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The press release was held at Grandview Hotel. At the moment, the hotel was already packed with people. Most of them were wearing a white bandana with the word ‘protest’ written over it. The remaining people were either there because they saw the news online, or because they wanted to get some compensation.

They couldn’t get in, of course, but they could see the live broadcast through the big screen on the hotel’s front door.

The only people who could get in were reporters, food quality assessors, and so-called independent media.

Worried that the crowd might cause a commotion when they saw Vinson, the bodyguard asked the driver to stop right at the entrance. Only then did Vinson manage to get in without a hitch.

However, Vinson didn’t go straight to the conference hall where the press release was held. Instead, the man went to the restaurant and ordered some food.

Rayson was worried sick, and he said, “Sir, it’s chaos out there. Some of the media came uninvited, but I can’t stop them, or that’d be bad for our rep. You might have to chase them out yourself.”

Vinson was flipping through the menu calmly. “I don’t see the need for that.”

“There’ll be a Q&A session later. Some of their questions might end up ruining Soir Coffee’s reputation even more.”

“Don’t worry about that.” Vinson paused for a moment, then he added, “This is the perfect chance to see which outlet sold themselves out.”

Rayson was starting to sweat. He thought Vinson was calm. Too calm, actually. Shouldn’t he be worried? Why is he having lunch instead?

His concern did not escape Vinson. “I can’t work on an empty stomach. It’s already one. Give me some time to get my lunch.”

“Yes, Sir,” Rayson answered and was about to leave Vinson alone, but Vinson stopped him.

“Hold it.”

Rayson stopped in his tracks and turned around quickly, excited. “Do you want me to chase the uninvited guests away?”

“No.” He handed the menu to Rayson. “Tell them to make two of everything I circled here. Send the extra to

Arielle. You know where she is.”

“Yes.” Rayson took the menu over, frustrated. I knew it. This guy never gets worried no matter how bad the crisis is. I shouldn’t put myself in a rut over this. Might as well pray to God so Soir Coffee can get through this.

Rayson didn’t know the customer who was sent to the ER had already awakened and could come over soon, so he was worried sick about the situation.

However, Vinson didn't plan to tell him. He didn't plan to tell anyone about it. Once the customer made their appearance, it'd be hell for everyone who tried to attack Vinson.

At the same time, Wendy hurried back to Jadeborough University after saying goodbye to Susanne, since she only had a period off.

She called Cecilia—who was in Horington—on her way back. It went through quickly, but Cecilia sounded worried, “I saw the news, Wendy. Soir Coffee's in big trouble. Did Vinson say anything about this?”

Wendy hadn't told her mother about the recent happenings, including the time when Vinson suggested that she leave Nightshire Manor.

She bit her lip and answered, “Just ignore it, Mom. I need you to look into someone for me.”

“Who?”

“Arielle. She's my classmate, and the young miss of Southall Group.”

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Cecilia knew her daughter was a smart woman who knew what she was doing, so she didn't ask any further questions. All she did was do as her daughter asked and sent someone to look into Arielle.

Arielle had a simple background. Nothing too outstanding, but her photo caught Cecilia's eye. When she saw the photo, Cecilia was drawn to it, immersing herself in Arielle's face for a long while.

When she snapped out of it, she realized that she had stared at the photo for ten long minutes. And Cecilia was a woman. On top of that, Arielle didn't have any makeup on, since it was just an ID photo.

All of a sudden, she knew why Cecilia wanted to know everything about Arielle. This girl is a threat. And a big one at that.

Her husband used to cheat on her with another beautiful woman, but Cecilia won out in the looks department, so she managed to win her husband back in the end. After she collected her thoughts, Cecilia called her daughter.

Wendy picked it up quickly. "You're done?" She was curious. "That's fast."

"Yeah. Sent you the email. Make sure it's not in the junk file." Cecilia coughed. "Wendy, she's a simple girl, but she's gorgeous. Ruin her if you can, and keep her away from Vinson no matter what."

Of course Vinson would fall for her. What man wouldn't? Heck, I almost fell for her too, but that's

beside the point. The point is, this Arielle girl is bad news!

Cecilia thought Wendy would say something, but when she didn't get any answer, her heart sank. "Wendy, Vinson saw her already, didn't he? Don't tell me they've already met?"

Wendy still wouldn't answer, but Cecilia knew that her guess was true. After all, she was Wendy's mother.

Cecilia gasped, but she calmed down quickly. "Calm down, Wendy. I've seen her résumé, and it's nothing to write home about. The only

highlight is that some pianists praised her during the freshman party. I can tell you that a woman like her can never marry Vinson, so don't ruin your plan just because of her. Keep calm and don't let anyone catch your opening, especially not Susanne."

"I understand, Mom," Wendy finally answered.

Cecilia heaved a sigh of relief. "Just lay low and don't do anything. Once your first monthly test is over, I'll teach that girl a lesson myself. She'll never come near Vinson ever again."

Wendy was surprised. Ever since she was a child, Cecilia had always kept her under a lot of protection and never allowed her to do anything that'd ruin their family's reputation. She never thought her mother would get rid of Arielle herself. Does that mean mom thinks Arielle is a threat as well? But I won't complain about her helping me out.

Wendy bit her lip. "I understand. I'll just stay here and wait for you then."

"Good. Now go back to the campus. I'll need to settle some things as well."

After she ended the call, Wendy opened her email right away. She clicked into the résumé Cecilia sent her and looked through Arielle's background.

It wasn't the first time she had seen it, but after finding out that Arielle was also a doctor, she started doubting the document she found.

However, her mother sent her the same thing she scraped up. The only difference was that it was more detailed. Is Arielle really just a bumpkin

who came back from the countryside? But if that's true, there's no way someone like her can play the piano and be a doctor.

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The more Wendy looked at the file, the more doubtful she became. Wendy thought about it for a while, and she called her friend who was working at the hospital.

Her friend was a Jadeborough University graduate sponsored by the Greenes, but they were smart, and they got into the university through their own effort.

After the call went through, Wendy said, "Hi, Wendy here."

"Ah, Ms. Greene. It's rare getting a call from you. Do you feel unwell?"

"I have something to ask. Is the one who treated Soir Coffee's customer a lady about the same age as me?"

"A girl?" Her friend thought about it and shook her head. "I didn't take part in that surgery, but the top doctors in Chanaea did. The oldest one is my classmate. He's a guy."

Wendy kept quiet for a moment. "Can you give me his number then?"

"Sure. I'll hit him up and give you his number."

Wendy's friend worked fast. The moment she got back to Jadeborough, she already got the number. Once she added his number to her contacts, the man texted, "Hi, Ms. Greene. Anything I can help with?"

Wendy gave him a voice call. Once that went through, she said, “Hi, Dr. Ziegler. I’m Vinson’s friend. This is

about the patient from Soir Coffee. If it’s possible, may I know if a girl roughly at the age to be in university took part in it?”

Zachary paused for a moment, then he asked reflexively, “Are you talking about Arielle?”

Wendy’s heart sank. “Yep. Was she the one who handled the surgery? Or was she only helping?”

“Her?” Zachary scoffed. “She knows barely anything. If it weren’t for the serum she got from god knows where, she couldn’t have cured the patient.”

Wendy heaved a sigh of relief. So she wasn’t the one who cured the customer. She just got the serum. And here I thought she’s a pro.

Wendy finally smiled again. “I see. Thank you, Dr. Ziegler,” she said kindly. “Call me if you need anything.”

Zachary knew who Wendy was thanks to his friend, so he answered happily, “Sure. Call me if you need anything as well. I’m not a bad doctor myself.”

“See you around then.”

“Of course.”

The call ended there and then, but Wendy felt refreshed. I knew it. A bumpkin like her couldn’t be so skillful. She can play the piano just because she has some talent, just like her math skills.

Wendy put her phone down and went to the lecture hall.

At the same time, Arielle was at General Hospital, waiting for the patient to finish the IV infusion, while Carter was looking through the Soir Coffee victims' files.

Suddenly, Carter clapped his hands. "I found it!"

Arielle looked at him. "You found the mastermind?"

"You can say so. Never thought it'd be her though. Looks like I have to tell dad to call for a family meeting." Carter's face fell. If looks could freeze, the whole ward would have been frozen.

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Arielle was surprised that Carter was looking so angry. "Who is it?" she asked curiously.

When Carter told her who the mastermind was, Arielle finally understood why he looked so furious. "So it's her..

She had almost forgotten about that woman, but that woman never forgot about Arielle. She was like a viper, waiting for the perfect chance to strike.

Carter sent his investigation results to Vinson.

At the same time, Arielle saw Rayson coming up to her. He was holding a lot of stuff, and he was drenched in sweat, apparently because he ran all the way here.

Well, he actually did run all the way there. Since he got stuck in traffic halfway through, Rayson had to finish the rest of the trip on foot, as Vinson told him the food must not get cold. In the end, Rayson got to the hospital faster on foot.

After hearing everything he went through, Arielle handed him a bottle of water to cool down. "Sorry for all the trouble, but I already had lunch."

She ate all she could at Shandie's funeral banquet, and she was still stuffed from it.

"Um, well..." Rayson looked troubled. "But I need to see for myself that you finish this before I can go back. Mr. Nightshire said so. Said it must be tiring treating the patients."

Carter crossed his arms, smirking. "Just finish it, Boss," he helped Rayson out. "Don't make things hard for him. Vin is never kind to his employees."

Rayson nodded and put on an exaggerated look. "He's a scary guy."

"Is that so?" Never saw him flying into a rage. But he does seem scary when he gets angry, though I'm not scared of him.

In the end, Arielle nodded. "Fine. I'll take a bite."

Carter was already starving, so he volunteered, "I'll help."

After they came to the hospital's cafeteria, Rayson laid out the food Vinson bought. Arielle almost fainted when she saw the food. All of them were healthy foods high in protein. There wasn't a single thing in there she liked. In fact, she hated all of it.

“Can I not eat these?”

Arielle was about to negotiate with Rayson, but when she saw the look on his face, she stopped. Rayson was tearing up, as if he would cry if Arielle refused to eat.

“Don’t cry, please. I’ll eat it, alright?” Left with no choice, Arielle picked up her bowl and slowly ate the food Vinson bought, though it tasted more like medicine to her.

Rayson finally stopped tearing up and filled her bowl

with some chicken soup. She’s the boss’ wife in the future. Gotta take care of her.

At the same time, back in Grandview Hotel, Nightshire Group’s top brass finally made their appearance. All the media were excited, and they started asking questions. “Sir, it’s time for the press release. Where’s Mr. Nightshire?”

The top brass answered calmly, “Now calm down, everyone. We have some snacks for you. The press release has been delayed for an hour or so. You’ll have to wait for a bit longer.”

Because of how powerful Nightshire Group was, most of the reporters had no choice but to sit back down.

But then, an uninvited influencer stood up. “Is Mr. Nightshire hiding from us because he knows the situation is bad for him? But even so, he has to answer to the patrons. How long does he plan on hiding?”

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Everyone gawked at that influencer. Who the heck is this? Did the guy just insult Vinson in public? Even if Soir Coffee is shut down in the end because of its problematic ingredients, it still won't shake Nightshire Group. Vinson's gonna get back at his enemies by then. This guy's dead!

Everyone turned their heads to the top brass on the stage.

The management was surprised, but they collected themselves quickly. "The CEO isn't hiding from this matter. He's just collecting some evidence. Once he's done, we'll tell everyone about the truth. No secrets."

Before anyone could ask him anything, the top brass put the mic down and left the hall.

Right after he left, the influencer became more brazen. "Evidence my foot. A group of patrons can't be wrong. What? Does he think someone's out there to set him up? I bet he'll only show up once someone's dead."

Everyone else started whispering among themselves.

"Do you think Mr. Nightshire is hiding because he's guilty?"

"I don't think so. Cafés can't be set up that easily. They have to go through a lot of quality inspection trials. One of the most important ones is food safety. Maybe Mr. Nightshire does have evidence on his hand."

"Or maybe they're trying to come up with some PR

stunt. Someone will probably be the scapegoat. I mean, not the first time a company has shifted the blame onto an intern."

“If even the industry leader does this, it’s gonna ruin the consumers’ goodwill.”

“Quiet, will you? It’s just an hour. We’ll know the truth then.”

The influencer scoffed at the media. It’s useless. It’ll still be the same thing tomorrow. I just know that guy is hiding from us. He won’t show up even after a week.

Part of these uninvited guests came because the victims paid them to, while some came willingly, like this influencer over here. He came to get some traffic and to protect the consumers’ rights.

He styled himself as the protector of justice, so he didn’t take a single cent from the consumers.

Since there was still time, he opened up his account and realized he got a hundred thousand new followers over the last few minutes.

The big screen on Grandview Hotel’s front door was live-streaming the press release, so everyone saw the little ruckus that happened earlier.

One of the protesters shouted, “He’s running away! Vinson’s running away! He won’t even show up! That

proves that the café’s food is dangerous!”

“We demand an apology!”

“What is he waiting for? He’ll have to apologize sooner or later. Why’d he called this press release? To shift the blame?”

“What a shameless guy he is!”

The crowd was getting more agitated every passing moment. Some even wanted to barge in there and pummel Vinson.

This matter went from trending to viral on the Internet. More and more people were protesting online, asking Vinson to come out and apologize.

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The manager went straight to the restaurant after he left the hall, and he told Vinson what happened earlier.

Vinson took a sip from his soup before answering, “Let them do what they want. Just don’t let the protesters come in and ruin the release.”

The manager was a calm, rational guy, but even he got curious. “Sir, we’re really letting them do what they want? The Internet’s swarming us. If we don’t do some damage control, it might...”

The manager didn’t finish his sentence, but it was clear what he wanted to say. If they didn’t do any damage control, not even the company could censor the masses anymore, since they could come up with a lot of ways to bypass the censorship.

Nightshire Group was the second-largest shareholder of Chanaea’s biggest online platform, holding twenty percent of its shares. Even though the Internet was swarming them, it wouldn’t be hard for Nightshire Group to quash the scandal.

However, Vinson still wouldn’t do any damage control, and he waved the manager down. “Ignore them.”

“Yes Sir.” The manager left the restaurant so Vinson could have his lunch in peace.

The moment he came out, the manager ran into Rayson. Rayson whispered, “Did you tell the president? Did he say anything? Does he want us to censor them?”

The manager smiled bitterly and shook his head. “No. He said they can do whatever they want.”

Rayson was still nervous a moment ago, but he calmed down after hearing that. “He still won’t do anything despite the severity of this crisis. I knew it. He has a plan. The louder they shout, the more embarrassed they’ll be. Just ignore them.”

The manager thought the same thing as well, and he cheered up. “I’ll keep an eye on them for now. Some of them came uninvited, and I don’t want them to ruin the release.”

The manager asked curiously, “What is it? Is it important?”

Rayson nodded seriously. “Yes. More important than this whole crisis.”

“What is it?” That got the manager more curious.

However, Rayson shook his head. “It’s a secret. You’ll know eventually. There’ll be an official announcement.”

“Official announcement?” The manager frowned. You’re making it sound like some celebrities are gonna announce that they’re dating.

He wanted to ask more, but Rayson had already gone

into the restaurant, so he stopped and went back to the conference hall.

After Rayson closed the door, he called, “Sir.”

Vinson had just finished his soup. He was enjoying his lunch, just like how a medieval aristocrat would. After he wiped his mouth, Vinson turned around. “You’re back. Did she finish her food?”

“She did.” Rayson scrolled through his photos and handed it to Vinson. “But she can’t finish all of them though.”

Vinson took a look and nodded. “That’s good enough for me. Is she done? How much time does she need?”

S

Rayson answered, “The patient’s almost done with the IV infusion when I was there. Ms. Moore said he’ll be here in half an hour. And... she said she won’t come, since she has something else to do.”

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“I see.” Vinson nodded, but he didn’t elaborate. He knew Arielle must be exhausted from treating the patient, so she needed time to rest. It’s fine if she isn’t here.

“Oh right!” Rayson remembered something and handed a stack of documents to Vinson. “Mr. Morgan asked me to give this to you. He said he’ll apologize to you personally after this whole crisis is over.”

Vinson was surprised. What did he do? Why'd he wanted to apologize to me personally? Vinson took the file from Rayson and skimmed through it.

A short while later, he realized why Carter said he wanted to apologize, as Carter's family also played a part in the Soir Coffee incident.

Vinson closed the file and stood up. "Tell them the press release will begin in half an hour. And get the Specialized Forces here."

Rayson wondered why. Specialized Forces was a special team in Jadeborough. Their job was to crack down on all the aristocrats' dirty business. They only answer to the leader of the Ministry of Justice, so nobody could threaten them.

Once they had their eyes on someone, no secrets would be too deep for them. Thanks to that, all the aristocrats in the nation feared the Specialized Forces.

Vinson was the captain of the Specialized Forces, but aside from his team members, nobody knew about that.

He didn't want anyone to find out about it either, so he asked Rayson to get his team over.

"Yes, Sir," Rayson answered, and he went out. Hm, is an aristocratic family behind this? Are they trying to land Soir Coffee in trouble? Wow, they're seriously trying to get themselves killed.

Arielle was still in the General Hospital. After she confirmed that the patient could last all the way to Grandview Hotel, she told the other doctors about the list of things to look out for before going back to the Southall residence.

It had been three hours since Henrick and Cindy left her at the hospital, but still, Henrick didn't call her. It was obvious that he had forgotten all about Arielle.

Arielle smiled coldly and was about to hail a taxi, but Carter offered, "I'll give you a ride, Boss."

"It's fine." Arielle shook her head. "I need you to keep an eye on the patient. I'll go back myself."

"I'll leave the chauffeur with you then."

"It's fine. I have to go somewhere else first, so getting a ride myself is easier."

"I see." Carter stopped insisting after that and went back into the hospital.

There were a lot of taxis in front of the hospital, so it didn't take long before Arielle managed to get one. Right before she got into the car, Zachary stopped her, "Hey!"

Arielle turned around, upset, while Zachary strutted up to her. "Where'd you get the serum?" he interrogated.

"I did not take it," Arielle corrected. "I made it myself."

"As if. A girl like you can't have done that so quickly. Tell me where you got the serum and I'll recommend you to Queenie. Know who she is? Comes from a family of traditional Chanaean doctors, and the youngest, most talented doctor in Chanaea who studies both traditional Chanaean medicine and modern

medicine.

Arielle looked at him like he was an idiot. “No thank you. I don’t want to see her.” She went into the car and closed the door, silencing Zachary completely.

“To Morgan’s psychiatric hospital please, driver.”

“You got it.” The driver stepped on the accelerator, spewing fumes at Zachary’s face.

“Why you...” Zachary stomped his foot. “You damned girl!” he cursed. And then someone called him.

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The call was from Queenie, and Zachary switched his attitude to simp mode. “Oh, you’re here, Queenie? Nothing happened on the way, I hope?”

Queenie ignored his question and went out. “How’s the patient doing? I told the pilot to land the chopper at the nearest clearing. If nothing goes wrong, I should be there in ten.”

“Ahem.” Zachary coughed awkwardly. “You don’t have to come now, Queenie.”

Queenie’s face fell. “What are you talking about? Are you joking?”

“No, I’m not.” Zachary explained quickly, “It’s just that the patient’s cured.”

“Cured? I thought you said he was in serious condition.” He made it sound like the patient’s dying, but now he’s cured right after I got off the chopper? And that’s too fast! Even the normal flu would take nearly a week to heal.

“Arielle did it.” Zachary briefed her about how Arielle neutralized the snake venom in the patient’s body.

Queenie was quiet for a moment. “You mean she neutralized the Furious Devil?”

Zachary was surprised she knew that. “You know the venom’s name? So she didn’t make it up herself?”

Queenie snorted. “Of course not. It’s a powerful venom.

This venom can cause discomfort that ranges from a week to a month, and that’s only a thousandth of its original concentration. If it’s not diluted, anyone who gets injected with it will die within a day.”

Zachary wiped the sweat off his forehead. “No wonder the patient was in critical condition.”

Queenie was still confused about the situation. “Who neutralized the venom?”

“A girl named Arielle,” Zachary answered. “She doesn’t look like a doctor to me. More like a celebrity. I bet she got the serum from someone else.”

“Impossible,” Queenie denied. “As far as I know, not even the breeders have found the serum. She can’t have gotten it from someone else.”

“You mean she neutralized it herself?” Zachary scoffed, “Impossible. You’ll know why when you see her. She’s too gorgeous to be a doctor. I bet she’s dealing in some shady business.”

He saw Arielle’s face right before she got into the taxi, and even though he liked Queenie, he had to say Arielle was gorgeous. To be precise, she was seductive, not at all what a doctor should look like. A vixen like her couldn’t have neutralized the venom all by herself.

If she did do it all by herself, she’d be the greatest doctor alive. But I’ve never heard of her before, so that can’t be true.

Zachary kept going on with his analysis, while Queenie only listened. A long while later, she asked, “You said the patient will attend the press release?”

“Yes.” Zachary nodded. “That girl is either mad or trying to please Vinson. The patient has just gotten out of the woods, and she asked him to attend the press release right away. She’s mad!”

Queenie wasn’t interested in what Zachary had to say, so she ended the call and hailed a taxi. “To Grandview Hotel, please.”

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The driver had just finished listening to Soir Coffee’s news, so he turned around to ask, “Oh, you’re there to ask for compensation as well, miss?”

“What compensation?” Queenie frowned. She didn’t like the driver butting into her business.

But since she was wearing a cap, the driver didn't notice her annoyance, so he continued, "It's all over the Internet. The café's customers who are at the scene will get compensated. I just sent one of their customers to the hotel earlier."

Queenie's frown deepened. "I'm not their customer," she answered coldly.

The driver realized that Queenie was getting irritated, so he turned around and told her to sit tight as he stepped on the accelerator.

They stopped before a red light a short while later. Coincidentally, a branch of Soir Coffee was right across the traffic light, and the LED screen on the front door was playing its ambassador's clip.

"There, you see," the driver started again. "That girl there is Arielle. She's the ambassador, but guess it's not her lucky day. Everywhere she goes, she's bound to get spit on. Poor lady."

Queenie wasn't going to talk, but when the driver brought Arielle up, she reflexively looked at the screen.

The lady in the video was wearing a resplendent dress,

standing within a beautiful castle. Her skin was snow white, her beauty transcending reality. Not even the most beautiful celebrity could hold a candle against her.

"Arielle..." Queenie mumbled. So this ambassador saved the patient? She recalled Zachary's description, so she was sure the girl on the screen was the same one Zachary talked about.

At first, she didn't believe it when Zachary said Arielle got the serum from someone. After all, Zachary might be a smart, capable man, but he'd throw that out of the window whenever prejudice got in the way.

But when she saw Arielle for the first time, Queenie had to agree with him. After all, who'd be a doctor if they had that kind of beauty? Besides, if Arielle was really a great doctor, Queenie would have heard of her name by now, given how gorgeous Arielle was.

Queenie squinted at the screen, etching Arielle's face into her memory. She started agreeing with Zachary about the fact that Arielle did all this so she could get Vinson's attention.

Well, not on my watch. I'll have to keep an eye on the patient, or else this woman is going to get him killed. She urged the driver, "Can you go any faster, driver?"

Finally, after her incessant urging, the taxi came to Grandview Hotel, but the driver had to stop a few dozen meters away. The front door was packed, and more and more people were gathering before it. Not a single car

could get close, for every road around the hotel was blocked.

Queenie paid the fare and got out of the car. The first thing she saw was the police trying to keep the crowd under control, but even with their help, it was hard to keep everything in order.

At the same time, half an hour had passed.

Queenie went around and went in through the side door. She showed her doctor's license to the bodyguard standing sentry, saying, "Mr. Nightshire invited me here to treat the patient."

The bodyguard recognized her, but he had to confirm, “You’re Dr. Mill, right?”

Queenie nodded. She wasn’t surprised the bodyguard recognized her, since she was a famous doctor in Chanaea.

Queenie raised her chin proudly. “Yes. Now can I get in?”

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But to her surprise, the bodyguard shook his head. “I’m sorry, Dr. Mill. I’ll have to ask Mr. Nightshire about it.”

Queenie pursed her lips, annoyed that she couldn’t get in despite getting recognized. But she couldn’t make life hard for the bodyguard, so she said, “Of course.”

At the same time, Vinson was already prepared for the press release. When the bodyguard came to tell him about Queenie’s arrival, he hesitated for a moment, but finally, he said, “Don’t let anyone unrelated to this in.”

“Wait a minute.” Carter came back just in time to see this scene. “Since Boss isn’t around, I think we should have a medic on standby. We spent a fortune to hire her. The girl’s a skilled doctor and comes from a famous traditional Chanaean doctor family. We should have her around just in case.”

Vinson nodded. “Let her in then.”

“Yes.” The bodyguard nodded and went away in a hurry.

When Queenie saw the bodyguard again, she started getting nervous. Does he still remember me? Will he let me in?

The bodyguard smiled at her and invited her in. “Come in, Dr. Mill. I’ll take you to Mr. Nightshire.”

Queenie heaved a sigh of relief, but for some reason, she got even more nervous. Not even her first surgery made her that nervous.

She patted her chest to calm herself down and followed the bodyguard in.

Grandview was a big hotel, so it took Queenie a few twists and turns before she came to Vinson’s waiting room.

“You may go in, Dr. Mill. Mr. Nightshire is inside.”

“Thank you.” She nodded and opened the door. The first thing she saw after she went inside was Vinson holding a document and having a discussion with Carter.

Vinson turned around when he heard someone opening the door.

Queenie gazed into his eyes. His eyes gleamed brightly, not unlike a starry sky. Not a night had gone by where she didn’t dream of his eyes. How long has it been?

“Vinson...” Queenie called out to him.

“Ahem!” Rayson coughed, reminding her, “Miss, please address our CEO as ‘Mr. Nightshire.’ Thanks for your cooperation.”

He would not allow Vinson to get embroiled in any scandal. If something went wrong, it would become his trouble. He had seen too many women staring at Vinson like they want to get laid, so he would stop anything before it could even bud.

Queenie thought it was awkward now that the mood

was ruined, so she changed how she addressed Vinson. “Mr. Nightshire.”

Vinson nodded calmly. Queenie knew he was saying hello, but that only made the situation even more awkward for her. And she also felt crestfallen.

I bet he doesn't remember me anymore. I mean, we were only in the same class for the general subjects. I didn't even say hi. Of course, he doesn't remember me. But I'll make sure he never forgets about me after this.

Carter thought he should help out, since he couldn't allow his staff to just stand there awkwardly. “Queenie, the patient's inside. You should take a look at him.”

Queenie was a smart girl. She knew Carter was just giving her a way out of the situation, so she went to see the patient without saying another word.

After Queenie was gone, Carter said, “Don't give a talented lady that kind of look. You scared her.”

Vinson was not interested in small talk. “Where were you? Get on with it.”

Carter went back to business. “This venom comes from Manchernius,” he started seriously.