

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 801

The staff nodded in acknowledgment. They also knew that it would be rude to go against the deputy captain. Hence, they stopped what they were doing and waited to see what Arielle was capable of.

In other words, they were just waiting for her to fail.

One of them, who was more forthright, walked up to Arielle and remarked, “Miss, please have a go at it. But don’t worry if you fail. After all, this isn’t some silly game, so we won’t laugh at you.”

Just as he spoke, the other members of the technical staff couldn’t hold back their laughter.

“Silence!” the deputy captain snapped. “What’s wrong with you lot?”

Despite falling silent, the staff maintained their gaze on Arielle.

All they saw was Arielle staring at the string of code for two long minutes. Just when everyone thought she was stumped, Arielle pulled the keyboard tray out and got to work.

The staff that had just spoken to her murmured, “She really is giving it a go.”

No one else dared to comment as they were worried the deputy captain would hear them. Nevertheless, they looked on in a condescending manner.

The next moment, all they heard was the loud tapping

sounds of the keyboard.

Raising their gaze in surprise, they saw Arielle's fingers dancing on the keyboard at breakneck speed. It was so fast that they could barely see what she was pressing. The only thing they caught was the shadow of her finger movements.

This speed...

Before everyone recovered from their surprise, Arielle smashed the "Enter" key, causing a progress bar to appear on the screen.

It started from zero percent and began to fill rapidly.

Widening his eyes in shock, the technical team captain exclaimed, "She... she has managed to crack it!"

The rest of the technical were equally astounded.

In fact, they look as if they had seen a ghost.

Fill with delight, the deputy captain asked, "Ms. Moore, did you really crack the code?"

"Mmm—hmm." Arielle nodded. "Once the progress bar reaches a hundred percent, the virus will be cleared."

Meanwhile, the progress bar hit a hundred percent with a beep.

As the blue screens across the computers began to flicker, they quickly rebooted and recovered their

function.

The virus had finally been removed.

The man who mocked Arielle earlier remarked in disbelief, “She has successfully cracked it.”

At the moment, the entire room fell silent.

Even if the members of the technical team refused to believe that a young lady could have IT skills that far surpassed them, they couldn’t deny the truth.

Are our skills really that lousy? Or is she some expert hacker who is unknown? If she really is a hacker, why hasn’t her name appeared in the top fifty of the international dark web hacker chart? After all, our captain is ranked forty-second on it. Even if she is hiding behind a pseudonym, she can’t have changed her gender too, can she?

After recovering from his shock, the man remembered how rude he was earlier. He walked up to Arielle and apologized, “I’m sorry, Ms. Moore. I have been blind for not recognizing how amazing your skills are. Please accept my apology. I’m sorry!”

Although the rest of the staff remain silent, all of them hung their heads in shame.

Much to their surprise, Arielle didn’t accept the apology nor mock them in return. Instead, she looked at them with a puzzled expression.

Blinking her eyes, she asked, “Why are you apologizing to me?”

She was so engrossed in decrypting the code that she didn’t hear anything that was said.

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Realizing what had happened, the technical team felt worse about themselves.

While they were gossiping and making snide comments, Arielle didn't notice a word they said.

Meanwhile, the deputy captain had no time for such trivial matters. His priority was to recapture Cindy as soon as possible.

Ever since the Specialized Forces had been founded, no one had ever escaped from them before.

Therefore, he felt gravely responsible for the situation.

“Ms. Moore, please check the surveillance feed quickly.”

The rest of the team nodded in unison. At that moment, they saw Arielle as one of their bosses.

Meanwhile, Arielle didn't need the deputy captain's reminder. After all, checking the surveillance feed was precisely why she was there.

After grunting in acknowledgment, she accessed the surveillance feeds with only the keyboard and didn't have to use the mouse at all.

However, everyone was surprised to find that the surveillance feeds were empty. It wasn't just the feeds for the day, but all the feeds from before had also been wiped.

“How can that be...” Stunned, Arielle used the mouse to refresh the page again.

However, the folder was still empty.

Evidently, the computer wasn't lagging. The feeds had truly been deleted.

Biting her lip, Arielle clicked her mouse desperately to try and recover the files.

Unfortunately, it was a futile exercise.

Nevertheless, she refused to give up. After typing in a few lines of code, she was still unable to retrieve them.

Finally, she accepted the fact that the feeds were gone.

"How can this be?" the technical team captain checked the other computers. Unfortunately, the result was exactly the same as what Arielle had experienced.

The feeds had all been deleted.

"Let me try." One of the other members volunteered.

However, Arielle stood up with a grim expression. "Forget it, they're gone."

Baffled, the technical team captain asked, "Boss, even you can't retrieve it?"

Arielle nodded. "That's because I was the one who deleted it."

"What?" The deputy captain's eyes widened in shock.

Sighing, Arielle explained, "The person who hacked into the system was extremely crafty. The virus that they inserted not only paralyzes the system but also deletes all the documents on the computer. However, the

deletion will only be triggered when one removes the virus. Hence, it is a self-defense mechanism.”

The technical team captain replied thoughtfully, “I have heard about this before. To crack the virus, one must break the code. However, when one successfully does so, everything in the computer will be wiped and never to be recovered. In other words, there was no way we could have accessed those feeds from the beginning.”

One of the technical team staff clapped his hand and commented, “The first place on hacker chart uses this method. He was the one who won first place in the International Hacker Competition. Can he be the one responsible?”

“First place on the hacker chart?” Arielle asked, “What is that?”

“Do you know about the international dark web?”

Arielle shook her head. “No, I don’t.”

“Here’s the web address, you should investigate it,” the captain suggested as he scribbled it down and handed it to Arielle.

After receiving it, Arielle remembered the address at one glance.

When she returned it to the captain, her gaze fell upon the computer desk.

Is the enemy really that powerful?

For the first time in her life, she felt both helpless and lost.

Closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, she turned toward the deputy captain. “I’m sorry to have wasted your time. I’ll take my leave now.”

Her tone was filled with utter disappointment in herself.

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She knew she should have been more vigilant.

Unaware of the expression on her face, the deputy captain bowed respectfully at her.

“Not at all. You have been a great help to us. I’ll see you around.”

Arielle was accorded respect not just because she was Vinson’s friend, but also because she had demonstrated her capabilities earlier.

Therefore, he was filled with admiration for her.

At the same time, everyone else bowed one by one.

Within the Specialized Forces, the technical team was the proudest of them all. Other than Vinson, they would not bow to anyone else.

However, Arielle didn’t realize the significance of that. Instead, she walked out with a disheartened expression.

“Boss! No, Ms. Moore! Please wait!” someone called out to her from behind.

Stopping in her tracks, Arielle turned around.

When she saw it was one of the technical team members, she asked, “Is there anything else?”

Bowing to her, the man exclaimed, “Please... please take me in as your student!”

“Huh?” Arielle was confused.

The captain of the technical team straightened his posture and explained, “Ms. Moore, I am ranked forty second on the international dark web hacker chart. Within Chanaea, only Mr. Morgan ranks higher than me. It’s now evident that I still have much to learn. If you don’t mind, can you take me in as your student?”

Arielle shook her head.

Filled with regret, the captain scratched his head. “I knew it. You look down upon me.”

Arielle shook her head again. “No, it isn’t that. It’s because I’m not worthy. There should have been a different way to crack the code without triggering the virus’s auto-deletion mechanism. However, I didn’t think of it and neither did I successfully crack it. Therefore, I don’t deserve to be your teacher.”

“Ms. Moore, but—”

“I’m going off now.”

Arielle interrupted him as she could guess what he was going to say. After nodding slightly, she turned and left.

What happened that day dealt a huge blow to her. Hence, she needed some space to regain her composure.

When Rayson saw Arielle approaching from afar, he hurried up to her and asked, “Ms. Moore, how did it go?”

Arielle shook her head. “The surveillance feed is gone.”

When Rayson noticed the look on her face, he didn’t ask any further. “In that case, do you want me to send you back to the headquarters of Nightshire Group or Maple Mansion? Mr. Nightshire mentioned that once he is done with his work, he will return to Maple Mansion.”

“Neither.” Pausing briefly, Arielle continued, “Take me to Jadeborough University.”

“Right away,” Rayson acknowledged and hurriedly opened the door for Arielle.

Jadeborough University was twenty minutes away from where the Specialized Forces were. Given Rayson’s prolific driving skills, they arrived at the university entrance in no time.

Coincidentally, it was the evening and school had just ended.

Due to Donovan’s delay, the preparatory class was still in session while every other class had left for the day.

After he explained the last revision question, Donovan caught a glimpse of a man standing outside the window.

The man was dressed in a strange manner. Although the weather was scorching hot, he was wearing a baseball cap, face mask, and sunglasses. His entire face was wrapped so tightly that he looked as if he could suffocate.

What intrigued Donovan further was that he kept peeking into the class as if he was a thief.

In response, Donovan began to furrow his eyebrows.

Putting down his lesson plan, he instructed, "For your homework, finish these two papers that I am giving out. I'll mark them tomorrow morning while you are having other lessons. After that, I'll go through them in the afternoon with you. That's all. Class is dismissed."

Just as he spoke, Donovan headed out to confront the man who was acting suspiciously.

"Hello," Donovan asked, "who are you looking for?"

Caught by surprise, the man didn't notice Donovan approaching him.

Tipping down his baseball cap to hide his face, the man replied, "I'm here to see Arielle."

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"Arielle?" Donovan's expression turned gloomy at once. He asked, "What do you want with her? Who are you to her? What's your occupation?"

The man chuckled in response. "Mister, I'm just here to see her. Why are you asking so many questions?"

With an awkward expression, Donovan replied coldly, "Because you dress in an extremely weird manner."

“Oh, I see...” the man dragged his last syllable. After that, he took off his mask and sunglasses to reveal a face with exquisite features. It was Jason, an extremely popular celebrity.

Even though Donovan wasn't into celebrities, he found Jason somewhat familiar. He asked quizzically, “And you are?”

Jason was upset when Donovan didn't recognize him. However, he figured that a teacher would likely not be interested in celebrities. Hence, he collected himself and leaned in to answer, “My name is Jason Sleight. I'm an actor.”

Meanwhile, when the students in the class recognized Jason, they were in an uproar.

“My God! Is that Jason Sleight?”

“Why is he here in school? I'm a big fan of his!”

At the same time, some of the guys scoffed at him. “He looks just like a girl. I don't know what all you girls see in him.”

The girls retorted, “You must be jealous. He is prettier than a girl, alright?”

Just as the boys and the girls were arguing, a crowd slowly began to build as they were curious why a superstar like Jason was at their class.

Meanwhile, Wendy stared intently at Jason.

When she was in high school Jason starred in the most popular high-school drama back then. She didn't have a habit of watching such

dramas but was addicted to the one Jason acted in. Therefore she had been a fan of his for a long time and didn't expect to see him in the flesh.

At that moment, one of her classmates turned to her and asked with a grin, "Wendy, is Jason here to see you?"

"No," Wendy denied by reflex. "I don't know him."

"Perhaps, he knows you. After all, you're the prettiest girl in class."

Obviously, that was true only when Arielle wasn't around.

Having heard those words, Wendy felt rather self-conscious.

After all, she was confident of her looks, and there was no one else prettier than her in class.

Is Jason really here for me?

Wendy heart began to race.

Although she only had feelings for Vinson, any girl would still feel nervous in front of Jason.

Rubbing her palms, Wendy replied, "I really don't know him. So, you guys should stop making fun of me. Anyway, I'll help you guys ask if it's necessary to complete the supplementary questions in the paper."

Just as she spoke, she headed out with her homework in hand.

In truth, she wanted to verify if Jason was really there on her account.

If he was, she planned to use him to impress Vinson.

After all, Jason was a superstar. Hence, she was sure that Vinson would take notice of a girl that a superstar was interested in.

Having made up her mind, Wendy headed out the classroom door.

“Mr. Baxter, with regards to this supplementary question...”

Before she could finish, she heard Donovan question, “Actor? No wonder you wrapped yourself up like that. What do you want with Arielle?”

Stopping in her tracks, Wendy’s eyes widened in disbelief.

He’s here for Arielle and not me?

Rate the Translation to Get 2 Petal.

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Wait! I Have Something to Say!

At that instant, Wendy could feel the blood rushing over her, making her face flush crimson.

A huge wave of humiliation immediately engulfed her.

What? Arielle Moore again? Why do all the outstanding boys get attracted by her? Are they all blind?

Wendy was so infuriated that her hands started to tremble. At the same time, she was glad that she did not tell her classmate that Jason was there for her.

Otherwise, it would be embarrassing.

“There’s a movie that I would like to invite Arielle to be the main actress. Lecturer, can you call her out for me, please?” Jason asked.

Upon hearing that, Wendy’s eyes widened in shock.

Seriously? Arielle as the main actress? In the same movie with Jason? Gosh! What has she done to deserve this? She is just a country girl!

With a face devoid of any expression, Donovan replied, “She’s not here. She has been absent for two days already.”

“Oh, I see...” Jason’s expression was full of disappointment. “Then, do you know when she will be back for classes?”

“I don’t know.”

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“All right, then. If she’s back to class, please inform me.” With that, Jason passed his name card to Donovan. “Here’s my name card.”

Donovan did not take the card. “I don’t care about her matter. You can find someone else.”

It was the first time Jason was treated that way. His face darkened, and he was prepared to leave. Suddenly, someone called out, “Jason.”

He stopped and saw Wendy standing behind Donovan.

No doubt Wendy was beautiful, but in the entertainment industry, all the female celebrities were beautiful as well.

Therefore, Wendy’s countenance was not considered an outstanding one.

Jason looked away after glancing briefly at her. “Anything?”

Wendy felt dejected when he was so cold toward her. Immediately after, she regained her composure and put on a smile. “Why don’t you give me your name card? I’ll contact you once Arielle is back for classes.”

Upon hearing that, Jason’s attitude took a complete change. Beaming at Wendy, he passed his name card to her and said, “Thank you very much.”

“It’s my pleasure.” Wendy smiled faintly. However, there was a cold glint that flashed across her eyes.

I’ll never give Arielle the chance to join this movie with Jason. With her appearance, she would definitely become famous in the entertainment industry. I won’t let her have her way!

After expressing his gratitude once again, Jason turned and left.

Donovan looked at Wendy in displeasure. “It’s best to stay away from people of the entertainment industry.”

Snapping back to her senses, Wendy noticed the disgruntlement in Donovan’s expression.

She was too anxious just now and had forgotten that Donovan was there as well.

Thinking on her feet, she immediately explained, “Mr. Baxter, you may not know this, but Jason is currently one of the top idols, and his fans are all crazy over him. You have treated him so indifferently just now. If he complains about you on the internet, his fans might find trouble with you. So, in a sense, I’m doing this for you.”

Donovan froze for a second upon hearing that. Thinking about the negative rumors about him previously, his expression softened.

Indeed, he did not wish the same thing to happen anymore.

In the end, he nodded as he changed the topic. “Why were you looking for me?”

Just as Wendy was about to answer, she heard the sound of a helicopter propeller.

It was getting louder and louder, and a strong gust of wind blew past them.

She raised her head subconsciously and saw a helicopter slowly landing on the open space in front of the lecture hall.

Donovan’s attention was also attracted by the helicopter.

He knitted his brows. “Who’s this?”

How dare they land their helicopter in Jadeborough University?

All the students, who were in the classrooms, could not contain their curiosity and rushed out.

“Look! It’s a private helicopter! That’s so d*mn cool!”

“Is there a film shooting here?”

Everyone started to talk over one another. Just as Donovan was about to ask the students to go back to their classes, Marcus led a group of lecturers over.

Donovan went over and asked, “Mr. Brown, what’s going on?”

Marcus replied excitedly, “It’s Aaron Holt! Let’s welcome him!”

“Aaron?” Donovan asked in puzzlement. “Who is he?”

“A student who’s going to join our university.”

“A student? Why do we need to welcome a student?”

“Of course, we do! He’s not just an ordinary student! He studied at Maxwell University previously but dropped out for some reason. Now, he’s going to study at our university! Besides, he has agreed to build us.

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stadium!”

Donovan’s expression contorted. He had mixed feelings about the situation.

He wasn’t impressed by students who would give donations for no reason, especially students who did not cherish the opportunity to study at Maxwell University.

However, as long as this student was not going to attend his preparatory class, he couldn’t be bothered by it.

As the propeller of the helicopter was too loud, both of them spoke by shouting to each other. Therefore, their conversation was heard clearly by Wendy, who was standing next to them.

Aaron? A foreigner?

The next moment, the helicopter finally landed, and silence was restored in the lecturer hall once again.

Without bothering Donovan, Marcus led the group of lecturers forward.

Wendy could not help but follow him with her gaze.

Meanwhile, all the students there were also fixing their gaze at the door of the helicopter.

After a few minutes, the door was finally swung open.

What stood in front of them was a pair of long legs.

A guy slowly walked out of the helicopter while exuding the aura of an aristocrat.

Shifting their gaze toward his figure, an exceptionally handsome face was set right before their eyes.

He was wearing a white shirt and silky suit pants. Three of his shirt button was unbuttoned, revealing his collar bone.

Above that was a handsome face that would make any woman go crazy.

His figure was so exquisite it looked as if it was crafted by God personally. The blue eyes he had were so deep that it could get the girls swooning in seconds while his lips were so alluring none could turn away once they set their gaze on them.

As compared to him, Jason was definitely inferior.

Behind him was a line of bodyguards, making him look more domineering

“Wow! Such excellent gene! The bridge of his nose is so perfect!”

“His skin is fair and smooth! Oh my! It’s my ideal skin!”

“Look at the powerful aura he’s exuding! Is he a prince?”

By then, all the girls were smitten by him. As for the

boys, they could not even gossip nor comment about the guy in front of them like how they did in front of Jason, for they knew that they were not in a position to do so.

There was no way they would dare to even criticize him, for Aaron was about the same level as Vinson.

Marcus was taken aback as soon as he saw Aaron’s devastatingly handsome appearance. He never expected the guy to be such a striking person.

It seems like our university is going to be the talk of the town again!

Marcus walked up to him in excitement and greeted, “Hello there! I’m Mr. Brown, the principal of Jadeborough University.”

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Aaron stretched out his hand and held Marcus’s hand politely while introducing himself, “Hello, Mr. Brown. I’m Aaron.”

Although his Chanaean was fluent, his pronunciation was not very accurate. Nonetheless, it was more than enough for communicating.

“Good to see you here, Aaron.”

Aaron smiled in response. All of a sudden, he tilted his head and flashed a devilish smile toward the girls behind Marcus. "Hello, beauties!"

"Ah!" The girls shrieked at the top of their lungs.

His smile widening, he turned toward Marcus and said, "The girls in your universities are so adorable."

"Huh? Oh! Haha!" Marcus laughed dryly and changed the topic. "By the way, Aaron, you have yet to tell me which faculty and subject you are interested in."

Aaron raised his brows and replied, "Oh dear! Seems like my mind was filled with all the beauties here that I have forgotten about that."

Marcus was speechless upon hearing that.

Once again, the girls behind him exclaimed loudly.

"Oh my God! He's so good with his words!"

Among the girls, Wendy was considered the calmest

one. She cleared her throat but never shifted her gaze off Aaron.

It was the first time she saw a man who was as handsome as Vinson.

In addition to his outstanding appearance, the fact that he rode on a helicopter to the university proved that he was indeed a rich guy.

Hmm, if I still can't get Vinson to fall for me before my parents come over to Jadeborough, maybe I can call it quits and try to get close to Aaron instead. He looks easy to hook up with.

Just then, Aaron asked, “Is there a girl named Arielle Moore in this university?”

Upon hearing that, Wendy’s expression tensed up. Meanwhile, Donovan knitted his brows.

Arielle? Why is it her again?

Marcus was taken aback as well. After a moment, he replied, “Yes, there is indeed a female student named Arielle at our school.”

Aaron snapped his fingers and said, “All right then, I’ll join her class.”

Donovan’s face fell at that.

After a few seconds of hesitation, Marcus nodded his head. “Sure, no problem! Coincidentally, her homeroom

teacher is here too.”

With that, he turned toward Donovan and continued, “Mr. Baxter, please come over and meet Aaron.”

Donovan had the urge to turn and leave immediately.

D*mn it! I guess it’s true when they say that whatever you are afraid of will come true. It’s all because of Arielle! It’s fine that she has attracted so many fans on the Internet with her face, but how dare she hook up with a foreigner? How shameless! I must be blind back then to have that kind of thought about her.

With no choice left, he pulled a long face and walked up to them.

Without looking at Aaron, he said, “Mr. Brown, you’ve promised me not to simply add anyone into my class.”

“Well, this is different.” Marcus explained, “Aaron is an outstanding student, which I’m sure you soon find out in the future.”

Donovan frowned and insisted, “It doesn’t matter if he is outstanding or not, my class is full. If you insist on putting him in my class, I’ll have no choice but to leave this university.”

Marcus’ face darkened at that instant.

“Mr. Baxter, what do you mean by that? Are you kidding me?”

Donovan raised his chin. “I’m not kidding. If you force my hand, I’ll leave.”

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Even though Donovan looked stubborn on the surface, it was merely an act of bravado.

He was aware that if he left Jadeborough University, he had no place to go.

It was impossible for him to go to another university and cultivate three other students who were eligible to enter Maxwell University

Besides, Maxwell University’s first-time international enrollment was about to come, and he would not have sufficient time to do so.

Nonetheless, he did not wish to have a student like Aaron to be in his class, because he knew he would be unable to control him.

He believed that between him and Aaron, Marcus would choose him over the latter.

To his surprise, however, Marcus did not start panicking as expected. Instead, his face darkened.

Donovan's heart skipped a beat, and he had a bad feeling about it.

The next second, Marcus spat out indifferently, "Mr. Baxter, you have done a lot of bad things

but I never blame you or held you accountable. How dare you question me for merely placing a student into your class? Excuse me, but am I still the principal of Jadeborough University?"

Hearing that, Donovan widened his eyes at Marcus in disbelief.

"Mr. Brown?"

Marcus continued coldly, "Since you chose not to stay in our university, you can leave now. It just so happens that we are recruiting new lecturers recently, and the number of applicants has exceeded one thousand. So, if you don't want to stay, it will just open up one more place for them. Feel free to think about it."

Donovan felt like he was struck by lightning.

What the hell just happened? I'm a graduate of the Institute of Education from Maxwell University. How could Marcus choose a student over me?

"Mr. Brown, are you serious? I..."

Ignoring him, Marcus turned toward Aaron and said, “Aaron, from now on, you will be in this preparatory class. If you have any needs, do inform me.”

Aaron couldn't be bothered about the ongoing drama. He simply said, “Sure. May I ask where Arielle is?”

“Arielle?” Marcus shifted his gaze toward Donovan and asked, “Is Arielle in the class?”

With a complex expression, Donovan replied, “Arielle has applied for leave these two days. So, she is not present.”

“Oh, I see...” Aaron pondered for a moment and smiled smugly. “All right then. I'll wait for her.”

After all, I've regained my freedom. I've got nothing but time.

Marcus then asked with a smile on his face, “So, you know Arielle? She is also one of the top students in our university.”

“You can say that.” With that, Aaron's smile widened. He stroked the hair around his ears, revealing his black diamond earrings.

Marcus nodded and asked the student council, Christopher, to come over. “Christopher, please take Aaron on a tour around campus and check which dormitory is empty.”

Under Aaron's gaze, Christopher walked out from the crowd. Cold sweat started forming in his palms.

For some reason, he felt uneasy in front of Aaron.

Forget about it...

He gritted his teeth and scratched his head. "Mr. Brown, my Ustranasion is not good enough. Why don't you ask other students to show Aaron around the campus?"

"Then..." Marcus shot a glance at the crowd and locked his gaze on Wendy.

No matter how outstanding Aaron is, he is still a student. It will be inappropriate to ask a lecturer to bring him around the campus. Hmm, I'll let Wendy handle the task then.

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"Wendy Greene," said Marcus. "You're proficient enough in Ustranasion, so why don't you go on and show Arron around the campus?"

"Who? Me?" Wendy pointed to herself in a mixture of surprise and delight as she asked.

"Yes. You."

It must have slipped the mind of the scattered-brain Marcus how Wendy's hiccup with her translation work the last time nearly cost the school the contract to Maxwell University's advanced mathematics lesson plan.

For some inexplicable reason, Wendy started to get butterflies in her stomach. She clasped her hands tightly and made her way over to Aaron amidst the envious looks cast her way by her female peers.

She did feel a sliver of discontent against Aaron when she heard him mention Arielle, but it did not matter in the end as she enjoyed basking in the attention and envy of others.

Wendy stopped in front of Aaron wearing the most punctilious smile possible before she addressed him genially. “Well, Aaron, please follow me.”

“After you then, beautiful,” replied Aaron as he arched his head back to instruct his bodyguard to take the helicopter off the grounds.

The language in which he spoke was one which Wendy had never encountered before and that prompted her inquisitiveness. “Where are you from, Aaron?”

“That doesn’t seem to be any of your concern now, does it?” answered Aaron with a wry smile.

The cold glint that flashed across his eyes as he spoke made Wendy jump. “I’m sorry for being nosy.”

“No worries. Please lead the way.” In an instant, Aaron reverted to his sensual, charming self, and that caused Wendy to believe that she might have been mistaken.

The two of them then walked off into the distance and away from the longing eyes in the crowd.

One of the girls in the class muttered, “Isn’t Wendy a little too lucky? It wasn’t that long ago that Jason slipped her a name card. Now, she’s tasked to show the new transfer student around...”

The other students did not know the actual reason why Jason passed his card along to Wendy and did not catch Aaron’s mentioning of Arielle

either. Hence, they simply assumed that Wendy had Venus' smile upon her.

With Aaron's departure, the discussions that revolved around him wound to a close, and the students dispersed afterward.

Marcus was prepared to leave for the day as well as he wanted to head home and celebrate the addition of this new gymnasium that day over some beer and small bites.

Seeing that the principal was about to depart, Donovan immediately caught up with him.

"Mr. Brown!"

Marcus stopped in his tracks and looked to be in a significantly less buoyant mood than what he started with on a dime.

"Why? Have you decided to quit after all?" asked Marcus blandly.

"No. It's nothing like that." Donovan gritted his teeth, unable to contain his own bewilderment. "I don't

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understand this, Mr. Brown. Back then, it was you who offered me a generous remuneration package to teach here. Why are you trying to drive me off now?"

With his hands held behind his own back, Marcus regarded the man sternly. "Let me clarify this for you. I wasn't the one who's driving you off. It's you who wanted to leave. Also, when I made the offer before, I was under the impression that I would be hiring Donovan Baxter, the outstanding graduate from Maxwell University's Institute of Education,

and not you, the diploma holder who hasn't even been awarded the graduation certificate you supposedly got from there.”

Donovan's face fell.

“You've already known? Who was the one who told you that? Was it Arielle? It has to be her because she has never shown any fondness for me!”

He hated Arielle to the core inside but Marcus merely shook his own head in disappointment.

“You've mistaken. No one came to me about this. It was after that fiasco involving Queenie and yourself that I went through your file and found out about it on my own.”

Donovan was stumped and briefly found himself at a loss for words.

Marcus continued, “I've put up with your deception of the school because I know that there's an off chance you might still be able to earn your paper qualifications. However, you've repeatedly made one mistake after the other, demonstrated your inability to treat the studies fairly, and even threatened me just now. Truly, I find all of that to be extremely lamentable. Go on and leave if you want to, Donovan. On the account of your parents, I will not expose the fact that you did not even receive your teaching credentials.”

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“No, Mr. Brown...” Donovan was in panic mode. He was well aware that he could not actually leave

Jadeborough University as that would ruin his teaching career.

Although he could nonetheless take his identity as a graduate student from Maxwell University's Institute of Education to other schools, the students from the preparatory class were the finest ones he had handpicked from all across the country himself. These were the ones with the greatest potential of making it into Maxwell University.

Were he to head elsewhere, never mind the time constraint, the quality of the students would definitely not be on par with those he currently had.

At that moment, Donovan started to regret not exercising greater restraint by accepting Aaron just now.

He hastened to grab Marcus by the hand and did away with his own haughtiness from before. "I've realized the error of my ways, Mr. Brown. I'll accept the addition of Aaron into my class, so please don't ask me to leave!"

Sigh. The softhearted Marcus exhaled. "Wouldn't it have been great if you've just agreed to this right from the start?"

Seeing that Marcus had been persuaded, Donovan went on to express his profuse gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Brown. I'll definitely groom three students that are good enough for Maxwell University."

Marcus acknowledged that with a nod. "Hopefully, you'll be able to deliver as you promised. The selection process for Maxwell University will be commencing soon, so I'd like for you to set aside those personal grudges of yours and focus your attention on guiding the students."

"I certainly will!" affirmed Donovan.

"Oh, yeah. There's just one more thing." Marcus then regarded Donovan intently. "Although I'm not sure of the reasons behind your prejudice

against Arielle, she's a massive talent. That's why I hope you'll be able to treat her with greater impartiality."

Donovan gritted his teeth and appeared to be compliant.

"Yes, Mr. Brown. I will."

"Good. In that case, you should extend an open apology to Arielle at next week's assembly. No more excuses. You've been notably absent the past two weeks, but don't think that I've forgotten about this."

There was an awful expression on Donovan's face, for he considered publicly apologizing to Arielle akin to a slap on his own face.

However, it seemed that he had no other choice under the current circumstances.

"I understand, Mr. Brown. I'll be sure to follow through on that."

"All right then. Get it together. I'm going to head back first," Marcus said. He patted Donovan on the back before turning to leave.

With his back turned, he failed to notice the humility and sincerity vanished from Donovan's face. In its place was an encompassing gloominess.

He's asking me to nurture Arielle?

There's no way I'll be able to transform a pile of rot into a work of art!
She's unsalvageable!

Scanned with CamScanner

He was not going to expend any effort toward nurturing Arielle as he considered it to be a waste of his time

Meanwhile, elsewhere.

The helicopter did not elude Arielle, who cast a chary eye briefly in the direction where it landed before she rescinded her gaze.

As the purpose of her returning that day was to look up information about the man in the same group photograph as her mother in the archive, she was in no mood for distractions.

With her eyes to the fore, she began to make her way toward her destination.

That was when a masked man suddenly appeared with arms spread wide before her, obstructing her advancement. “Haha, I’ve finally found you, Arielle!”

She got quite a fright and reflexively thrust out a fist that smacked the man squarely in the face.

When her blow connected, two other individuals sprung out from the bushes to the side. They then

rushed up and started to pummel the man.

As she looked closer, Arielle discovered that they were none other than Sasha and Blake.

“Stand back, Ms. Moore. Let us handle this.”

Sasha motioned for her to back off when in the next second, Blake let out a surprised yelp.