeah, she is fine. The issue is that Turlen doesn’t have any medical experts. Illnesses that are considered mild in Chanaea are deadly here, so the culprit brought her over to train their citizens to be doctors. They brought the Wilhelms here too.”

Before Vinson could say anything, Xavier continued reporting, “Your wife is worried about your injuries and told me to ask you about it. She also wants me to tell you not to worry about her. She simply couldn’t contact you because communication devices are banned here.”

Vinson, who had been worried the entire time, finally calmed down after he heard what Xavier said. That means I don’t have to worry about her safety anymore.

After saying all that, Xavier told Vinson about what he learned that night. “Is there any way you can provide me with some other clue or information?”

Vinson was a little troubled as well. It was difficult enough when they only had a first name to go on. The fact that it might be a fake name made the investigation that much more difficult.

“I have a photo with me, but I can’t send it to you just yet. I’ll bring it along with me when I travel there.”

“Okay, then,” said Xavier. That was when he recalled how he got his hands bleeding just to get in touch with Arielle, so he harrumphed and added, “Oy, Vinson. You don’t know this, but I had to climb a tree just to talk to your wife. I demand compensation.”

“Just tell me how much you want.”

All it took was one short sentence to stop Xavier from complaining. “One—”

He never got to finish the sentence with "... or better yet, ten thousand" because Vinson interrupted the guy. In a stoic tone, the latter replied, "Okay, I'll transfer the money right away. When you talk to Arielle again, tell her I have already recovered, and she doesn't need to worry about my injury at all. Tell her to take care of herself and wait for me to go get her."

"Okay, I'll try to come up with a way to do that. Maybe I can sneak into that medical school. If I get hired as a security guard there, I will be able to talk to her every day. I might even be in a position to set up some communication device so the two of you can talk directly."

Vinson loved the new information shared. Hence, he transferred the money as soon as the call ended. Vinson was going to transfer a hundred thousand over. However, Xavier ended the conversation with a promise that he would sneak into the school by working undercover as a bodyguard. The mere thought of being able to talk to Arielle prompted Vinson to add a couple more zeroes at the end of that number.

Xavier ended the call and received a text message within the minute. His eyes bulged in surprise when he opened the message and read the content. "What the hell? How many zeroes are there? My gosh, how rich is that dude?"

Before he knew it, he was already counting the zeroes behind the first number. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6..."

The longer Xavier counted, the happier he was.

Oh my gosh, I was going to ask for ten thousand as a bonus. I can't believe that guy sent me one hundred million just like that.

Xavier giggled like a lunatic while hugging his phone.

D*mn. It sure is nice to be a rich dude's friend.

"Well, since you're being this nice, Vinson, I will start working right now to come up with a way to sneak into your wife's school and be a bodyguard there."

After muttering to himself while smiling like an idiot, Xavier walked down the stairs to go to Lana. The receptionist, however, told him she had left.

Xavier had already received the money from Vinson, so he felt compelled to do something. That was why he called Lana.

She was extremely excited to learn that someone had called her.

That day was the annual gathering with her family. She hadn't even finished eating, but her family was already urging her to get married soon. Holy moly. I am too young, and I have not had enough fun. There's no way I'm getting married anytime soon.

At that point, it didn't matter who the call was from. The person still inadvertently rescued her from her nosy family members.

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Chapter 1385 Annoyed

"Lana, can you drop by the hotel? I'd like to ask a favor."

"Oh, you need me there right away? Okay, I'll head over now. Calm down, calm down. I'm going now," replied Lana as she tilted her head to keep her phone between her ear and her shoulder. While doing that, she reached for her purse and coat.

"Mom, Dad. There is an urgent matter I have to attend to, so I won't be staying here tonight." She grabbed her purse and shoved her arm into her coat while gesturing at her phone. After shouting that to her parents, she fled the place as though there was no tomorrow.

"Lana, remember to come home tomorrow. We have a blind date set up for you," shouted Lana's mother. Her words made it into the phone and Xavier couldn't help snickering when he overheard that.

"Was that a snicker? What the hell is so funny about that?" Lana was so annoyed that she slammed the door to her car shut before howling into the phone a little.

"Awh, are you annoyed?" asked Xavier. He was deliberately pushing Lana's buttons, and she was so annoyed that she rolled her eyes at him.

"Quit yapping and tell me what you want." Earlier, she was thankful to the guy for calling at the right time and rescuing her from her parents. That appreciation dissipated after she heard how amused he was at her horrible situation.

Xavier behaved more professionally once he heard that. "Let's talk in person. It'll be difficult to explain the situation over the phone."

“Okay, I’ll be there soon.” replied Lana. She hung up, put her phone away, then started driving.

The second she entered the lobby, she saw Xavier sitting on the couch and playing on his phone. A mischievous glint flashed past her eyes and a devious idea crawled into her mind. She circled around to his back...

“Eric!”

“What the f*ck? Damn, you scared me,” yelled Xavier. He was so surprised that he cussed in Chanaea and dropped his phone.

Huh... I didn’t know that he was such a scaredy-cat. He even dropped his phone! Now that I think about it, Eric sometimes acts as though he were a kid who was caught doing something bad. In fact, he’s fumbling right now.

“Oops. Sorry, Eric. I was just angry about you snickering at my misfortune earlier, so I thought I’d pull a small prank on you. I didn’t realize you are such a scaredy-cat.”

Just apologize nicely, will ya? Why did you have to include that last sentence and call me a coward?

Lana worried that Xavier would get angry, so she changed the topic and asked, “Why were you looking for me, anyway?”

“Changing the topic, are we?” He glared at Lana a little before asking, “You know your way around the new medical school, right?”

“Yes, I do. Why are you asking that?”

“I want to work as a bodyguard in that place. Can you help me out?”

Curious, Lana asked, “Why would you want to be a bodyguard there? Do you already know what you’re looking for?”

Xavier shook his head. “No, not yet. I just think my investigation would go much smoother if I work there and build a rapport with the others.”

Lana nodded. The prince made an announcement that he had hired a foreigner to teach the citizens on how to be a medical practitioner. Anyone who was willing to learn could enroll because the royal family would pay for everything. As a result, many had already applied for a spot there.

The country lacked medical practitioners, so royalties and descendants of noble families were to learn how to be a doctor. That idea was etched into their brains ever since they were a kid.

It was a rather smart move to go work as a bodyguard there.

“I’ll make some calls and update you on the matter tomorrow,” replied Lana.

I knew it. She can help me get in! Xavier’s lips curved into a smile. “Thanks, Lana.”

At the same time, in Paelsford Manor.

“San, what did that man from yesterday want from you?”

After having a meal together, the family gathered around. Mrs. Wilhelm suddenly remembered the incident that happened at the Celestial Lake.

“He came to give me an ATM card,” replied Arielle while munching on some apple.

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Chapter 1386 Pretty Face

Andrea was surprised. “Why did he give you an ATM card?”

Arielle replied, “He said it was to thank me for coming here to teach him.” With a sigh, she continued, “I told him I’m not taking the money and have him keep it, but he insisted I take it.”

Hubert chuckled. “If that’s the case, then take it. With your name, it doesn’t matter where you teach. They can’t employ you if they don’t offer you at least a five-figure salary.”

The salary Hubert was referring to was on a monthly basis.

Arielle nodded with agreement. “That’s true. I’ll take it then.”

She accepted the money with a good conscience on that note.

“Mom, I have something to tell you,” she recalled meeting the detective the other day and whispered something into Andrea’s ear.

“Is that true?”

Arielle nodded her head with a wide smile.

She was waiting for the detective to knock on her door. Maybe then I'll have a chance to reach Vinson via the phone. She couldn't help feeling excited at the thought.

"What are you two whispering excitedly over there? It must be good news with that happy look on your faces." Hubert questioned, catching the two women whispering.

Arielle leaned against Andrea and winked at him playfully. "I'll have Mom tell you later at night."

"Cheeky!" Hubert laughed as he shook his head. He returned his attention to the medical book in his hands. With no access to the internet, there was nothing better to do.

"San, do you want me and your dad to accompany you tomorrow?"

"Do you guys want to go?" Arielle couldn't selfishly decide on their behalf.

Before Andrea could reply, Hubert said, "Of course we're going. It's so boring to stay here."

He badly missed his patients, the operating table, and the podium.

"Let's go then. It's the school's honor to have you as their professor," Arielle said proudly.

Morrison arrived at seven in the morning the next day to pick up Arielle and the Wilhelms.

He knew about the Wilhelms' reputation overseas, so he was particularly respectful toward them.

One and a half-hour later, the car stopped at the medical school's entrance. By then, the students were grouped into their majors.

The principal had been waiting for quite some time. When he saw Arielle and the Wilhelms getting out of the car with Morrison's help, he immediately went up to them.

"Kristoff, this is Arielle Morre. Ms. Moore is the lecturer we invited, and these two are her parents, the Wilhelms. They are also lecturers we invited," Morrison introduced Arielle and the Wilhelms to Kristoff.

"I'm the school's principal. You have my utmost gratitude for coming to our school as lecturers."

There was a lack of lecturers in medical schools, so Kristoff was very respectful toward invited lecturers.

After the exchange, Morrison excused himself while Kristoff led the trio to the Medical Research Center.

There were a few domains in the facility. The Wilhelms were the top academics in psychology. Kristoff dropped them off at the Psychology Department, then asked Arielle which field she was interested in teaching.

She contemplated briefly before deciding on three—orthopedics, neurology, and traditional Chanaean medicine.

“She’s our future lecturer? Isn’t she too young?” After Kristoff and Arielle left for the lecturers’ office, the students began to discuss her discreetly.

It wasn’t strange for them to be doubtful. After all, those that could teach at medical school weren’t ordinary people.

Most with high academic achievements in the medical field were mostly in their middle age. A beautiful young lecturer like Arielle was a rare sight.

“Can she teach? She’s so young.”

“Yeah, more like an airhead.”

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Chapter 1387 Honor The Bet

There were all kinds of discussions about Arielle. Many were skeptical of her capability.

Ever since she walked into the lecture hall, Arielle noticed the students weren’t all that welcoming of her.

She simply keeping a smile on her face as Kristoff made the introduction. “Students, this is Ms. Arielle Moore, a lecturer specifically invited by the school. She will teach orthopedics, neurology, and traditional Chanaean medicine.”

Before he finished, a commotion stirred among the students.

Those were three separate fields. They wondered how good she was to possess such extensive knowledge.

Most of the students in that lecture hall were orthopedic students, except Sonia Wynter, whom everyone considered a medical genius.

Other than orthopedics, she had also chosen to major in traditional Chanaean medicine.

The minute Arielle walked into the hall, Sonia's dubious gaze glued on her.

After Kristoff's brief introduction ended, he let Arielle take the podium.

Looking into the eyes sitting in front of her, Arielle firstly introduced herself. "From today onward, I'm your lecturer. I will be your guide in the medical field. We're students and teachers during class and friends after lessons."

Even though Arielle was a lecturer, she wasn't arrogant. Instead, she was humble and polite.

Like a legitimate lecturer, she began her lesson after her introduction.

"Let's understand the basics of orthopedics. There are many types of fractures and different shapes of breaks. There are transverse fractures, oblique fractures, spiral fractures..."

Arielle was studious in her teaching, but none of the students was paying attention. They were blatantly disrespecting her.

Some were whispering, some were sleeping, and some were even playing Truth or Dare.

Arielle's heart chilled.

I didn't expect students my age to be so difficult to teach. Maybe there aren't many young lecturers in the medical school, so they are probably dubious about my capabilities.

She didn't want to be too strict on her first day, but their disrespect had crossed a line.

She paused her lesson suddenly and stood at the podium with her arms crossed, staring at the three students immersed in their game.

"You lost! So you have to go up to Ms. Moore and tell her she's pretty."

“I won’t.”

“Honor the bet. You’re the one who chose dare.”

Their voices weren’t loud, but Arielle was standing close enough to hear every single word.

The rest of the students started to lob balled-up paper at the trio to warn them of their imminent danger.

However, they still didn’t notice the change in the atmosphere despite the paper balls hitting them.

“Done playing?” Arielle asked with a chilling voice.

The entire hall fell into a dead silence.

The three students finally sensed the tense atmosphere. They snapped their heads toward the podium to see their lecturer staring right at them.

“I see you three were having fun.” A smile tugged the corners of Arielle’s lips, cracking her mask of cold indifference.

Even though she was smiling, the tension in the air didn’t ease. Instead, it thickened.

After a prolonged silence from the three men, the smile on her face slowly disappeared as she crossed the hall toward them.

“Stand up, the three of you.”

The three stood up casually and stopped conversing in Ustranasion. They switched to Turlenese as they whispered among themselves.

Arielle didn’t understand, she but knew it wasn’t anything good.

Among the men, one of them was tall, while the other two were shorter in stature. With a glance, she knew right away the tall guy was the cheeky one.

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Chapter 1388 Dream On

Students like him are often the hardest to teach. I know they're doubtful of my skills.

"It's amazing that the three of you played during class, blatantly ignoring the lecturer's feelings. Come out, you three. Follow me to the office."

Once they heard Arielle was bringing them to the lecturer's office, the three exchanged a glance. A tingling sense of dread started snaking up their spine.

They knew going to the lecturer's office wouldn't end up as simple as being reprimanded. The worst-case scenario was their parents freezing their bank card.

"We're sorry, Ms. Moore. Please forgive us."

Arielle arched a brow. "Asking for my forgiveness? Sure, but you need to promise me something."

Three sets of eyes immediately landed on her, wondering what she was planning to do.

The tall guy had dragged the other two to join him, disrupting class. So Arielle used him as an example to lay down the law.

She inched closer to the tall guy and twisted his arm.

He let out a loud yelp that resounded in the lecture hall walls.

Arielle had dislocated his shoulder in front of the entire class.

From an outsider's perspective, it might seem cruel, but she had used a trick to do it. She didn't cause him too much pain because she just wanted to teach him a lesson.

Arielle then pointed at the shorter guy beside him and asked, "Explain the term 'dislocation'."

It was the basic knowledge of orthopedics. Even non-medical students could answer.

However, her earlier action had frightened the short guy.

"A dislocation is a separation between two bones where they meet at a joint, disrupting normal movement."

Arielle nodded.

"Excellent! Since you've studied well, help this fellow pop his arm back into his shoulder."

“Huh?”

The entire hall of students was stunned by the request.

The short guy had no choice but to comply.

As he reached for the tall guy’s arm, the tall guy immediately shrank back. “Don’t! I’ll probably die from the pain if you’re the one doing it. Your skills are terrible.”

The short guy was only good in theory and lacking in practice.

Seeing the disgust on his friend’s face, the short guy turned to Arielle.

She still had a smile plastered on her face, but her smile was like a grim reaper’s smile in the students’ eyes.

They thought Arielle was gentle, hence their boldness to be disrespectful. She turned out to be a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

“Don’t look at me. If you don’t follow my instruction, we’ll go to the office.”

The short guy resignedly obeyed her.

Another pained yelp resounded in the hall, but the tall guy’s arm still wasn’t in place.

Finally, the tall guy trained his eyes on Arielle. “I’m sorry, Ms. Moore. Please don’t ask him to help me. I’ll die from the pain.”

I guess he’s truly in pain. I can see tears at the corners of his eyes.

Seeing him admitting his mistake, Arielle nodded.

“Then I want you to promise me in front of everyone that you won’t break any more rules in my class. Also, you have to maintain your results at A in all of my tests.”

The tall guy was baffled at Arielle’s request.

A few giggles came from the students.

Everyone knew he was a cheeky b*stard.

Anthony Crossworth entered medical school because he came from a wealthy family. His father was the school’s sponsor, so naturally, he got into the school’s best major.

Arielle was asking for the impossible.

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Chapter 1389 Lightly

Anthony didn't respond to her request.

Seeing him lacking confidence in himself, Arielle said, "No? Then live with the pain."

"Okay! Okay, I promise you."

Seeing him finally relenting, she nodded her head with a smile.

"Students, this is my first day as your lecturer. So I'll be teaching you the most essential skill in orthopedics—repositioning. Of course, this is the most basic skill that I'm sure many of you already know."

She pointed at Anthony's arm and gestured for the short guy to continue.

"Isn't that right, Miller? You'll do the repositioning, and I'll guide you through it."

Hearing that Arielle was still asking Miller to help him, Anthony was pissed. "Ms. Moore, didn't you say you'll spare me from the pain once I promised you? I don't want him to reposition my arm back."

"You're right. I did say that, but I only promised to spare you from the pain, not changing the person helping you. If you trust your friend and me, then let him help you. I'll teach him a special method to reposition your arm back."

Anthony was hesitant. He wasn't sure whether he should trust Arielle.

But since she's qualified enough to be a medical school lecturer, she must have her strengths.

Even though she's young, her means are very much different from the other lecturers. I guess I can trust her.

After mulling over it briefly, Anthony finally agreed.

"Okay, please do it gently."

“Don’t worry!” Arielle huffed.

She turned to Miller. “Follow my instructions later. If you follow it, then your friend won’t feel the pain. However, if you insist on doing it your way, he’ll continue to be in pain.”

Arielle had disciplined both students enough that they would obey her words instantly without refuting.

“I’ll follow your every word, Ms. Moore. Let’s start.”

Arielle resumed her lesson. “First, we don’t need to tug the affected arm harshly to reposition it back. Pulling it straight will only cause severe damage.

“Grab the patient’s elbow with one hand. Make sure to do it gently, don’t use too much strength. Otherwise, it’ll cause pain for the patient.”

Following Arielle’s instructions, Miller started to reposition Anthony’s arm.

Arielle continued to explain, “Bend the affected arm at ninety degrees to the elbow. Slowly and gently rotate the arm a couple of times as your thumb presses it lightly. Try to distract your patient’s attention from his arm.”

The last instruction was difficult for Miller.

My hands are busy with repositioning, yet at the same time, I have to distract Anthony’s attention. How am I supposed to do both at once?

Arielle looked over her shoulder, glancing at the door. “Morrison, when did you arrive?”

Morrison? Her calling Morrison’s name caught all the students’ attention. All of them turned toward the door, including Anthony.

At that moment, Arielle poked at Miller, then tipped her chin at Anthony.

Miller braced himself and pushed the arm upward, causing a loud pop. Anthony’s arm was back in his shoulder.

By then, the students finally realized Morrison wasn’t there, and it was Arielle’s distraction.

I didn’t expect to feel fine so quickly.

Anthony gently moved his arm and noticed he was able to move it with ease like before, with no pain.

“That’s weird. When did you push it back? How come I didn’t feel anything?”

Arielle chuckled. "Of course, you didn't feel anything since you were distracted. When you snapped back, Miller was already done with your arm. The main point of repositioning is using the correct method gently and learning to distract the patient's attention. That way is the least painful for the patient. In conclusion, you need to be fast, accurate, and steady to easily and successfully reposition a dislocated joint."

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1390

A Beauty With Multiple Masks

Chapter 1390

Chapter 1390 Cheeky Man

Interesting! It's truly interesting!

Anthony suddenly gained an interest in medicine.

Same for Miller. He used to only focus on theory and didn't apply them to practice.

Turlen was sorely lacking in talented medical staff. They were good in theory but lacked practice.

After the nation had closed its borders, even fewer practitioners could put their theories into practice. However, the medical staff needed clinical practice and experience the most.

They were lacking in that sense, but Arielle was different.

Anthony lamented over his earlier actions after experiencing firsthand the method of repositioning.

It looks like I've underestimated her. She's young, but her teaching skills are excellent. She can punish the cheeky students and teach the rest how to apply theory to practice.

Anthony was impressed. So was Miller.

"Ms. Moore, have you forgiven us? We were trying our best to make it up to you." Worried about having their parents called and having their card frozen, the trio turned to Arielle expectantly.

"I can let you off from sending you to the office, but..."

Before she could finish, Anthony asked softly, "Do you want us to write a letter of denunciation?"

Arielle scoffed and returned to the podium. She picked up a book about orthopedics.

"It's too simple a punishment to write a letter of denunciation. You guys might not mean it. I think asking you to copy a few chapters in a book is more beneficial. I want you to copy the first thirty pages of this book in a week."

"Huh?"

The three students were bewildered.

That's too cruel!

"Ms. Moore, can the punishment be lighter? Thirty pages are too many. Can you empathize with us?"

"I didn't see you empathizing with me when you breached the rules earlier."

Arielle's words rendered them speechless.

She's right. We were the ones who were at fault.

The trio simply hung their heads in silence.

Despite the tiny interlude in her first class, she managed to dissipate it smoothly.

She skillfully punished the cheeky students as a warning to the rest.

As a result, the rest of the lesson passed by smoothly. No one dared to challenge her again.

After finishing her first lecture, Arielle was preparing to head to her next lesson on brain tumors.

As she finished packing up and was about to leave, suddenly someone called her from behind.

"Ms. Moore, please wait."

She halted her steps and looked over her shoulder.

"Is there something you need?"

"You were amazing earlier to have taught the cheeky b*stard a lesson."

Confused at the student's insinuation, Arielle looked at her with a puzzled gaze.

"I suppose you know Aaron, right?"

Arielle got a feeling the girl didn't mean well.

A smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she cast a knowing look at her lecturer.

It gave Arielle a sense of being mocked and taunted.

It was her first day at medical school, so Arielle had no idea about her background. However, her sixth sense was telling her that the girl was not just an average student.

"That's right. I know Aaron. Do you know him too?"

The girl chuckled. "More than knowing him. He and I are close. Since you'll be teaching all of my classes, we'll be seeing each other frequently. I'll be in your care."

She put a lot of emphasis on the last sentence.

Not sure what she meant, but I'm sure it's nothing good.

Arielle returned a smile. "Good."

After the girl left, Arielle called for Anthony.