

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1276

Chapter 1276 A Presumptuous Request

They wouldn't be meeting each other for three days. If he found out what happened to her, he would definitely rush here to take her away.

What was worse, he would forbid her from becoming the head of the Mill family and getting the medical manuscripts.

They chatted for almost one hour before cutting the line.

Right after she hung up, Sasha came to inform her that the head of the Mill family wanted to see her.

Arielle knew that they wanted to question the assassin.

"Ms. Moore, we shall start an investigation at once and give you an explanation," Abraham, the head of the Mill family, promised solemnly.

He was shocked to find out from Cornelius that someone had tried to kill Arielle back in Mount Blackcloud.

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After all, Mount Blackcloud was the Mills' territory, and it was their decision to send the contestants there to gather herbs.

The matter would not have been so serious if the contestants were harmed by beasts or got injured due to other natural factors. However, things were different when a contestant was almost assassinated by someone.

After all, not everyone could enter Mount Blackcloud. Without a map, those who did so wouldn't be able to leave the place alive.

"You'll just have to find how he got into Mount Blackcloud. As for the investigation, forget it. After the selection ends, I'll ask Vinson to question him. For now, keep him locked up so that he won't be able to escape," Arielle told Cornelius and Abraham.

Arielle knew Vinson was capable enough to get the information she wanted from the assassin.

“Let’s do that, then. We’ll find out how he got into Mount Blackcloud,” Abraham replied.

Arielle nodded. The matter had come to an end, so she decided to get some rest to prepare for the next day. She had just taken a few steps when something occurred to her. Turning at her shoulder, she said, “Mr. Mill, I have a presumptuous request. I hope you’ll say yes.”

“What is it?”

“I’d like to buy all the herbs I picked today. Don’t worry. I’ll pay the highest price in the market for them,” Arielle stated, for she was afraid Abraham would say no.

Oh, I thought it was something serious. This is fine by me. Abraham immediately agreed, “You don’t have to buy the herbs. I’ll give them to you as a form of compensation after what you went through today.”

“Dad, why would you give her the herbs? She didn’t get hurt at all!” Queenie huffed.

She happened to come downstairs and saw Cornelius sorting out the herbs Arielle brought back. Those herbs were of top quality, so they could gain a lot of money by selling them.

Arielle threw her a calm look before turning to Abraham. “Thank you, Mr. Mill. But it’s best for me to buy the herbs.”

With that, she spun on her heels and left. Breathless with anger, Queenie demanded, “Dad, what did she mean?”

Abraham glanced at his beloved daughter whom he had spoilt since birth and sighed. “What else? She doesn’t want to owe the Mills a favor.”

“If she doesn’t want to owe us a favor, she shouldn’t buy the herbs,” Queenie scorned.

The herbs are rarely seen in the market!

“You should be exhausted. Go rest in your room,” Abraham told her.

If the conversation goes on any longer, I might pass out due to frustration.

Queenie snorted and wheeled herself away.

“Dad, is there no other way to treat Queenie’s condition?”

Cornelius' heart ached as he watched Queenie leaving in her wheelchair. My sister should be leading a happy and blissful life, but alas, she encountered an accident.

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Chapter 1277 The First

Abraham shook his head. "I asked many experts, but they said nothing could be done. Even the foreign medical experts had their hands tied," he said while exhaling sharply.

I have never done anything heinous before. In fact, I have always treated my friends and family with sincerity and kindness. I'm a good man, but why did God take my daughter's legs away from her? She's only in her twenties and has a long life ahead of her.

Cornelius hurriedly changed the topic as his father seemed upset. "Dad, should we tend to the assassin's wounds?"

Arielle had stabbed him so viciously that the man would be a cripple even if he managed to recover.

Fortunately for him, his wounds were superficial as Arielle had avoided all the vital parts.

If everything went well, he could recover without any complications.

But of course, that would only be possible if he was given a chance to recover.

Abraham nodded. "Tend to his wounds so there won't be any infection. Since Ms. Moore didn't kill him, it's apparent that she wants him alive."

After the discussion about the assassin ended, they chatted about the selection of the head. Including Queenie, there were thirty-eight contestants vying for the position. The results of the rest were out, and Arielle was the winner for gathering the most herbs as well as herbs with the highest value. Abraham then told Cornelius to text all the contestants to inform them of the results.

Soon, Arielle received the text notifying her of the results. Her lips curved up when she read that she received the highest score for that day.

When the rest received the text, they were shocked to realize that Arielle had the highest score.

Who would've thought that Arielle is actually skilled in medicine? That sounds about right. If she weren't trained in medicine, she wouldn't be here for the selection. Since she's qualified to be here, she must be very skillful.

Nevertheless, the contestants felt stressed that Arielle was ranked first, especially those who were her peers. As experts in the medical industry, they assumed it would be pretty easy to get selected as the head of the Mill family. Thus, they never expected to be surpassed on the first day itself.

“Viggo, you know how important the medical manuscripts are to our family. Therefore, you must get selected as the head. You’re two points short of her score and ranked second this time. However, the person ranked third is only one point away from you, so you mustn’t let your guard down.”

Viggo Laursen was listening to his father’s instructions with a solemn expression.

“Father, I got it. I’ll do my best!”

After hanging up, Viggo started searching for Arielle’s name online.

However, the search results were mostly about her educational background and her current identity. There was a brief mention of her medical skills, but that was about it. He couldn’t find any useful information about her.

His gaze turned dark. It looks like she’s a worthy opponent. I can’t let my guard down.

Queenie had also received the text. Realizing that Arielle had the highest score and was placed first while she barely got into the top ten, she nearly suffocated in her fury and tossed her phone to the bed.

“What’s wrong?” Donovan asked.

“It’s that b*tch, Arielle! I can’t believe she got the highest score!” Queenie huffed. “She must’ve been really lucky to get the most herbs and also the most valuable ones.”

Donovan was surprised to learn that, too. I have to admit that Arielle is a capable woman. Not only is she the CEO of Sann Group and the owner of Maureen’s Kitchen, but she’s also San in person. I wonder what she isn’t capable of?

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Chapter 1278 The Assassin

“She got lucky. I believe you’ll do better than her tomorrow.”

Right then, he suddenly recalled the assassin that Arielle brought back with her.

Clenching his fists, he pretended to ask nonchalantly, “What about the assassin? How did Dad and Cor punish him?”

Queenie was delighted, for she assumed Donovan wanted to chat with her. They were married for a long while, but it was always her who initiated the conversation, and Donovan would usually answer her half-heartedly.

“My dad wants to start an investigation to find out how he entered Mount Blackcloud,” she revealed honestly. “Mount Blackcloud is our territory, and Arielle nearly got murdered there. Thus, my dad has to give her an explanation. However, Arielle rejected his offer and told him to keep the assassin locked up for now. She wants my dad to find out how he got into Mount Blackcloud. After the selection ends, she would get Vinson to investigate the rest.”

Donovan grew flustered when he heard that Vinson would be taking over the case soon. Abraham might not find anything, but I can't say the same for Vinson. If Vinson discovered that I was the one who hired the assassin to kill Arielle, things would not end well for me, even with the Mills' protection.

Regret crept up Donovan's heart at that thought. Why did I fail to hold myself back? She might've beaten me up and insulted me, but that's no big deal. Why did I contact the person recklessly? What should I do now?

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After a while, Queenie realized Donovan wasn't responding and glanced in his direction. The man's expression was grim, and there was no telling what was on his mind.

“Don, what's wrong?” Queenie was afraid to see Donovan acting this way. As she loved him with a vengeance, she hated it when he ignored her. Every time Donovan fell silent, fear would grip her throat, for it reminded her of how they got married in the first place.

“Nothing. It's late, so you should sleep.” Donovan snapped back to reality and tucked her in. He lay on the bed, rolled over, and shut his eyes. Queenie was his wife and loved him dearly, but he dared not reveal that he was the one who hired the assassin to kill Arielle.

Despite being a lovesick fool, Queenie could sense that something was off. However, she couldn't figure out what it was.

A brief silence later, Queenie said, “Don, I'm your wife. You can tell me everything instead of keeping your troubles to yourself.” She turned and flung her arm around Donovan's waist. In return, Donovan responded, “Go to sleep.”

I know Queenie and Arielle are on bad terms, and Queenie will definitely side with me, but there's no way I can tell her why I sent an assassin after Arielle. I can't lie because Queenie will make things hard for Arielle. If Arielle spills the truth, there's no telling how the Mills will react. If they give up on me, Vinson won't let me off so easily.

It was dark outside, and the moon had disappeared without a trace. A gentle and cool breeze rustled the leaves in the dark.

A figure appeared outside the room where the assassin was held in. Realizing the guard wasn't around, he opened the door and sneaked in to carry the assassin, who was lying on the bed, out of the room. Swiftly, the figure arrived at the backyard and opened the door. Another figure materialized and took the unconscious assassin from him.

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Chapter 1279 Pretentious

The next morning, the help who was tasked to guard the assassin went in to tend to his wounds.

To his shock, the assassin was gone. He immediately ran to Salvador and reported the matter to him.

Salvador promptly reported the matter to Cornelius and Abraham.

At once, Cornelius rushed to the room the assassin was previously held in. After strolling around, he realized someone had saved the assassin. Without further delay, he relayed the piece of information to Abraham.

"Find out who saved him!" Abraham instructed as he slammed his palm on the table furiously.

The contestants who were all gathered in the hall heard Abraham's roar. Curious, they asked what happened, and Abraham proceeded to reveal how someone tried to kill Arielle.

As he spoke, he scanned the crowd surreptitiously to find out if anyone showed a guilty expression.

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However, everyone seemed surprised to hear his words, and no one seemed to feel guilty. Is the culprit not among them?

"Mr. Mill, are there no surveillance cameras installed in that room?" Frustration crept up Arielle's heart when she heard that the assassin had escaped. I should've sent him to Vinson last night! He tried to kill me, but I was careless enough to leave him in Silverbirch Hospital!

Cornelius shook his head. "The surveillance cameras went out of order a few days ago, and we wanted to install new ones. However, I got busy with the selection and forgot all

about it.” He felt extremely apologetic as his carelessness allowed the assassin to escape from Silverbirch Hospital. He had assumed no one would be able to sneak out easily, but the truth proved otherwise.

The assassin was seriously injured, so there must have been a mole who saved him. I wonder who hired him to kill Arielle.

As the surveillance cameras were out of order, Arielle had to let the matter slip.

If the surveillance footage was gone, she could figure out a way to restore the content. However, they were already out of order for two days, so she couldn’t do anything about it.

She had no choice but to swallow her indignation.

However, she vowed to be more vigilant next time and come up with more comprehensive solutions.

“Ms. Moore, it is our fault for not guarding him well,” Abraham said apologetically.

Arielle shook her head. “It’s fine. Forget it. Even though he has escaped, he must’ve left clues behind. Find out how he entered Mount Blackcloud. He wouldn’t have found me without someone else’s help.”

There was nothing else she could do at that moment. The Mills will have to investigate the matter slowly. Hopefully, they are competent enough of finding an answer.

“Of course,” Abraham gave his word. “Don’t worry, Ms. Moore.”

Queenie felt upset to see Cornelius and Abraham apologizing to Arielle. Who does Arielle think she is? Why did Dad and Cor apologize to her?

“Pretentious b*tch. The assassin didn’t even hurt her, so it doesn’t matter that he has escaped. There’s no need to waste time to investigate the matter,” she commented harshly.

“Shut up.” Donovan threw her a glare, for he couldn’t wait for the matter to blow over. She’d better stop stirring the pot.

Afraid that he would get mad at her, Queenie tamped down her displeasure and said nothing.

It was nine in the morning, so the second test was about to begin. Two contestants would have to partner up to treat patients suffering from rare diseases using ancient Chanaean medicine. They would be drawing lots to decide the pairings.

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Chapter 1280 Partner Up

Cornelius placed the numbers he prepared earlier into a box, and the contestants came up one by one to get their numbers.

Arielle glanced around and decided she could partner up with anyone here.

After all, the ones gathered here were all elites from different families. Those who weren't confident with their skills wouldn't even show up.

That was what she thought, but Queenie didn't share her sentiments. The latter refused to partner up with Arielle, for they were at odds.

Hence, Queenie was desperately praying that they wouldn't end up on the same team.

Every time Cornelius announced a number, two contestants would stand up and go to him. When he announced number eighteen, Queenie immediately went up to him.

She came to a stop and glanced around to see who her partner was.

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Her eyes widened in disbelief when she saw Arielle getting up nonchalantly before coming toward her.

What the heck? Is this a joke? Why did God not answer my prayer?

Arielle felt helpless at the sight of Queenie's displeased glare.

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect to get the same number as Queenie. As it was decided, she had to accept the fact.

Never mind if Queenie isn't as good as me. I can do everything as long as Queenie doesn't kick up a fuss and drag me down.

That was all Arielle needed from Queenie.

“Arielle, I shall work with you out of respect for my brother,” Queenie declared. She knew Cornelius wouldn’t agree to let her change her teammate no matter what she said since he was a stubborn person.

Arielle was amused. “Oh, I need to thank him, then,” she replied half-heartedly.

“Hey!” Queenie was enraged at her attitude. She initially wanted to yell at her but swallowed her insults as they were still in public.

After the groups were decided, it was time to assign the patients. The Mill family had twenty patients suffering from rare diseases. The nineteen groups consisting of thirty-eight contestants in total each received one patient, and the remaining patient would be treated by the newly elected head after the selection ended.

Arielle’s group received an old lady in her seventies. Their patient’s symptoms were obvious compared to the other patients.

“Isn’t it obvious? Do we even need to diagnose her?” Queenie expressed her dissatisfaction at the sight of their patient. How could Cor give us this patient? Is he trying to make a fool out of us?

One couldn’t blame Queenie for being upset, for the patient had a huge belly. It is obvious that she is pregnant.

“You’re a doctor, and a doctor’s job is to save lives. In face of doubts, you shouldn’t make a conclusion recklessly,” Arielle responded.

Arielle knew the old lady wasn’t pregnant. Otherwise, the Mills wouldn’t have invited her here.

Queenie glowered at Arielle before she went to the old lady to take her pulse. Her displeasure heightened after she took the old lady’s pulse.

“How dare you say I made a conclusion recklessly? Take her pulse and find out for yourself if she’s pregnant,” Queenie mocked. She then wheeled herself to the side so that Arielle could take the patient’s pulse.

Arielle fell silent after she took the patient’s pulse, for the latter was indeed pregnant. However, she was certain the old lady wasn’t pregnant.

“Her pulse might suggest she’s pregnant, but as doctors, we can’t affirm that based on her pulse. If she’s indeed pregnant, your brother wouldn’t have asked her to come here.”