

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 641

Vinson's suggestion caused Arielle's heart to start racing

She did her best to calm herself down as she declined, "No, Henrick prepared a house for me. I was planning to go over and clean it up after class."

"That's so troublesome. Just stay over at mine. There's more than enough space as it is," Vinson said. Then, he quickly added, "Not Nightshire Manor. I'm talking about Maple Mansion."

After all, Susanne was staying in Nightshire Manor. Knowing Arielle would feel uncomfortable, he quickly clarified that he wasn't meaning for her to stay there as well.

Despite that, Arielle shook her head.

"It's really fine. The place Henrick got for me isn't far from here, so it's more convenient for me to go to school. Also, I think my mom may have stayed there before, so I want to go and see if there are any traces of her."

"Okay then," Vinson said, slightly disappointed. Still, he didn't press on after hearing her reasoning. "Then I'll go help you tidy up too after school."

Arielle chuckled at his words.

"Has the almighty Mr. Nightshire ever done any household chores? Don't give me more trouble."

"Don't worry. I'm super talented in the field of household chores. If I wasn't a Nightshire, I might even have become the world's best cleaner."

“Is that so?” Arielle said with a smile and a nod. “Okay, I’ll have to see for myself after school.”

The moment Arielle finished speaking, Vinson’s phone rang.

Arielle didn’t know what was being said on the other end, but it only warranted an ‘Okay’ from Vinson before he hung up.

Before she could ask, he said, “The results are out. They don’t have a concussion at all, and their injuries aren’t serious enough to be used in their favor. I’ll get the lawyer to prepare the defamation lawsuit.”

Arielle never considered herself to be a saint, so she nodded. “Good. These people shouldn’t be allowed to just walk away freely.”

The more people like that she could get rid of, the better.

After all, they were all adults, and they had to take responsibility for their words. No matter what sentence they would be getting, they deserved it.

A hint of a smile appeared on Vinson’s lips. He especially admired how cold-hearted Arielle could be at times.

After that, he called his lawyer and told him to prepare the defamation lawsuit.

After the phone call, Vinson said, “With the help of my lawyer, they’ll be imprisoned for at least three years. You won’t have to worry about them for a long time. However, it’ll probably take two or three days before they can actually get arrested.”

“That’s fine. I’ve been dealing with it for so long., so two or three days is nothing.”

She glanced at her watch. “I should be heading to class now. If I’m late, my teacher is going to lecture me again, and I’m really not in the mood for that.”

“Okay, then go ahead. I’ll see you after school.”

“See you!” Arielle said with a wave of her hand before walking into school.

Arielle had just left when Blake scurried over with his electric bike.

“Boss!”

“Let’s go,” Vinson said. “The funeral is all prepped. We’ll keep it simple, so it’ll just be the few of us.”

Blake knew he couldn’t get any gossip out of Vinson after he heard the word ‘funeral’ and nodded sadly,

Back in the classroom, Wendy’s glee had been completely eradicated. In its place was inexplicable fear

and irritation.

Vinson had truly chased her out of Nightshire Manor this time.

What should I do now?

With a muted thud, she slammed her head down onto the table in an attempt to let out her frustration.

Her deskmate piped up, “I’m going to ask Mr. Baxter to change my seat if you keep interrupting my studies!”

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“You...” Wendy hissed out between gritted teeth. “Go find him then! I don’t want to sit next to you, either!”

Her deskmate looked at Wendy strangely, but since he was also fed up, he finally stood up to go look for Donovan.

Coincidentally, the man walked in right at that moment.

Wendy’s deskmate raised his hand and said loudly, “Mr. Baxter, I want to change seats!”

Donovan looked at Wendy in confusion before saying, “This is a good seat. Why do you want to move?”

Wendy was about to speak when her deskmate cut in, “She’s too weird. She always interrupts my studies, and I can’t take it anymore. I want to change seats.”

Donovan looked at Wendy again, this time in shock.

Wendy hated the feeling of everyone’s stares at her and spat out, “Mr. Baxter, I would like to change seats as well. I don’t want to sit next to him anymore.”

Donovan frowned and looked at Wendy’s deskmate. “Your seats are arranged according to your exam results. If you two really do want to change seats, one of you will need to sit all the way at the back.”

Wendy’s deskmate’s eyes lit up as he said, “I’d rather sit back there than over here. That way, I can sit next to the top student!”

“Top student?” Donovan looked at the back of the classroom and spotted the only empty seat in that area, which was right next to Arielle.

So they all see Arielle as the top student ?

How ridiculous.

Donovan's expression darkened as he said, "We're about to have a test soon, so just bear with it for a few days. As for Wendy... I'll have a word with her."

The boy seemed to be mildly afraid of Donovan, so he just nodded and sat back in his seat.

Then Donovan looked at Wendy. "Come with me."

She had no choice but to follow him out of the classroom.

When the two of them reached the corridor, Wendy could see how annoyed Donovan was.

She couldn't remember him ever looking this angry, especially toward her.

"Mr. Baxter, 14"

"Wendy," Donovan said with a frown. "What happened to you recently? Not only are you not paying attention in class, but you're also disrupting other students. You know how much faith I have in you. You'd better get your act together."

Wendy bit her lip and nodded. "Yes, Mr. Baxter. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. The sooner you get back to normal, the better. You're the one with the most potential to get into Maxwell University, so don't disappoint me."

At this, Wendy finally cheered up slightly.

S

As long as she got into Maxwell University, Susanne would finally be happy with her even if she was no longer living in Nightshire Manor.

As for the wedding, even if Vinson was the one who made the decisions, he would still need to take some of Susanne's opinions into account.

Besides, Arielle had less than nothing to her name, so Susanne definitely wouldn't accept her.

As for Wendy, she knew she had to get back on track before she could achieve her final goals.

At this, she clenched her fists tightly and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Baxter. I will do my best to get into Maxwell University."

Donovan corrected her, "You cannot just do your best. You must get in."

If his student could get into Maxwell University, he would finally get a teaching certificate from them. If that happened, he would basically be able to teach anywhere he wanted.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded from out of nowhere, and both Wendy and Donovan looked over in the direction of the sound at the same time.

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Basked under the bright sunlight, a woman approached them.

The woman had flawless porcelain skin that seemed to glow under the sun.

Though the woman's face was bare, her natural beauty outshone Wendy's elaborate makeup. Her breathtaking beauty would have put even Helen of Troy to shame. The gorgeous woman was none other than Arielle.

Immediately, a scowl graced Wendy and Donovan's faces.

But, while Wendy's venomous glare was full of hatred, Donovan had a conflicted look.

"Mr. Baxter." Arielle bowed politely as she greeted him.

Donovan ignored her greeting and turned toward Wendy instead. "I almost forgot to tell you that there will be a professor from Maxwell University coming here as a guest lecturer tomorrow. Coincidentally, I don't have a lecture. Hence, I won't be present. Professor Sleight said that you are fluent in Ustranasion. You'll act as a translator for the guest lecturer and accompany him around the campus."

"A guest lecture from Maxwell University?" Wendy's eyes lit up with excitement as she nodded eagerly. "I promise to keep him company tomorrow."

"All right."

Donovan and Wendy chatted excitedly, and the both of them pointedly ignored Arielle.

Uninterested in their conversation, Arielle entered the classroom.

Although Donovan was engaged in a conversation with Wendy, his gaze kept darting toward Arielle. Even when he asked Wendy to act as the guest lecturer's translator, he unconsciously raised his voice.

Even though he didn't know why he ignored Arielle on purpose, Donovan felt unhappy when he caught sight of Arielle's moody expression.

The classroom door swung shut behind Arielle, and Donovan decided to excuse himself. "Why don't you head in first? Remember to prepare thoroughly for tomorrow."

Wendy was unaware of Donovan's odd behavior. She nodded profusely and said, "I will! Let me head in first, Mr. Baxter."

"Okay."

As soon as Donovan spoke, the school bell chimed loudly.

Since it was an advanced math class, Donovan made his way into the classroom with his lecture notes.

As soon as Donovan stepped foot into the class, it fell silent.

After all, everyone was terrified of Donovan stern demeanor.

Donovan's sharp gaze swept across the class. "Let us start our class. Flip to page seventy-four of your books," he announced

Following his instructions, Arielle was shocked to see that Donovan had taught the class over twenty pages of material while she was on a short leave.

The speed of his teaching is astonishing! How can the other students keep up with this?

All of a sudden, her phone chimed to signal that she'd received a message.

Immediately, Donovan's sharp gaze slid toward her. "There are some students who spend their free time studying. Yet, some students go on leave at the slightest inconvenience. Even after returning, they don't focus in class. Don't put the blame on me for not giving you a second chance when you leave the preparatory class," Donovan uttered coldly.

Although he did not mention any names, it was crystal clear that he was talking about Arielle.

The corners of Arielle's mouth twitched as she muted her phone.

Initially, she planned to see how far Donovan had progressed in class, but just as she set her phone to silent mode, Arielle caught sight of the message,

Subordinate: Mr. Nightshire, we have finished debugging the ten robotic pacemakers. They have been shipped to Chanaea.

If Arielle hadn't received this text, Zachary's incident would have flown over her head.

Swiftly, she responded to the text and focused her attention on the textbook.

Though the current course taught by Donovan was more advanced and difficult, Arielle still found it relatively easy.

After a few pages, she felt bored and decided to read through the Chanaean textbook instead.

Donovan, who was giving his lecture on the podium, found that his gaze kept darting back to Arielle. No matter how hard he tried to resist the urge, he could not control himself.

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When Donovan caught himself looking at Arielle again, he felt a rush of irritation.

Halfway through his lecture, there was an interruption.

Donovan whirled around and noticed two students entering the class. The stricken look across their pale faces made it seem like they'd just experienced something terrifying.

Donovan's brows furrowed, displeased by their late attendance. "Where did the two of you go? Half of the lecture is almost over."

His stern questioning caused them to flinch in fear as they hung their heads. Finally, the shorter one of the duo mustered the courage to reply. "W-we were at the hospital," she stammered.

Donovan's angry expression softened as he reminded them to apply for leave the next time something happened. He then continued his lecture.

Hurriedly, the two students scurried to their seats. Before they took a seat, they sneaked a peek at Arielle.

As if sensing their gazes, Arielle turned to them.

They jolted in surprise when they saw Arielle looking at them. Promptly, they looked away.

Arielle's brows raised. Aren't they two students who claimed to have a concussion?

Seeing how they avoided her gaze, Arielle shrugged and continued to study her Chanaean textbook.

Though she found the other subjects manageable, Arielle struggled with Chanaean. Her parents had raised her with the language, but her fluency was still not on par with the other students.

Furthermore, their monthly evaluation was just around the corner. Arielle could not leave Jadeborough University until she found that man. It looks like I'll have to work hard to improve my Chanaean!

Donovan's lecture passed by in the blink of an eye.

Just as Arielle wanted to take a break, Jared and Henry made their way over to her.

Out of the two of them, Henry seemed particularly enthusiastic.

"Boss, I missed you so much when you were away! Do you want to play some games tonight? A new season is starting today. We can dominate the charts together!"

Although Jared remained silent, the welcoming look on his face indicated that he wanted her to join them too.

Arielle gave them an apologetic smile. "I don't think I can make it tonight. I am going to clean my new house with someone. How about some other day?"

The words "new house" caused Jared's mood to shift. "Arielle, if you need any help, feel free to let me know.

My dad gave me a supplementary ATM card after I told him about my studies." Jared took it out of his pocket and handed the black card to her. "Here, take it."

Immediately, Henry mimicked Jared's actions and placed a few of his ATM cards on the table. "Although I'm not as well off as Jared, these cards are worth a couple of millions. You can use them as you please. If these aren't enough, please let me know. I'll ask my family for more."

Although they were trying to comfort her, Arielle felt concerned by their generous offers.

"It's all right. I have my own money. Once I am done cleaning up my new home, I'll invite the two of you over for dinner! I've been improving my cooking skills lately," Arielle replied and handed the cards back to them.

Seeing Arielle's look of reluctance, they decided to keep their cards.

Coincidentally, Donovan walked past the trio. His mood darkened when he noticed the ATM cards in their grasps. "Arielle, follow me to my office this instant!" he snapped.

Henry gave her a sympathetic look before he returned to his seat.

On the other hand, Jared glared at Donovan stonily. If Harvey was here, Donovan would be long gone.

After a few minutes, Arielle arrived at Donovan's office.

She assumed that Donovan would berate her for using her phone in class. Much to her surprise, he didn't mention it at all. "I heard that you were kicked out of your house. Here, you should apply for a student loan."

Huh? Did I mishear him, or is the sun rising in the West?

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When Arielle looked at the papers Donovan handed her, she confirmed it was an application form for student loans. She couldn't help but stare at it in disbelief.

If it weren't for the fact that they were indoors, she would have looked at the sky to spot the Sun's location.

"What are you daydreaming about? Fill it in now, and I'll send it to Mr. Brown." Donovan frowned as he urged her.

Seeing the impatience on Donovan's face, Arielle realized that he wasn't trying to mock her or chastise her for using her phone. He genuinely wanted to help.

What happened to him? Maybe he isn't as bad as I pictured him to be? Maybe, I was too harsh on him. After all, he's a man who is virtuous and driven by morality. He must have disliked me because he assumed that I got into the university with connections. Despite his hatred toward me, he's willing to put it aside and offer a helping hand. It looks like Maxwell University still maintained its standards. However, is he being genuine?

There were countless questions floating around Arielle's mind.

Seeing how Arielle did not respond, Donovan picked up the application form and waved it in front of her face. "Arielle, I'm talking to you. Did you not hear me?"

Finally, Arielle snapped out of her daze. She glanced at the paper in Donovan's grasp. After a brief moment of

hesitation, she shook her head to deny it. "Mr. Baxter, thank you for your generous offer, but I have the money to support myself."

Since Arielle was a person who didn't hold grudges, she expressed her gratitude to Donovan for trying to help her.

But the moment the words left her lips, Donovan's frown deepened

"You have the money?" His eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Don't you mean Jared or Henry's money?" he asked.

Immediately, Arielle stared at Donovan in astonishment. "Mr. Baxter, what are you implying?" she exclaimed.

Donovan scoffed as his gaze darkened. "Even at such a young age, you refuse to earn money with your own hard work. Must you swindle the money of other men? After getting kicked out of your home, do you plan on becoming a mistress by leeching on their money?"

Arielle turned pale when she heard Donovan's mocking words.

"I never took their money!" she retorted heatedly.

"Oh? I know why you didn't take their money. Their wealth isn't enough for you, right? Vinson's money is what you are truly after. I guess his family can afford to take in a disowned daughter like you. As your professor, let me give you a piece of advice. If you keep up this

stubborn attitude of yours, you will be reduced to nothing but Vinson's lowly mistress. Stop trying to ruin yourself!" Donovan countered.

"Mr. Baxter!" Arielle raised her voice in anger. "Please refrain from using such crude words to sully me. I will never become someone's mistress, and I certainly won't ruin myself!"

"Is that so? Then why are you so reluctant to fill in the application form?"

“I have my own money to support myself. I have no wish to take the position of another student who might need the student loan more than me.”

Since the number of places for the school’s student loans was limited, Arielle didn’t want to deprive another student of their opportunity because she had her own money

Yet, Donovan was unconvinced. “You have your own money? What is your source of income?” he asked

coldly.

Arielle opened her mouth to reply, but the words became stuck in her throat.

I can’t say that I’m San – the founder and CEO of Sann Group. That will expose my identity.

When Arielle could not muster a response, Donovan’s harsh gaze softened. “Take my advice. Fill in the application form and study hard to get in the top twenty

ranks for this month’s evaluation. If you put in the effort, you might have a chance to study at Maxwell University,” he said gently.

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Although Donovan’s tone was not as aggressive as before, he was clearly adamant about the application form. It seemed like he would not let her depart until she filled it in.

Arielle was caught between a rock and a hard place. She could not reject his offer without exposing herself. With a sigh, she reached out and took the application form.

“I’m glad you took my advice.” Donovan handed her a pen. “Once you’re done filling in the form, you can return to class.”

As he spoke, he rose to his feet and offered her his chair.

Donovan’s odd behavior went unnoticed by Arielle because she wanted to get the entire ordeal over as soon as possible. Swiftly, she took a seat and began to fill in the application form.

Donovan stood behind her and gazed down at the form in her hands.

“Leave these areas blank. Mr. Brown and I will fill it in. You should fill in the rest,” Donovan said as he leaned over her shoulder to point at the form.

Arielle merely nodded and continued to finish the application form.

Unconsciously, Donovan found his gaze falling upon Arielle.

Because he was standing, Donovan got a clear view of Arielle’s perfect side profile. A few strands of her hair fell across her cheek as she bent over the desk.

Furthermore, her neck was as pale as freshly fallen snow.

No matter how hard he tried, Donovan could not tear his eyes away from her.

Although Donovan did not keep up with the entertainment industry, he knew that most famous female celebrities often posted articles about having beautiful necks. It was a feature that many people found desirable.

Arielle's neck was slim and poised like a graceful swan. When Donovan noticed her flawless skin, he had to resist the urge to run his fingers across it. Her neck must be the perfect embodiment of the feature that those celebrities like to praise.

The afternoon sun filtered through the windows and basked Arielle in its rays. At the same time, the strong light illuminated across Arielle's head created an illusion of a golden halo around the crown of her head.

Arielle's alluring beauty caused Donovan to gulp nervously.

All of a sudden, Arielle whirled around. "Mr. Baxter," she called out.

In the midst of his panic, Donovan averted his gaze and

cleared his throat to mask his odd behavior.

"Mr. Baxter?" Arielle was unaware that Donovan had been staring at her. She only wanted to finish the form. "I'm done with it. Could you please take a look at it?"

We have too many misunderstandings between us. I can't be bothered to explain them. Arielle felt herself growing restless the longer she remained cooped up in the room with Donovan.

"Okay." Donovan refused to meet her eyes. Instead, he accepted the form without looking and said in a low voice, "You can leave now."

Finally, Arielle could depart from his office.

Thud! His office door swung shut.

Immediately, Donovan clasped his hand over his chest as he tried to regain his composure. Yet, he could feel his pulse hammering frantically against his chest like a hummingbird.

What came over me? Do I have feelings for

In a daze, Donovan sat back down and dispelled his thoughts. But no matter how hard he tried to clear his mind, his thoughts kept drifting back to Arielle.

“F*ck!” Donovan hissed in frustration as he swept his arm across the table. Promptly, the objects on his desk clattered to the floor noisily.

Right then, his phone rang.

Donovan glanced at his phone and saw that his mother was calling him.

In an attempt to calm himself, Donovan took two deep breaths before he answered the call. “Mom,” he greeted.

“Donovan, you don’t have any lectures tomorrow, right? Why don’t you pay us a visit?”

“What’s the matter?”

His mother’s chuckle echoed over the phone. “One of my university friends contacted me the other day. She said that she has a daughter who is around your age. She’s worried that her daughter may not find the right one to settle down with and lamented her worries to me. Did you know that her daughter is a famous doctor? Since you are a university lecturer, I thought that the two of you would be a great match, so I decided to invite her over. Donovan, you aren’t young anymore. Your dad and I long to have grandchildren.”

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In truth, Donovan's parents were clueless that Donovan had yet to receive a teaching certificate from Maxwell University.

They assumed that he had a successful career and should begin a new family soon. Besides, they were both retired and wanted nothing more than to have grandchildren of their own.

If it were any other day, Donovan would have rejected the offer without considering it. However, he recalled his interaction with Arielle. "Okay. I will return home after my last lecture," he said on impulse.

Alice was delighted by her son's reply. "Excellent! I'm going to head out and buy some groceries. I'll cook all of your favorite dishes."

"All right." With that, Donovan ended the call.

He looked at his door. Once again, Donovan was plagued with thoughts about Arielle.

Immediately, Donovan shook his head to clear his head as he cursed under his breath.

I must have been single for far too long. I can't believe I felt attracted to Arielle.

Donovan decided to take his mother's advice. He would meet the woman and keep his imaginations about

Arielle from running wild.

Yet, Donovan never considered why he requested a

student loan application form from Marcus the moment he heard that Arielle had been kicked out of her home.

Back at the Rocher Private Hospital, Queenie answered her mother's phone. "I can't go tomorrow. The hospital

is extremely busy," she said with irritation.

"Queenie, why won't you listen to me? I've seen his picture. He's tall and handsome. Did you know that he's also a university lecturer who graduated from Jadeborough University? He has a bright future ahead of him. For my sake, why don't you give him a chance? I won't force you if you don't like him, okay?" her mother begged.

Left with no choice, Queenie agreed. "Okay, I'll leave as soon as I'm done eating."

"I'm so glad you agreed! We can go there together."

"Okay," Queenie replied impatiently and hung up without waiting for a response.

Coincidentally, Zachary entered the room. "Queenie," he called out.

"Can you take over my duty tomorrow night? I'll be going out for a meal," Queenie asked.

"No problem! I have good news. It looks like the robotic pacemakers aren't here yet. According to the schedule, they would be here if Arielle sent them yesterday night. My guess is that it would be impossible for her to deliver them on time. We can prepare to take

legal action against her," Zachary replied with a smile.

Zachary's words soothed Queenie's irritable mood.

"Look for a lawyer then." She took an ATM card out of her purse and tossed it on the table. "I'll pay for the legal fees and leave the rest to you. No matter what, I don't want to see anyone who is responsible for the patient."

Although Zachary nodded in agreement, he made no move to take her card.

"How could I let you pay for it? Don't worry; I'll cover the fees. Please excuse me. I'm going to look for a lawyer right now," Zachary said as he patted his chest with pride.

Queenie hesitated for a brief moment. "Maybe we don't have to rush this. After all, the scheduled time is before midnight. If it arrives before that, we'll be the laughing

stock. Even worse, we might face litigation."

"That's impossible! If she's truly capable, she would have shipped the machines here. Seeing how they aren't here yet, it shows that she couldn't send them over," Zachary said hurriedly to assure her.

Queenie mulled over Zachary's words before she agreed. "I'm going to check on the patients. I'll leave this in your hands," she said as she took a stack of medical records.

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Although Zachary made an "OK" gesture, Queenie didn't bother to spare him another glance. Instead, she strolled out of the room with the medical records in her arms.

However, Zachary didn't take her rudeness to heart. Without any delay, he called the lawyer and began to discuss the matter at hand.

Back at Jadeborough University, Henry and Jared rushed forward to greet Arielle when she returned to class.

"Boss, are you okay? Did Donovan scold you again?" Henry asked in a worried tone.

Although Jared looked like he was about to say something, only a simple question slipped out of his mouth. "Do you need my help?"

"I'm fine." Arielle shook her head. "Although Donovan's words were harsh, he meant well. He heard that I left the Southalls and was worried that I wouldn't have the money to support myself, so he asked me to fill in an application form for student loans."

"Student loans? That's a lengthy and exhausting process. You can just take our money!" Henry's loud yells drew everyone's attention.

Immediately, Jared kicked him to shut him up. "I'm sorry, he likes to run his mouth."

"It's all right," Arielle replied good-naturedly. She didn't

care about what others thought of her anyway.

Jared was relieved that Arielle wasn't offended by his brother's shouting.

"What's wrong with Donovan? He used to target you mercilessly. Why is he helping you now? Could it be a trap?"

Arielle shook her head. "I don't think so. I noticed the school's official stamp on the application form. Besides, how can he use it against me? If

it's a trap Donovan devised, it will only hurt him and show that he's unqualified to be a lecturer."

"Although that's true, it was odd for Donovan to help you," Jared murmured, deep in thought.

"Maybe Donovan wasn't as bad as we pictured him to be," Arielle suggested. Promptly, the bell rang, signaling that a new class was about to begin.

It was time for Ustranasion class. It was a class Arielle enjoyed because she liked Professor Sleight. After giving Jared a pat on the back, she returned to her seat.

Although the bell had rung, Professor Sleight was nowhere to be seen. The class bustled noisily. However, the students weren't chatting amongst themselves; they were all studying the Ustranasion topics Professor Sleight would cover today.

Since this was a preparatory class, most of the students were hardworking and eager to learn.

On the other hand, Henry was the exact opposite. After

reading through two pages of his Ustranasion textbook, he set it aside with a bored look.

Despite seeing his brother's lazy antics, Jared remained silent. Instead, he focused his attention on his textbook.

Seated on the fourth row, a female student by the window tugged on her deskmate's sleeve. "What do we do? I can't focus in class. You don't think they'll imprison us, do you? I'm so terrified. I want to tell my parents about it," she whispered fearfully.

The two students were none other than the students who claimed that they had a concussion.

The other student was much calmer. “Don’t worry. Nothing happened even after we returned. Didn’t you hear what Henry yelled earlier? Arielle is so desperate that she applied for a student loan. I’m sure Vinson was bluffing to scare us into submission. There’s no way he will put in so much effort for a disgrace like Arielle!”

“Are you sure that we’ll be fine?” Her timid friend remained unconvinced.

“Trust me.”

“B-but, Vinson made a special trip just for Arielle. I still think that he will put us behind bars.”

Her friends merely laughed with a shake of her head. “Who said Vinson came here for Arielle? He was here for the child who hit us. Don’t overthink it. Just look at the difference in their statuses. Even if he takes a liking

to her, the best he can do is make her his mistress. Employing a lawyer will only draw more attention to their scandalous relationship. Don’t you know that the wealthy like to keep things under wraps to prevent tarnish on their reputation?”

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The girl’s confident words finally managed to calm her friend.

Yet, the student still felt her skin prickling with unease as she felt a sense of foreboding.

Right then, Professor Sleight entered the classroom.

“Dear students, I apologize for my tardiness. I had a few matters to resolve,” Professor Sleight explained as he set his materials on the desk.

Here, he paused before continuing, “Also, I have an announcement to make. Tomorrow, a professor from Maxwell University will be visiting our campus. He is going to host a talk and teach you some useful study tips. Make sure you pay attention during his talk.”

His announcement sent the class into a flurry of excitement.

“A lecturer from Maxwell University? I’m sure his study tips will come in handy. I’m going to bring a voice recorder so I won’t miss out on any details!”

“I’m going to bring a notebook and jot everything down!”

Amidst the loud chatting, Professor Sleight cleared his throat to silence the class.

When the class finally settled down, Professor Sleight began again, “Mr. Baxter was a graduate from Maxwell University. Unfortunately, he will not be here tomorrow

and chose Wendy to help with the translation. Wendy, make sure you make the appropriate preparations. Once the class is over, come over to my office to take some notes about the school’s history. You’ll need to translate those materials beforehand.”

Everyone looked at Wendy with admiration.

After all, they all yearned to get into Maxwell University. Being able to act as a translator for the professor from their dream university was a viable method to increase their chances of getting in.

Unfortunately, the translator position had already been filled.

Wendy's chest puffed with pride as she preened under their admiring stares.

Unable to resist, she turned around to look at Arielle. She wanted to see if Arielle felt jealous about her position as the professor's translator.

To her utter disappointment, Arielle had her head bent as she was deeply engrossed in something else. Arielle hadn't even looked up when Professor Sleight made the announcement.

Wendy pursed her lips and looked away,

When Arielle first heard Professor Sleight's announcement, she was afraid that he would group her and Wendy together. After all, Professor Sleight had high expectations for her.

It would be fine if it were a professor from another university. However, a professor from Maxwell University might recognize me. Southhall Group is on the brink of collapse. I can't expose my identity right now.

Though Arielle tried to hide at the last row, Professor Sleight still called out her name.

Her back stiffened as she raised her head to look at Professor Sleight.

Professor Sleight beamed. "Arielle, not only is the professor going for a tour, he plans to translate some of the lesson plans from the advanced

math class too. Once Wendy is done with the tour, why don't you join Professor Jones and help him with the translation?"

Immediately, Wendy clenched her jaw in anger. Why did he ask me to lead the tour but assigned Arielle to help with the teaching materials? Compared to Arielle, Professor Sleight must think that I'm utterly insignificant

Although Wendy's heart was burning with hatred, Arielle was so frustrated that she was close to bursting into tears.

Hesitantly, she raised her hand. "Professor Sleight, I don't think I'm qualified to handle this task. Since Wendy already holds the role as the translator, you should let her work with Professor Jones instead."

Wendy's scowl deepened. Does she think that I'm a charity case?

Before Wendy could offer a reply, she was interjected by Professor Sleight, who shook his head. "Based on Wendy's fluency, I'm afraid that she isn't up to the task. Arielle, you'll have to fill in this position."

In a haze of rage, Wendy's hand shot into the air "Professor Sleight, please leave this to me," she blurted.

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Professor Sleight felt conflicted when he saw Wendy's eager volunteer

When Donovan chose Wendy to be the translator, Professor Sleight was not keen with his choice because Arielle's mastery of Ustranasion clearly outshone Wendy's.

But seeing how Wendy wanted to translate the lesson plan, he felt torn.

Since Wendy courageously volunteered, he didn't want to decline her the opportunity and put her down.

After a brief moment of hesitation, he heaved out a heavy sigh. "All right, Wendy can handle the lesson plans. However, please contact Arielle if you meet any difficulties. Arielle, it will be your responsibility to help Wendy if she reaches out to you. All the Ustranasion professors will be busy with their classes, so you are the only help available. Please take this matter seriously; the school's reputation is on the line."

Since Professor Sleight had made his decision, Arielle could not decline. Reluctantly, she nodded in agreement. "Understood, Professor Sleight."

I hope Wendy can handle this on her own.

Contrarily, Wendy seethed in anger.

How could Professor Sleight say such humiliating things in front of the entire class? Didn't he just indirectly say that I'm not as good as Arielle? I'll prove

him wrong!

Wendy whirled around and gave Arielle a deadly glare.

When Arielle caught sight of her venomous stare, she returned it with a look of puzzlement.

Has Wendy lost her brain? I gave her this opportunity on a silver platter. Why is she still so unhappy?

Arielle shrugged and ignored Wendy before she continued to scribble something down.

The notes she'd written were the key points needed to topple the Southalls. However, she still lacked crucial pieces of evidence and individuals regarding the Southalls' mineral deposits.

If only the other side could pick up their pace. I will crush Southall Group and rebrand it to the Moore Group. This way, I can take back everything that belonged to Mom and help her get revenge.

A cold and determined look flitted across Arielle's gaze. But as quick as it came, it vanished. One would have thought her fierce gaze was merely a figment of their imagination.

I cannot lose control of my emotions. It's a luxury I can't afford. Being able to hide her emotions was one of Arielle's many talents,

By the time class ended, the sun had already dipped below the horizon. Its blazing rays stretched across the

sky and painted the clouds gold.

Although many of Jadeborough University's students stayed off-campus, they needed a signature from their homeroom teacher and principal before they were allowed to leave.

Quickly, Arielle sent Vinson a quick message to inform him that she would be slightly later today. After that, she got Mr. Brown's signature and headed toward the teacher's dorm.

Since Donovan had only one lecture this afternoon, he must have returned to his dorm already.

Arielle recalled how Donovan misunderstood her intentions when she last visited him alone and decided to bring Trisha along with her.

Although Trisha was usually introverted and timid, she was a stark contrast in front of Arielle. Like a chatterbox, she told Arielle about the incidents that happened when Arielle was on leave the other day.

“After the freshman party, Chanaean Sand Painting Association contacted me! They offered me a membership too. Since I have a passion for sand painting, I filled in their application form. My parents were delighted too. They gave me a pink Mini Cooper as a congratulatory gift. However, I’m in a bind because I don’t have my driving license yet...” Trisha said excitedly.

Arielle listened intently to Trisha’s rambling, nodding in agreement from time to time.

In the blink of an eye, they’d reached the teacher’s dorm.

“I’m terrified of Mr. Baxter. Is it okay if I wait for you on the first floor?” Trisha mumbled.

Arielle didn’t want to put Trisha in an uncomfortable position and merely nodded. “Okay, I’ll head up myself.”

In truth, she didn’t dislike Donovan. She found him irritating.