

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1111 Read online

Chapter 1111 Who Are You To Kick Me Out

While everyone at the First Wharf was up to their ears at work, the Larson residence was just as chaotic.

“Who are you to kick me out?”

Cecilia stared at the housekeeper with her bloodshot eyes. Her disheveled hair made her look like a ghost.

The housekeeper gave her an apologetic smile. “I’m sorry, Mrs. Greene. Mr. Larson said the Larsons will not take in any member of the Greene family. You should return to the Greene residence if you need a place to stay. Even though Mr. Greene is now in trouble, I’m sure there are relatives who could take care of you.”

A vortex of anger swirled inside Cecilia, and she could not stop shaking. “I have nothing to do with the Greenes. I belong to the Larson family!”

The housekeeper responded with another smile. “Perhaps you should tell this to Mr. Larson yourself. We only did what we’re told, so please don’t put me in a tight spot.”

Instead of wasting time with Cecilia, the housekeeper turned around and shut the door.

Cecilia ran up and knocked on the door repeatedly. “Open the door! I’ll get Trevor to come and teach you a lesson if you don’t open the door right now!”

Suddenly, Trevor’s voice emerged from behind. “Stop shouting. I’ll get them to open the door.”

Cecilia stopped in her tracks immediately. She turned around and was pleased to see Trevor coming down from his car.

She ran up to him and cried, “Trevor! They kicked me out of the house and said that I’m a Greene. But I’m your biological sister! You must fire them for mistreating me!”

Trevor snorted and said, “They didn’t mistreat you. They only acted on my order.”

Cecilia’s expression changed, and she asked in disbelief, “What did you say? But you said you’re going to open the door for me!”

“I said I’ll open the door but not for you,” Trevor said through gritted teeth. “My partnership with Vinson is over. I can’t even afford to hire a housekeeper anymore. You should get lost too!”

“What?” Cecilia widened her eyes in shock. “That’s impossible! Vinson can only go to you to buy the material for his project since you’ve bought it from all the suppliers in Horington. You must have made a fortune, no? What do you mean by your partnership with Vinson is over?”

Trevor gave her a sullen glare. “It’s all because of you, idiot! Did you know Vinson had never thought of using the construction material from Horington? You told me to threaten him with the material so that your daughter could marry into the Nightshire family. Now I’m in deep shit because of you!”

“W-What do you mean?” Cecilia asked.

“Ever since they started the project, Vinson has struck a deal with his counterpart in Epea. In other words, Vinson has imported all the high-quality material from Epea! Now my company is going to go bankrupt all because of you! How dare you act as if you’re not aware of it?”

The color drained out of Cecilia’s face. “H-How is that possible?”

All of a sudden, she recalled Susanne’s attitude change.

No wonder Vinson was not afraid of our threat. He didn’t plan to use the material from Horington in the first place!

“So that’s the reason…”

Trevor grabbed Cecilia’s collar and yelled, “Get out of my sight right now! I will not let you off easily if I see you again!”

“Trevor, I—”

“Get lost!” Trevor kicked her abdomen, sending her flying a few feet away.

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Chapter 1112 Chased Out Of The Family

Cecilia vomited a mouthful of blood and held her abdomen with her hands. “Trevor Larson! How dare you kick me? I’m your sister!”

Trevor gave her the cold shoulder and entered the mansion.

When Cecilia was about to barge into the house, Trevor’s bodyguard pulled her away.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Greene. Mr. Larson said he doesn’t want to see you when he comes out of the house later. So please leave before we drag you away with a more drastic approach.”

Cecilia had no choice but to leave.

She tried to approach a few members of the Greene family, but they all turned her away.

In the end, she had to put up a night temporarily at the walkway of a subway station.

Suddenly, she received a call from overseas. She hesitated for a moment before answering it. “Hello?”

“Mom!” Wendy’s voice emerged on the other end of the phone.

Cecilia’s eyes brightened for a bit, but they dimmed just as quickly.

She cleared her throat and tried to stay calm. “Wendy, how’s school over there?”

Wendy replied anxiously, “I’ve gotten into some trouble here, and I don’t even have money to reload my phone. I’m actually calling you using the hostel warden’s phone. Please top up my phone as fast as possible. I’m gonna go now. Bye!”

Wendy then ended the call.

Cecilia did not have the time to tell Wendy that Trevor had kicked her out of the house.

She clenched her teeth, took out the only two hundred bill, and walked to a nearby twenty-four top-up centres.

Wendy could finally call Cecilia on her phone. “Mom, I tried calling Uncle Trevor, but he didn’t pick up my call. Could you ask him to bank some money into my account? I don’t even have money to buy myself a meal now. I—”

“Wendy!” Cecilia interrupted. “Your uncle...”

It was difficult for her to tell Wendy the truth.

“What’s wrong with him?” Wendy asked.

Cecilia bit her lip and decided not to tell Wendy the complete story, as she did not want Wendy to worry. “Your uncle’s company is going through some financial problems. One of his projects didn’t do well. He might not be able to give you money.”

“But I don’t need a lot. I just need some money to help me survive this exam period.”

"I understand, but I don't think he can help at this point. Wendy, your exam is three days away, right? I guess you can find a part-time job to support yourself for the time being. Once you get into Maxwell University, I'm sure things will start to look up," Cecilia advised.

"Part-time job? Are you mad, Mom? I study from morning till late evening every single day. Do you know how exhausted I am?" Wendy lamented.

Cecilia clenched her teeth and recalled a karaoke bar she had passed by. "You wait. I'll try to get you some money by tomorrow."

Wendy stopped complaining and hung up on her.

Cecilia clenched her jaw and headed back to the karaoke bar.

A few minutes later, the karaoke bar manager put on a baffling smile and said, "Well, well, well. Isn't this Mrs. Greene? Are you sure you want to become a hostess?"

"Yes."

The manager studied Cecilia from head to toe. Even though she was already in her forties, years of skincare had retained her youthful look.

"All right, then!" the manager agreed.

The next day, Wendy received eight hundred from Cecilia.

"Eight hundred only? Am I a beggar to you?" Wendy was hopping mad. She ended the call after venting her frustration since international calls were expensive. She then continued with her revision.

On this very day, Larson Group had declared bankrupt.

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Chapter 1113 She Is San

Meanwhile, at Lightspring, Arielle was about to meet Donovan in the evening.

She knew Trisha was afraid of Donovan, so she had invited Jared to come along.

Donovan and Noah were eagerly waiting at the revolving restaurant on the top floor of Times Square.

Half an hour had passed, but Arielle still had not appeared.

Donovan began to lose patience. He turned to Noah and asked, "Are you sure San has agreed to meet us here?"

"Of course. Otherwise, she wouldn't have given Selena the permission to give me her number," Noah said, then patted Donovan's shoulder. "Just relax, okay? San might not want to help you if she noticed how worried you are. Got it?"

Donovan took a deep breath and nodded. "Thanks for the reminder."

Noah waved his hand in the air. "Sit. Let's wait patiently."

When Donovan was about to take his seat, they heard footsteps outside the private room.

Noah stood up. "They're here."

Donovan immediately went up and opened the door.

"San..." Donovan was stunned.

The woman standing at the door was someone he hated to the core—Arielle Moore.

Arielle stood in front of him with a white suit and a hand in her pocket. Even Donovan could feel her dominating aura.

Donovan came to his senses and asked with a grim expression, "What are you doing here?"

He also noticed that she had brought Jared along.

Upon seeing Arielle, Noah frowned and asked, "Is everything all right?"

Donovan nodded and replied, "Yes. Everything's fine." He then gave Arielle a sullen glare. "I don't know why you are here, but you need to get out of here right now!"

I'll not allow Arielle to ruin my meeting with San! If she dares to be funny, I'll not let her off easily!

Arielle responded with a grin. She took a glance at the private room to make sure only Donovan and Noah were in it. "Are you sure you want me to get lost? I thought you were keen to meet me."

Donovan frowned. "What do you mean?"

Arielle chuckled. "I should ask you that question. You tried so hard to reach me through Selena, yet now you give me this kind of attitude?"

Donovan widened his eyes, but his pupils dilated.

He was so flabbergasted that he did not know what else to say.

Noah, on the other hand, was more steady than Donovan was, but he still asked in disbelief, "You're San?"

Arielle nodded. "That's right. That's me."

"How is that possible?" Donovan exclaimed. "How can you be San? Stop lying!"

I'll become a laughingstock if Arielle really is San!

No! No way!

Impossible!

"Calm down!" Noah reprimanded Donovan. He then gently shook his phone and said to Arielle, "Can I verify your identity?"

Arielle raised her brows. "Sure."

After obtaining Arielle's permission, Noah called the number Selena had given him. Arielle's phone rang right away.

Upon hearing the ringtone from Arielle's phone, Noah exclaimed ecstatically, "It's really you! You're San!"

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Chapter 1114 Doomed

After confirming that Arielle was San, Noah went up to her and said in delight, "San, we've been looking all over for you. I didn't expect you to be younger than rumored."

The corners of Arielle's lips quirked into a smile, but there were no sparkles of joy in her eyes.

Noah looked over his shoulder at Donovan and urged, "What are you still standing there? Come and welcome your senior, San."

At the mention of Arielle being his senior, the latter's expression darkened further.

The person I have been searching for and waiting for so long actually turned out to be Arielle!

That thought did come to his mind the first time Noah brought up San, but he firmly brushed off the possibility.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect reality to prove him otherwise.

Everything he deemed unusual made sense at that moment, such as Maxwell University sending a private jet to pick Arielle up from the airport, the look Selena gave her, and him seeing her in the cafeteria exclusive to the professors of Maxwell University.

So the truth had been right in front of me all this while. I was the one who refused to think deeper about it. I was too afraid to do so.

Cold sweat broke out on Donovan's forehead as he reeled at the revelation.

San's the only hope for my thesis, but Arielle will never help me after everything I've done to her. I-I am doomed!

Seeing that he was still spacing out, Noah frowned in displeasure. "Donovan, why are you still standing there? Come over here and greet her."

With a half-smile, Arielle remarked, "Yeah. Didn't you say you've been searching for me for so long? Why aren't you greeting me? Aren't you going to apologize for your earlier discourtesy?"

Donovan gritted his teeth, trying to curb his temper. The veins on his temple bulged from his effort.

"Mr. Noah, it's fine. I will think of another way." He clenched his fists as he spoke.

A skeptical expression took over Noah's face at Donovan's rejection. Then, realization dawned upon him when he recalled the dispute between Donovan and Arielle at the mall entrance.

After going over to Donovan's side, he whispered, "Yesterday's matter isn't a big deal. Just apologize to her sincerely. Since she's willing to come all the way here, I'm sure there's room for you two to make amends. Go and apologize to her, and I'll help you out."

"I can't, Mr. Noah." Donovan balled his fists again and explained, "The grudge between us goes beyond yesterday's incident."

If I hadn't done those things to Arielle before this and persistently shunned her at Jadeborough University, there might have been a chance for her to help me out. However, there's no way I can change the past. I... I have put the final nail in the coffin myself. Since it's pointless to regret what I've done, I might as well retain my pride.

Looking at Arielle coldly, he said, "We've got the wrong person. The person I'm searching for isn't you, and it isn't San. You can leave now."

Noah called out frantically, "Donovan! What's wrong with you?"

Arielle had gone over that day merely to laugh at Donovan. She did not mind that he ostracized her, but he should not have bullied her friend. Naturally, there was no way she would let him off so easily.

Judging from his expression, she knew she had gotten her payback.

If that's the case, I don't want to linger around and see his ugly mug anymore.

"All right then. I'll be taking my leave now."

Arielle arched a brow at Jared and said, "It looks like there's no free dinner tonight. I'll bring you somewhere else."

"Sure." Jared cast a mocking look at Donovan, then turned on his heels and left with Arielle.

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Chapter 1115 A New Glimmer Of Hope

Once the two left, a hush descended over the room.

Noah got up to chase after them but was stopped by Donovan's outstretched arm.

"Donovan, are you out of your mind? We have been searching for her for so long for your thesis. Now that we're finally able to meet her, how could you just let her leave because of yesterday's minor incident? You could've resolved the conflict you have with her. It's not like you did anything heinous to her anyway."

A wry smile touched Donovan's lips. "Mr. Noah, you've hit the mark. I've indeed done some unforgivable things to her."

Noah's expression froze, and he hastened to ask, "What have you done to San?"

Donovan kept quiet. I did something that almost ruined her innocence, but I can't tell him that. Otherwise, not only would I fail to graduate, but I might also be expelled from Maxwell University. After all, the university values its students' character as well as their talents the most. My outcome is predictable if I reveal the misdeed I've done.

At that thought, he gritted his teeth and spoke. "She studied at Jadeborough University before and was my student. I... I didn't know her identity and thought she enrolled with her connections, so I a-always singled her out."

"You..." Noah began but could not manage to say a word. In the end, he stomped his foot in frustration. "You're too reckless! Since the first day you entered the Institute of Education, I have told you to treat every student equally. Why didn't you listen to me?"

Donovan hung his head in remorse.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Noah."

"You should also feel sorry toward others aside from me." Noah suppressed his anger and declared, "I can't and won't help you with your thesis anymore. You're on your own. I'm not going to accompany you the rest of the way."

Donovan was stunned by the finality of his tone and immediately grabbed his sleeve in desperation.

"Mr. Noah, without your help, how can I—"

"I don't care," Noah said chillingly. "It's fine if your talent is below par, but you can never forget your identity as a teacher. Since you can't treat every student equally, I have lost hope for you. Figure something out yourself."

He then flung Donovan's hand off of him and strode away.

"Mr. Noah!" Donovan chased after him, but Noah left without sparing him another glance.

With a confused and terrified look in his eyes, he stood motionlessly at the same spot until the waiter came into the room.

"Sir, has your friend arrived? Are you ready to order now?" the waiter asked.

Donovan returned to his senses and waved his hand in rejection. "There's no need. I'm not eating anymore."

With that said, he left the restaurant listlessly under the bewildered gaze of the waiter.

After walking all the way back to his dorm, he caught sight of the papers on his desk. Those were the questions he had made for Terry and the others.

In a split second, an idea occurred to him.

Arielle would usually use the methods of elementary mathematics to solve further mathematics questions. His thesis was based on that and was only missing one last example.

There's still a glimmer of hope for my thesis as long as I find a question Arielle has done before.

Donovan's eyes lit up, and he hurriedly booked the earliest flight to Jadeborough.

I need to search for the papers Arielle had done before. I only need to copy one of her answers on the paper, and my thesis will be completed. Even if Arielle is San, she's a graduate and can't participate in the thesis defense. And I'm the only person who has seen the questions she has done. No one else will ever find out. That's right! That's what I'm going to do! This is the best solution!

Without missing a beat, he packed his things and departed for the airport in Lightspring.

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Chapter 1116 Planning To Run

In Horington, Vinson was preparing to return to Jadeborough when Rayson reported the latest news of Larson Group to him.

"Trevor has been desperately trying to turn the tide by selling a variety of building materials at a low price, but there's only a handful of recently developed real estate in Horington, not to mention that they're different from our projects. They don't need many materials, and their area is smaller in comparison. I thought I needed to get the word out that anyone who buys his materials would be an enemy of Nightshire Group. I haven't even made my move yet, and the real estate developers had all rejected his offer."

"Oh? It's a good deal for them to buy building materials at a low price. Why did they reject it?"

"Exactly." Rayson nodded. Smiling, he asked, "Care to make a guess?"

Vinson cast a glance at him, and the latter immediately cut to the chase. "Trevor's reputation in the industry has always been terrible. The materials he sells are expensive yet poor in quality. That's why a bridge they built collapsed in less than a year. With Greene Corporation declaring bankruptcy and shutting down permanently, other companies aren't coerced to buy Trevor's materials. Thus, they still aren't willing to acquire his building materials despite the low price. The losses will be even greater if an incident like that bridge happens."

Nodding in agreement, Vinson replied, "Well, he dug his own grave. I want someone to watch his every movement. His company is bankrupt now, so he must be buried in debt."

The Specialized Forces should understand my intention when they receive the vase. They will soon gather evidence, arrest him, and put him in Specialized Forces Prison.”

“Right! I already have someone keeping an eye on him. I guarantee that he won’t be able to escape from your clutches.”

Vinson nodded as he walked toward the airport’s VIP lounge.

Heavy rain fell upon Horington once again, delaying flights hour after hour. Five hours later, the plane finally took off.

When it touched down, Vinson caught a glimpse of a familiar figure at the arrival concourse.

“Donovan?” he muttered, narrowing his eyes.

Shouldn’t he be preparing his students for the early admission exams at Maxwell University at this time? Why is he here at Chanaea’s airport?

“Rayson.”

Rayson stepped forward instantly. “Yes, Mr. Nightshire?”

Vinson lifted his chin in Donovan’s direction. “Assign someone to follow him and see what he’s up to.”

“Understood!” Rayson called a few bodyguards who had been protecting Vinson in the dark and had them follow Donovan.

Simultaneously, he received a call from someone in Horington.

“Mr. Nightshire!” Rayson reported to Vinson urgently, “I just received an update from Horington. Trevor plans to head overseas by boarding an international cruise ship. He’s currently heading to the pier.”

Vinson had expected Trevor to be unwilling to shoulder the mountain of debt and would try to leave the country secretly.

Thus, he was unfazed as he ordered, “Stop him.”

As he spoke, he was already calling the deputy captain of the Specialized Forces. “Head out to arrest Trevor Larson now.”

“Roger!” The deputy captain added, “We’ve just gathered all the evidence for his misdeeds. We’re heading out now.”

Vinson muttered an acknowledgment before ending the call.

The look in his eyes darkened as he thought, Planning to run? Not on my watch.

Meanwhile, in Horington, Trevor quickly sold off all his sellable properties and discreetly sold his house to a former business partner before taking a cab to the pier.

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Chapter 1117 Cecilia Was Arrested

Just as the driver reminded him to take all of his belongings before leaving the car, two police MPVs sped past them and drifted to a stop in front of the cab.

Scared out of his wits, the driver immediately slammed on the brakes. Trevor, who was in the back seat, bumped his face against the back of the passenger seat from the forceful stop.

“Don’t you know how to drive?” he roared.

Before he could scold the driver, the car door was opened from the outside.

“Trevor Larson, get off the vehicle.”

Trevor lifted his gaze dazedly and saw a man in a police uniform standing outside with a stern expression on his face.

“O-Officer, how may I help you?” he stammered from shock and dread while cowering to the corner of the back seat.

The police officer yanked Trevor out of the vehicle without any notice and flashed the cuff in his hands.

“We received orders from Jadeborough’s Specialized Forces to apprehend Trevor Larson at once. You are Trevor Larson, am I correct?”

“The J-Jadeborough Specialized Forces?” Trevor was dumbstruck, but his rationality was still intact. “No, I’m not Trevor Larson. You got the wrong person,” he lied through his teeth.

“Is that so?” The officer darted a glance between the photo on his phone and Trevor before sneering. “How dare you lie to us? Bring him away!”

At the wave of his arm, two more police officers came up, held Trevor’s arms on each side, and pushed him into the vehicle.

It was eight in the evening in Chanaea when the news broke on the internet.

On the day that Larson Group declares bankruptcy, the chairman, Trevor Larson, has tried to flee the country. Through investigations, it is discovered that Trevor carries a debt of four hundred million. Despite his position in the political arena, he committed bribery whereby he had bribed others with items costing up to forty million. He has broken against multiple laws of our nation, and from today onward, he'll be incarcerated in Specialized Forces Prison!

Cecilia almost fainted when she saw the news on her phone.

Trevor is my only hope of living a peaceful life. What should I do now that he's captured? Do I have to keep being a bar girl at this karaoke bar?

Her hands kept trembling as she felt herself falling into the depths of despair. At that moment, her addiction struck.

Seeing that she had fallen to the ground and was convulsing, the other bar girls were terrified and instantly called the police.

"Help! Someone is dying here. Please hurry and send an ambulance and police officers over."

A few minutes later, a police car pulled up in front of the karaoke bar.

An experienced police officer knew Cecilia's affliction at a glance.

Waving his hand, he ordered, "Arrange a tox screen for her."

Soon, the result was out.

With the report in hand, the police officer approached Cecilia, who had just regained her consciousness.

"Your test result came back positive for drugs. We'll be bringing you to a rehab facility, but tell us how and where you got the drugs first..."

Seeing that her misdeed was exposed, Cecilia paled and blacked out during the interrogation.

Vinson immediately relayed the news of Donovan's appearance in Jadeborough to Arielle and informed her of what had happened to Trevor and Cecilia.

Arielle did not feel anything about Trevor's outcome but was surprised to hear that Cecilia was arrested for being a drug addict.

“The Greenes has fallen, yet she dares to take drugs? Does she not care for Wendy at all?”

Vinson snickered. “From what I know, she didn’t touch drugs before. I believe she’s addicted to it now because she was under a lot of pressure and wanted a way to relieve her stress. Besides, every drug addict thinks the police won’t catch them.”

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Chapter 1118 I Miss You

Arielle thought about it for a while and agreed with his sentiments.

Bad people who did bad things would never contemplate what would ensue if they were caught. It was the same as Cecilia doing drugs. She wanted that moment of thrill and never thought about the consequences.

After a soft hum of agreement, Arielle queried, “When will you be done with your work?”

“What’s the matter?” Vinson let out a chuckle and asked, “Do you miss me?”

She was silent for two seconds before tightening her grip on the phone. “Yeah, I miss you.”

Right as those words left her mouth, she felt her heart racing.

Technically, both of them were an old married couple. Yet, she still felt shy from saying that she missed him.

When Vinson heard her words, he was also quiet for a moment. Then, he said, “I’ll buy the plane ticket now. No, I’ll come by helicopter.”

“Don’t!” Arielle hastily stopped him. “I know that many projects in your company are being set in motion. Come to me only when you’re done, or maybe I’ll come to you once I find the clues I’m looking for.”

“Then I’ll come right after I’m done with the projects in Jadeborough. At the latest, I’ll come before the day after tomorrow.”

“All right.”

At that, warmth welled up in her heart. The two of them then talked on the phone for a while longer. Although they were both on the call, they were busy with their own things. Once in a while, they would ask each other if they were still there, and a smile would appear on their faces upon hearing the other person’s confirmation.

Only when Trisha reminded Arielle to eat her dinner did the latter end the call reluctantly.

Smiling, Trisha teased, "Everyone says that a long-distance relationship will make you understand how important your partner is, and it seems like that's really the case. Sannie, when will the two of you deliver me the good news?"

"The good news?"

"Your wedding!"

Arielle lowered her gaze and chuckled. "It'll be soon, I think."

Although the two of them had already registered their marriage, barely anyone knew about it. It was as if they were still unmarried.

Regardless, she had a hunch that the wedding would happen in the near future.

Right after dinner, Arielle received a call from Vinson again. It was a video call.

"I've just received an update that Donovan's at the airport again. He's bought a ticket to head back to Lightspring."

Shocked, she asked, "He's back so soon? What did he do in Jadeborough?"

"My men aren't sure about the details, but he has only gone to one place after returning to Chanaea."

"Where?"

"His office in Jadeborough University. He was in there for about twenty minutes, and when he came back out, he had a paper bag with him. I reckon he must have returned to get that, but I don't know what's inside yet. Do you need me to get the Specialized Forces to stop and search him by saying it's a routine inspection?"

"No need." Arielle shook her head. Staring at Vinson's face on the screen, she said, "He won't be able to stir up much trouble. However, there's one thing—he knows that I'm San now."

Vinson's lips curled into a smirk. "His expression at that moment must have been quite a show."

His remark evoked a chuckle from her. "It's all right. Nevertheless, the look on his face back then was worth celebrating."

Time passed by in the blink of an eye. Soon, it was the night before the day of Maxwell University's graduates' thesis defense.

The students who opted to delay their thesis defense were separated from the current graduates, and the panel would not be their mentors but the university administrators.

Arielle would be representing the president of Maxwell University in the thesis defense committee for the students with delayed graduation.

In other words, she would be able to see the wonderful expressions that would cross Donovan's face again.

On Donovan's trip back to Chanaea, he did find a question that fit the theme of his thesis among the papers completed by Arielle.

Once he returned to Maxwell University, he quickly used Arielle's solution as the last example he was missing in his thesis.

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Chapter 1119 Plagiarism

After doing so, Donovan edited his thesis one last time. Once he made sure that there were no problems with it, he sent it to his mentor for review.

Although Noah had said that he would not care about him anymore, the professors at Maxwell University were responsible individuals. Hence, he still read through Donovan's thesis meticulously.

Noah's hands quivered when he realized that even the last example in Donovan's thesis was perfect. Undeniably, he was pleasantly surprised by his student's work quality.

Almost instantly, he called Donovan's number and exclaimed, "Donovan, I've perused your thesis. There aren't any problems with it. At the very least, you'll succeed in the thesis defense perfectly."

Despite knowing full well that his mentor would say that, Donovan said humbly, "Thank you, Mr. Noah."

Noah then sighed. "Honestly, considering that you're able to come up with this in such a short time, it shows that you're indeed gifted in this field. I'm really happy for you, and I'm proud of you."

Upon hearing his praise, Donovan had mixed feelings.

After all, he did not come up with that example—he had plagiarized Arielle's work.

Donovan tightened his fists. The theses of the graduates of Maxwell University would not be revealed to the public. As long as he said nothing, no one would realize it.

Everyone would assume that it was his original work.

Furthermore, Arielle was, in a way, his student. He was the one to mentor her, so her work was his.

He was not plagiarizing.

After he found the perfect excuse for himself, the worries in his heart dissipated.

With that, he accepted the praise from his mentor without guilt. "Thank you, Mr. Noah. I'm glad that I didn't let you down."

A sigh escaped Noah's mouth. "If you successfully graduate and return to being a teacher, you must remember that all the students are your children. You have to treat them equally. Do you understand?"

"I got it, Mr. Noah," Donovan replied and only put down his phone after Noah ended the call.

Soon, he saw an email from his university, which informed him that his thesis had passed the first round of the thesis defense.

In a marvelous mood, he even drank some wine to celebrate and did something out of character—calling Queenie.

When Queenie received his call, her joy was audible from the silence on her end.

Hearing nothing from her, Donovan frowned and asked, "What's the matter? Are you busy?"

"No, no!" she hastily said. "I-I'm just too happy..."

"It's just a call. Does it really bring you that much joy?" was what Donovan said, but he was extremely pleased.

Although he did not love Queenie, it did not stop him from feeling happy about how smitten she was with him.

It made him feel like he was someone.

Queenie did not conceal her elation. Smiling, she said, "I thought you'd be really busy throughout your time at Maxwell University... I thought you weren't going to call me, and I didn't dare to call you. I was afraid that I would disturb you."

Delighted, Donovan said, "You can call me whenever you want to next time. However, I will be having my thesis defense at ten in the morning, Lightspring's time. So, don't call during then. My phone will be switched off."

"Okay!" Queenie replied obediently, swiveling her eyes around as an idea came to her mind. After her call with Donovan ended, she booked a ticket to Lightspring without telling him.

She wanted to congratulate his graduation from Maxwell University in person.

The people who could graduate from Maxwell University were the cream of the crop in their respective fields. Since he was her husband, she should share the glory as well.

Before boarding the plane, Queenie even bought a present from the airport duty-free store.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1120 Read online

Chapter 1120 Thesis Defense

At half-past nine in Lightspring, Donovan brought the hard copies of his thesis to the classroom where the thesis defense would be held.

The one before him was a fat man, who had almost the same grades as him, but his intellect was not as good as his in the intelligence quotient test.

Flashing him a smile, Donovan cheered him on. "Good luck, Kristoff. I know you can do it."

That was what he said, but deep in his heart, all he felt toward Kristoff was disdain.

In his opinion, his thesis was close to perfect. Stealing a glance at the latter's thesis, he realized it was the most ordinary of all. It was neither interesting nor eye-catching.

In comparison, his thesis would make anyone's eyes lit up in joy.

In a way, he was in luck to have Kristoff present his thesis before him. With the latter as his comparison, he would definitely be the one to pass the thesis defense.

"Thank you! Good luck to you too, Donovan!" Kristoff replied with a grateful smile.

He was an honest and simple man. Aware that he was not intelligent, he studied diligently and got into Maxwell University.

Unfortunately, as the final exams were too difficult for his intellect, he ended up delaying his graduation.

At that, Donovan sneered internally. What an idiot!

Right then, someone inside called out Kristoff's name.

"It's my turn now, so I'm going to go in. You should get ready too!"

After patting Donovan's shoulders, Kristoff entered with the copies of his thesis.

The automated door opened and closed. In the two seconds it was opened, Donovan glimpsed a familiar figure inside.

Wait... That figure looks a lot like Arielle.

Instantly, he broke out in a cold sweat.

If Arielle's here, others will find out that the three examples in my thesis came from her! No, no way. There's no way it's her. Even if Arielle's San, the genius student everyone talks about, she's a graduate. A mere graduate has no right to enter the thesis defense room. It's not like she's one of the university's administrators. After all, only the best professors and highest-ranking university administrators can join our thesis defense.

Clenching his teeth, Donovan then moved over, hoping to lean near the door to confirm his suspicion.

Just as he was about to reach the doorway, the professor outside cautioned, "Don't stand too close to the door. You'll disturb the student who's doing their thesis defense inside."

Thus, Donovan had no choice but to return to the corridor.

The whole time he stood in wait, he was ridden with anxiousness. For some reason, Kristoff's thesis defense session was exceptionally long. Half an hour had passed when the door to the classroom finally opened.

The moment it did, Kristoff stepped out of the room with a glow of delight.

As Donovan studied the look on his face, he asked in disbelief, "Kristoff, did you pass?"

"I did!" Kristoff excitedly rubbed his hands. "The professors said that although my thesis isn't particularly outstanding, they could see I have a good attitude. The prettiest professor there even said that what's most important in thesis defense is the student's attitude. She saw how serious I was, so she gave me a pass!"

Hearing that, Donovan frowned. "A pretty professor?"

All the professors in last year's thesis defense were older than forty. Who could the pretty professor be? Could it be...

At that point, his mind blanked out. He dared not dwell on that thought for far too long.

"All right; I've finally realized one of my dreams. I'm going back now to make up for my students' missed lessons and prepare them for the early admission tests. Good luck!"

Kristoff then patted Donovan's shoulders and left, humming a tune on his way down the path.

Staring at his retreating figure, Donovan took a deep breath to compose himself.

If Kristoff can pass with his ordinary thesis, surely I wouldn't face a problem with mine!