

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 841

Queenie's older brother – Cornelius, was in charge of Silverbirch Hospital.

The hospital wasn't just limited to selling herbs; they even established several clinics and developed a good reputation for their skill. Many patients recovered from their illness after a trip to one of Silverbirch Hospital's clinics.

Arielle made a trip to Silverbirch Hospital because she wanted to purchase some herbs for Josee.

Unlike the old Southall estate, there wasn't a place for Arielle to pluck herbs in Jadeborough. Additionally, she wanted to double the amount of herbs.

Since Silverbirch Hospital was the largest hub for herbs in Jadeborough, Arielle was confident that it would have what she needed.

Coincidentally, Silverbirch Hospital's workers were on a lunch break when Arielle arrived. Only Cornelius was on duty.

The interior design of Silverbirch Hospital was minimalistic and elegant. When Arielle entered, the strong smell of herbs wafted over.

"Is someone here?" Arielle called out.

A man in a green shirt emerged from the back. Although he looked familiar, Arielle was sure she'd never met him before.

However, she recalled that Silverbirch Hospital was under the ownership of Queenie's family. Immediately, Arielle connected the dots and figured out the man's identity.

"Greetings, Miss. Are you here to purchase some herbs or a consultation?" he asked politely.

"I'm here to get some herbs."

"All right, do you have a prescription?"

Arielle handed over the list she'd written. When Cornelius skimmed through it, he looked taken aback.

"Is this treatment designed to cure lung disease?" he stuttered.

Arielle nodded in confirmation. "Yes. It's for mid-stage lung cancer."

Cornelius blanched in shock as he glanced at Arielle with an astonished look. "If I may ask, who was the doctor who wrote this prescription? Looking at it makes me ashamed of myself. I've never accepted these sorts of patients because it is almost impossible to cure. Never in my life have I seen such a unique prescription. The doctor who wrote this must be a brilliant individual. Will it be possible to tell me who this genius doctor is?"

As a traditional Chanaean doctor himself, Cornelius knew that the doctor behind this prescription must be a very knowledgeable person.

Arielle looked at Cornelius in surprise.

Queenie and her brother are like day and night. While he is humble, Queenie is arrogant and haughty.

Cornelius had left a lasting impression on Arielle. Arielle smiled and said, "The doctor who wrote this prescription is a huge fan of fate. If fate allows it, I'm sure the two of you will meet one day."

"I see." Though Cornelius looked disappointed, he did not push her for an answer.

He turned to study the prescription again. "Miss, please wait for a moment. Two of the herbs listed here are located in our storage room. I'll need to head there to gather them."

"All right, I'll wait for you here."

As soon as she spoke, a cry for help echoed outside.

"Help! Dr. Mill, please save my daughter!"

Cornelius stiffened when he heard the piercing screams. Without any delay, he hurtled outside.

Since Arielle had nothing to do, she decided to tag along.

Outside, a middle-aged couple was begging for help. Cradled in their arms was a young girl who looked about Arielle's age. The girl's body convulsed as foam spluttered out of her mouth. Furthermore, she looked like she would pass out at any moment.

"Bring her in," Cornelius instructed.

These days, most clinics and traditional Chanaean hospitals would refuse to accept patients in critical conditions. A patient's death on their hands would tarnish their reputation and invoke a myriad of problems. Yet, Cornelius did not hesitate to let them in. Arielle felt her respect toward Cornelius grow when she saw the man's earnest behavior.

If Queenie was the one here, I'm sure she wouldn't have allowed them to step foot into Silverbirch Hospital.

Swiftly, Cornelius moved the patient to one of Silverbirch Hospital's wards.

The patient was already showing difficulty breathing as she looked like she was on the verge of passing out.

As quick as a hare, Cornelius fed the young girl a soothing pill he'd created himself. Two minutes later, the girl's convulsions seemed to subside. Yet, she was still in a state of near-unconsciousness.

Out of curiosity, Arielle made her way to the box where Cornelius stored his soothing pills. She picked one up and sniffed it. Its herbal scent caused Arielle's brows to inch upward.

It looks like Cornelius himself is an impressive doctor.

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### **Chapter 842**

Immediately, Arielle discerned that Cornelius' soothing pills were unlike the ones sold on markets. The soothing pills he'd created could also protect the cardiovascular system,

In a dire situation like this, it stabilized the girl's body and temporarily saved her life.

However, these pills were sure to come at a hefty cost. A single glance at the couple's shabby clothing informed Arielle that they must not be able to afford its price.

Arielle took her ATM card out of her pocket. She decided to pay for the couple as well.

"How did she get like this? Wasn't she resting at home after her heart surgery? She shouldn't be convulsing like this. Did she exert herself?" Cornelius asked the couple.

The woman was crying hysterically. Amidst her sobs, she could barely muster a coherent reply.

Her husband, who was much calmer, replied on her behalf, "Dr. Mill, thank you for your generosity. After the free surgery your sister performed on Jennie, she has been resting at home. We wouldn't even let her leave the bed! She started convulsing out of the blue."

Grimly, Cornelius checked Jennie's pulse.

After a few seconds, Cornelius said, "Judging from her condition earlier, she must be suffering from a severe allergy reaction. I asked the hospital to run an allergy test before her heart surgery. It turns out that she's allergic to penicillin and honey. Was she exposed to these two substances?"

Jennie's father shook his head. "We are aware of her penicillin allergy. We have always made sure that she avoids that. However, there are no bees near our house. She hasn't even left her room."

"That's strange..." Cornelius frowned, deep in thought. "To give her the right treatment, we need to identify the allergen before her symptoms arise again. Think again. Have you missed out on something? Maybe, a guest dropped by your house recently. We can't dismiss the possibility that a guest might have brought in a bee by accident."

Yet, the couple shook their heads again. "There shouldn't be any guests. Every day, we work until dawn. Save for your occasional visits to check on Jennie; no one will visit such a shabby place like ours."

All of a sudden, Cornelius noticed a number of red welts scattered across Jennie's arm.

"These are allergy symptoms." He pointed at the welts. "Try to recall if something happened to her within these two days."

Promptly, Jennie roused from her unconsciousness.

"Jennie! Were there any guests recently? Did a bee sting you?" her father cried out.

Sluggishly, Jennie shook her head as she tried to push herself upright. To her surprise, she could not move her legs.

"It's best if we send her to the hospital. The hospital can run a full medical check-up," Cornelius said solemnly.

"The hospital..." An awkward look crossed the couple's faces.

Before they could reply, Jennie spoke up. "Dr. Mill, we can't afford the hospital fees. Why don't you give me a prescription? I don't want to burden my parents any further."

Her daughter's selfless words caused the woman to burst into tears again.

"I am more than willing to pay for your hospital fees. How could money be more important than your life?" Cornelius retorted.

"Dr. Mill, we owe you too much. We can't keep leeching off your generosity. After all, you were the one who paid for Jennie's heart surgery. We can't bear to accept any more of your help," the woman said with teary eyes.

"This looks like a tick allergy," a feminine voice stated from behind.

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Instinctively, they turned toward the source of the voice.

They caught sight of Arielle standing in the corner. Her pale and porcelain skin seemed to glow under the light. As a light gust swept across the room, her long hair danced in the breeze, making the woman appear as pretty as a picture.

The couple was dumbstruck. They had never laid eyes on such a gorgeous woman before.

On the other hand, Jennie recognized her instantly. "Arielle!" she exclaimed.

Arielle stepped forward and turned to Cornelius. "Dr. Mill, will it be all right if I take a look at the patient?"

For a moment, Cornelius was puzzled by Arielle's question. However, his eyes widened in shock when realization dawned upon him.

"Y-You were the one who wrote the prescription?" Cornelius gasped.

"It looks like fate has brought us together," Arielle replied with a nod.

Arielle was impressed by Cornelius' character and wanted to offer her assistance.

Besides, how can I turn a blind eye when there's a patient in need of medical help right in front of me?

Cornelius' startled gaze turned into one of admiration and respect.

He couldn't believe that a young woman like Arielle had such adept mastery of traditional Chanaean medicine. Is she an ancient Chanaean doctor too?

Traditional and ancient Chanaean medicine were two different medical fields with stark differences. In comparison to a traditional Chanaean doctor, an ancient Chanaean medical professional was much more knowledgeable.

"Please go ahead. I'll be entrusting Jennie to you." Cornelius beckoned toward Jennie as he stepped aside to make room for Arielle.

"I'll try my best." Arielle made her way in front of Jennie. "Your name is Jennie, right? Can you tell me if you went out within these two days? Did you have any guests over?" Arielle asked.

Immediately, Jennie shook her head.

However, Arielle's keen senses noticed that the girl avoided her gaze.

Not only was Arielle skilled in ancient Chanaean medicine, but she also knew how to observe facial expressions. Promptly, Arielle deduced that the girl was lying.

Before Arielle could ask her another question, Jennie's allergy reaction began to act up again.

This time, Jennie's condition seemed to have worsened. White foam gurgled out of her mouth as she had greater difficulty breathing.

"Turn her body to the side! Dr. Mill, please give her another one of your pills," Arielle instructed.

"I'm on it." Cornelius rushed off to do Arielle's bidding.

After Cornelius fed Jennie another soothing pill to stop her convulsions, Arielle took out the silver plated needles that she always carried on her. Quickly, Arielle inserted them into Jennie's acupuncture points.

It took half an hour before Jennie finally woke up again.

While Jennie was still unconscious, Arielle searched Jennie's body thoroughly. Yet, she did not discover any tick bites or scars.

"Since she just underwent a heart transplant, maybe her immune system is rejecting the foreign tissue," Cornelius suggested.

Arielle shook her head. "Patients suffering from a transplant rejection don't have these symptoms. The timing of her condition does not add up too. I still suspect that it's a tick paralysis."

"Jennie, I'm sure you must have felt uncomfortable earlier. If we don't find the cause of your symptoms, the next wave will be much more severe than the last. Your body might not be able to handle it. You need to tell me the truth. Have you been going outside?" Arielle asked solemnly.

Jennie's face paled when she caught sight of Arielle's grim expression. Her nervous gaze darted toward Cornelius.

Cornelius seemed confused. "Jennie, is there something that you can't tell us?"

"Jennie, please tell the doctors the truth! Did you go out while we were working?" her parents begged.

Jennie closed her eyes in defeat. "I didn't go out" she mumbled.

"However, someone came over," Jennie continued before Arielle could say anything.

"Who was it?" Cornelius asked.

"Francis."

"My brother?" Cornelius exclaimed in shock.

"Yes." Tears began to stream down Jennie's cheeks. "Dr. Mill, I'm so sorry. I-I'm in a relationship with your brother."

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 844**

The sudden news left Cornelius in a daze. It wasn't until Arielle's reminder that he finally regained his senses. "Francis is my younger brother. Occasionally, he would drop by the shop to help out," he explained.

In truth, Arielle didn't want to involve herself with the Mills' family matters.

"Her uncontrollable convulsions and the red welts on her skin are clear signs of tick paralysis. Was it possible that your brother brought in ticks when he visited Jennie?" Arielle asked.

Cornelius' eyes lit up. "My brother is an avid hiker."

"An avid hiker..." Arielle mumbled before she turned to Jennie's parents and said, "Can the two of you wait outside? I want to give her a thorough examination."

The couple trusted Cornelius immensely. Naturally, they listened to Arielle as she was a fellow doctor introduced by Cornelius.

After they vacated the room, only Arielle, Cornelius, and Jennie were left.

"Did you and Francis sleep together?" Arielle asked without beating around the bush.

Jennie's face flushed with embarrassment as she glanced at Cornelius, unsure if she should tell the truth.

"Jennie, please don't lie. Although I'm Francis' elder brother, I am also your doctor. There is nothing that you can't share with me," Cornelius said with a frown.

"Yes," Jennie murmured as she hung her head in embarrassment.

“Okay.” Arielle nodded. “I’ll get Dr. Mill to give us some privacy before I check your body. Is that all right?”

“Okay.”

Upon hearing Arielle’s words, Cornelius left the room.

Although Jennie was mortified and scared, she allowed Arielle to remove her pants and inspect her body.

After all, they had checked every part of Jennie’s body except for her private areas.

Since Jennie and Francis had just engaged in sexual intercourse, the tick must be somewhere here.

True to her assumptions, it didn’t take long before Arielle found the tick. Its tiny head was already burrowed into Jennie’s skin.

Now that the tick had been removed, Cornelius could handle the rest.

With the tick in hand, Arielle opened the door and showed it to them.

The tick’s abdomen was swollen with Jennie’s blood.

Arielle hurled it to the ground and stomped on it. “You know how to handle the rest, right?” she asked Cornelius.

The man nodded. “Yes. Thank you for your help, Ms. Moore.”

The grateful couple rushed forward and showered Arielle with their thanks.

Arielle merely waved her hand sheepishly. “Don’t forget my herbs, all right? I’ll be waiting outside.”

With that, Arielle made her way back to the foyer.

After the ordeal, the staff was finally back from their lunch break. After Arielle purchased the herbs she needed, she was ready to leave.

All of a sudden, Cornelius ran after her. “Ms. Moore, please wait!”

Arielle came to a screeching halt as she whirled around in panic. “Did something happen to Jennie again?”

“Not at all.” Cornelius ushered her to a corner so that no one could eavesdrop on their conversation. “I have dealt with Jennie’s illness. Please forgive me if this irks you, but I

relayed the incident earlier to my father. He wants to invite you to the Mills' heir selection happening next month."

"The Mills' heir selection?" Arielle echoed in confusion.

"Yes." Cornelius nodded. "There are a total of three siblings in our household. Since our father married late, he was forty when I was born. Now that he's getting older, he thinks that it's time for him to step down and pass on his position as the head of the house to someone else."

"Does your father want me to help him pick his heir?"

"Not at all." Cornelius waved his hand to dismiss Arielle's assumptions. "He wants you to partake in the Mills' heir selection."

"Huh?" Arielle was utterly shocked by Cornelius' words. "But I'm not part of the Mills.

Besides, Queenie would murder me if I were to join the selection.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 845**

Out of curiosity, Arielle asked, "Can an outsider join the Mills' heir selection?"

A conflicted look crossed Cornelius' face. "In the past, such a thing would be implausible. However, there hasn't been an ancient Chanaean doctor in our family after my siblings and I were born. In my father's eyes, it is much more crucial to maintain the prestige of ancient Chanaean medicine. In the future, the Mills wouldn't be the only ones suffering. Ancient Chanaean medicine will fade into obscurity. Right now, most people would prefer to seek out modern medicine instead of traditional Chanaean medicine."

"If an outsider is allowed to compete for this position, the family's secrets will be passed to that person too. Most traditional Chanaean medicine has a strong emphasis on secrecy when it comes to prescriptions. Is your father really willing to hand it over to an outsider?" Arielle asked.

Cornelius heaved out a heavy sigh. "If given a choice, no one would be willing to hand out their family's secret prescriptions. But true to my father's words, my siblings and I are unworthy to be his heir. It is humiliating to admit it. Although I'm the eldest in my family, I've picked up traditional Chanaean medicine from my father from the moment I could read. Yet, I lack the talents needed to excel. Even if my father doesn't say it aloud, I know that I am unfit to be the next head of the Mills family. I can't improve our family's medical skills."

Once again, Cornelius' humility impressed Arielle.

It looks like Queenie is the black sheep of her family.

Coincidentally, Cornelius and his father shared identical values with the Wilhelms.

Similarly, the Wilhelms would prefer to help people with their skills than keep them to themselves. It was far more important to offer their assistance than to retain information selfishly.

Queenie appeared in Arielle's mind. "Isn't there someone named Queenie in your family? She is a skilled doctor, isn't she?"

Although Arielle did not get along with Queenie, she had to admit that the latter was a skilled and talented doctor.

"Oh? You are talking about my younger sister. She's indeed much more talented than me. However." Cornelius paused before he continued, "My father thinks that it is important for a doctor to be kind hearted and selfless. Queenie has yet to achieve those values."

"What do you mean?" Arielle cocked an eyebrow.

Cornelius sighed again.

"For example, Queenie refused to perform Jennie's heart surgery until I paid for it in secret." Cornelius' voice was tinged with disappointment.

"I see."

Cornelius looked at her with a hopeful gaze. "Ms. Moore, are you willing to partake in the Mills' heir selection? I think you fit all of the requirements perfectly."

Although Arielle mulled over his proposal, she chose to reject Cornelius' proposal. "Though it is a generous offer, I'll have to pass on it. I don't want to involve myself with the Mills."

"Did you get into a conflict with one of my family members?" Cornelius asked in bewilderment.

"It's much more complicated than a conflict."

"I'm sure any conflict can be resolved in the blink of an eye! If you win the selection, my father will hand you all of our secrets. Think about it. All sorts of techniques, antidotes, and"

"Okay," Arielle said out of the blue.

Cornelius was too caught up in his rambling to notice her reply.

“Please reconsider. The Mills are a-” Cornelius finally realized that Arielle had agreed. “Wait a minute, what did you say? Did you just agree to join?”

Arielle grinned. “You were the one who said it yourself. Any conflict that I have can be resolved. Hence, I agreed.”

For the sake of disguising her identity, Arielle agreed to Cornelius’ request.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 846**

Delighted, Cornelius took an invitation from his pocket and handed it to Arielle.

“I’ll send you the exact details later. When the time comes, please bring this invitation card along with you.”

Arielle reached out to accept the maroon card. Though the card was devoid of any text, the Mills’ gold sigil was stamped on it. The credibility of the card would be revealed under UV light.

Arielle ran her finger across the invitation card. “This paper is of great quality,” she complimented.

After she gave Cornelius her contact number, Arielle left Silverbirch Hospital.

Cornelius was caught off guard by Arielle’s sudden praise.

Aside from the Mills, it was a well-kept secret that their invitation cards were specially manufactured.

These cards would not crumple in water. It was also flame resistant.

Seeing how Ms. Moore could tell from a single touch, her skills are in a league of their own.

Despite that, Cornelius did not feel any envy or jealousy. If Arielle became the head of the Mills, he was confident that they’d be able to regain their glory.

In the past, the Silverbirch Hospital was an illustrious name in the medical field that blew any competition out of the water.

After Arielle left Silverbirch Hospital, she returned to Maple Mansion and concocted a new medical solution for Josee.

Since the herbs she gave Josee this afternoon were much more potent, Arielle needed to give Josee something to counteract its intensity. After a week, she would proceed with the third round of treatment.

At Jadeborough University, Donovan entered the class with a stack of graded papers. Most of the students were engrossed in their self-revision.

Donovan's gaze swept across the classroom and noticed four empty seats.

Without a doubt, it was Arielle, Jared, and Henry. Three students whom Donovan absolutely despised.

The fourth vacant seat belonged to the new transfer student, who was an odd fellow.

Every day, he'd ask if Arielle was present in class before he took his leave.

With a dark look, Donovan made his way to the podium. Soon after, the bell chimed. The moment it rang, Henry and Jared stepped foot into the class.

"Stop right there!" Donovan uttered coldly.

Henry was never fond of Donovan. "Mr. Baxter, the bell hasn't finished ringing yet. We aren't late," he argued.

"The ringing bell signifies that class has started. The two of you are already late. Get out of my class. You were never focused on learning anyway. Don't distract the other students with that irresponsible attitude of yours."

"You-" Henry seethed as he stepped forward, prepared to argue with Donovan.

However, Jared grasped Henry's sleeve and gave him a warning look. Without another word, Jared spun on his heel and left the class.

On the other hand, Henry was absolutely fuming in anger. Did he forget that my name is Harvey West?| have billions under my name. Although we can't be compared to the Jupiters, it's clear that the Wests are a family to be reckoned with. How could he treat me with such disrespect?

Despite his fury, Henry still listened to Jared's advice. After Jared stepped out, he stormed out of the class too.

"Donovan is an absolute lunatic. Isn't he going out of his way to make our lives miserable?" Henry grumbled.

Jared's calm demeanor was a stark contrast to Henry's.

"It's all right. He's only going to discuss our test papers. We won't be missing out on anything." Jared said to reassure Henry.

The latter felt a stab of guilt. "I'm sorry. If only I hadn't overslept, you wouldn't be late. I won't take a nap anymore. Wait, once the results of my monthly evaluation are out, I can leave this class forever!"

"Do you need my help? If I get the Jupiters to show up, Donovan will be forced to keep you in his class."

"No! Please don't do that. I am dying to leave Donovan's class. Although I'll miss you, I can't wait to break free from his wretched grasps," Henry said in a panic.

Right after Henry finished talking, Donovan began to announce the marks of their assignment.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 847**

### **Chapter 847**

Henry Instantly perked up and murmured, "It's time to find out how well we did on yesterday's paper! You worked on it till two in the morning, didn't you? I wonder what score you'll get."

Jared remained silent, but his expression was a dead giveaway to how equally eager he was to find out.

Shortly after, Donovan made the announcement. "The first place goes to Wendy Greene, who scored ninety points."

A round of scattered, almost obligatory applause rang out from the class.

Even though Wendy wasn't well-liked, there was no denying that she was smart as a whip. As such, some of her classmates were still gracious enough to give credit where credit was due.

When the applause died down, Donovan continued, "In the second place, we have Terry Fuller with eighty-eight points."

Then, Donovan proceeded to announce the third and fourth place.

It was only at the sixth place that Donovan finally called out Trisha's name.

Trisha, however, was anything but happy as she glanced at Arielle's seat.

If Arielle were here, she'd have easily topped the class. I wonder if she can make it back for tomorrow's exam.

With so many racing thoughts in her mind, Trisha couldn't help but feel even more dismal.

Meanwhile, Henry was still outside the classroom, listening with bated breath for the announcement of Jared's name. Alas, it never came.

Left scratching his head, Henry turned to look at his friend. "Hey, did you forget to hand in your paper?"

"No," Jared replied with a frown. "I was the first to do so."

The paper was difficult, and the last question had him completely stumped. In the end, Jared gave up trying to work out the answer and handed in his paper to Wendy.

Did Wendy not submit it on purpose? But then again, she isn't that dumb to do something so obvious.

Just then, Donovan spoke up again.

"Everyone has done well, despite the difficulty level of this paper. Even the last place holder scored eighty-one points, which is very commendable. However, you may have realized that I left one student out. Well, that's because he scored even higher than Wendy."

Jared stiffened as the class erupted into a commotion.

Then, one of the students asked the question that was on everyone's mind, "So why won't you announce his score?"

"I had found most of the questions online and adapted them for this paper. The last one, though, was set by me," Donovan scoffed. "This student got everything but the last question right, which means he must have lifted the other answers online!"

Upon hearing that, Jared's face instantly darkened.

Henry was no fool either. He knew Donovan was accusing Jared of cheating, and he wasn't going to stand idly by

The next second, Henry barged into the classroom. "Donovan Baxter! Why would you make such an accusation? Jared was up until the wee hours trying to finish this paper. Even while brushing his teeth this morning, he was still thinking about that last question. It's fine if you don't like me because I'm not a good student anyway. But Jared has worked so hard! How dare you slander him!"

“Henry West!” Donovan shouted as he bristled with anger. “You better watch your tone! Is this the way to talk to your teacher?”

“Tell me then, is this the way to treat your student? By slandering him?”

“Slander? The two of you only got into the school through connections. Yet, curiously enough, he scored higher than the other elite students whom I’ve hand-picked for this class. It’s not at all unreasonable to believe that he cheated, so how is that slander?”

Before Henry could retort, Jared stepped in. “Gibby, that’s enough. Forget it!”

“See?” Donovan said with a smirk. “Your friend’s feeling guilty.”

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 848**

As soon as he heard that, Jared’s fury sprang to life.

He slowly turned toward Donovan and fixed him with a steely glare.

Every man in the Jupiter family was a tough, battle-tested soldier who had grown up under the harsh conditions of military service. As such, one look from Jared was all it took to send chills down Donovan’s spine.

“You-”

Donovan had barely gotten one word out when Jared interrupted, “I never cheated, so I don’t have a guilty conscience. I only told Henry to stop because there’s no point in arguing with a teacher like you.”

“A teacher like me?” Donovan quipped before bursting into laughter. “Tell me, what kind of a teacher am I?”

“The kind who doesn’t even have a graduation certificate,” Jared answered, his lips curled into a smirk.

Donovan’s face paled immediately. He could feel his students looking at him with a mixture of surprise and contempt as pin-drop silence filled the room.

After all, he never wanted anyone to know his deepest, darkest secret, least of all his students.

“Enough with your nonsense, Jared! Get the hell out of my classroom! If you disrupt my class any further, I’ll get the principal to punish you!”

“Don’t worry. I wouldn’t stay even if you wanted me to. You, on the other hand, will come to regret your actions! Henry, let’s go!” With that, Jared grabbed Henry by the back of his collar and dragged him away.

Having been caught off guard, Henry stumbled backward and almost lost his footing.

Once he regained his balance, he hurriedly followed Jared as the class broke out in a flurry of speculation.

“What did Jared mean by that? Did Mr. Baxter not graduate from Maxwell University?”

“I don’t think so. I’ve seen Mr. Baxter’s credentials on the school board, and it stated that he graduated from Maxwell University’s Institute of Education.”

“Gosh, what’s going on?”

Unfortunately, Donovan overheard his students’ hushed whispers and quivered with anger.

If he could, he’d have dragged Jared back and beat him to a pulp.

Regret? Why would I? Besides, Maxwell University is holding its early admission exercise soon. Even if

Jared exposes my secret, I’ll still be able to turn it around. I don’t have to fear him at all!

Eventually, Donovan pulled himself together and cleared his throat. “Don’t be led astray by the two incorrigible students. Let’s go through the questions in the paper now. We shall start with the one that had the most mistakes...”

Outside the classroom, Jared continued to make his way toward the students’ dorm.

“Jared!” Henry exclaimed as he hastily caught up. “What you said earlier in the classroom, is that all true?”

went home a couple of days ago, and as luck would have it, we had a guest who was in the game cohort as Donovan. He told me that Donovan failed the exit exam, so he didn’t get the graduation and teaching certificates from Maxwell University’s Institute of Education. What he has is merely a completion certificate.”

“Holy sh\*t! So Donovan’s the bad student? Who knew!”

Jared shook his head and replied, “That’s not entirely true. You see, one of the graduation requirements is to complete a practical exam. That means that during their final year internship, they have to get at least three students accepted into Maxwell University. Donovan failed because he only had one.”

"I see... No wonder he's always urging us to apply to Maxwell University."

"Exactly." Jared said as a faint smile crept across his face. "The guest also informed me that Maxwell University will be holding an early admissions exercise at the end of the month. Our school has six quota places, five of which are for the preparatory class. Students in the normal class would have to top the monthly tests to qualify for that one remaining spot."

Henry's eyes widened as it suddenly dawned on him what Jared planned on doing.

## **A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 849**

"You want to get into Maxwell University through the normal class!" Henry blurted out. "That way, you wouldn't count as Donovan's student."

Jared nodded solemnly.

"Initially, I did tell myself to put up with him since we'll be leaving for Maxwell University soon. But after everything today, enough is enough."

With that explanation, everything finally fell into place for Henry. "Oh! No wonder you said Donovan will come to regret his actions!"

"All right, let's return to the dorm and pack our things," Jared replied. "I'm going home to ask for a transfer to the normal class."

"Good, I'm going with you. I've had it with Donovan! If it weren't for you and Boss, I wouldn't have stayed on in the preparatory class!"

Jared's ears pricked up at the mention of Arielle. Right, I think I'd better let her know about this too.

Meanwhile, Arielle had just finished preparing the medicine for Josee and was about to leave when Jared's call came through.

After listening to him for a couple of seconds, she replied, "Yes, I already knew that about Donovan."

"What? You knew all along, and you still put up with it?" Jared asked incredulously.

"My greatest strength is the tolerance I have for people. For those whom I don't care about, I have no problem putting up with whatever nonsense they throw my way."

"So... Do you want to transfer to the normal class with us?"

“No, thanks,” Arielle mumbled as she looked wistfully up into the sky. “I’ll be leaving Jadeborough University once I’ve found what I want, so it doesn’t matter which class I’m in. Besides, Trisha is still in the preparatory class. I can’t leave her there.”

“Very well then, I got to go for now. If you’re going back, remember to sit for the exam tomorrow. Slap Donovan in the face for me while you’re at it.”

Arielle couldn’t help but let out a small chuckle. “All right, I’ll try my best.”

As soon as she hung up the phone, the main door opened, and Vinson walked in.

“Huh? Why are you home so early?”

“How can I concentrate at work knowing my wife is home?” Vinson teased as he removed his jacket.

Then, he pulled Arielle into his embrace and took a deep whiff of her scent. “Mmm, Darling, you smell nice.”

“You cheeky thing!” Arielle playfully scolded while pushing him away. “What’s gotten into you?”

Vinson broke into a bitter smile and sighed. “Something big.”

That afternoon, Vinson had played golf with a client who was the most uxorious husband he had ever met. As the game progressed, the client kept fussing over his wife to make sure she was comfortable and happy.

In the end, he even ended the game early so his wife wouldn’t risk getting tanned in the sun.

“I had enough of their public display of affection, so I wanted to get some from you.”

Everything sounded so ridiculous that Arielle didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“Oh, my goodness. How old are you?”

Vinson merely shrugged and mumbled, “Seriously, if you had seen them, you’d be grossed out too.”

“Perfect!” Arielle exclaimed as she shoved a thermos flask into his hand. “Since you’re free and need a distraction, you can help me deliver this.”

Even though Arielle had meant it as a joke, Vinson was more than happy to comply.

“Okay, where to?”

Speechless, she could only stare blankly back at him.

When did my backer become my loyal pet?

Eventually, both of them decided to head toward Rocher

Private Hospital together.

Along the way, Vinson got a call from the Specialized Forces and promptly answered it with his Bluetooth earpiece.

“Hello?”

“Captain Nightshire, we have confirmed Cindy’s whereabouts.”

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Machia.” “Are you able to keep up?”.

“We’re still looking for a helicopter, but following them so closely would be too obvious. That’s why I disguised myself as airport staff and installed a GPS tracker on their helicopter during the flight check.”

“Excellent. Update me when you have more news.”

“Understood!”

When the call ended, a keenly observant Arielle turned around and asked, “Is it about Cindy? Have you found

her?”

Vinson hesitated before slowly nodding his head. “Yes, you can say that. She has boarded a helicopter, and my men installed a GPS tracker on it. I’m sure we’ll be able to nab her soon.”

Arielle heaved a sigh and said, “When we get her this time, we can’t let her escape again.”

“Don’t worry, there won’t be a second time,” Vinson reassured. “By the way, let’s check on Matthias after giving Josee her medicine. Most of his injuries should have healed by now.”

Arielle nodded in agreement. “That’s what I had in mind

too.”

My priority now is to have Matthias hand over Cindy’s assets. Everything else can wait. Those assets belonged to her mom, anyway. I’m only taking back what’s rightfully ours.

Before long, they had arrived at the Rocher Private Hospital.

After making sure Josee finished her medicine, Arielle accompanied Vinson to Matthias’ ward.

True enough, Matthias’ wounds had more or less healed.

However, after his bout with a high fever from his infected wounds, Arielle could see that he was still weak as a kitten.

Before Matthias could say anything, she had walked up and given him a quick check-up. “It’ll take about a week more before you fully recover.”

Grateful but dumbfounded, Matthias queried, “Why do you still treat me after all the horrible things I’ve done to you?”

“No reason,” Arielle stated matter-of-factly. “It’s just medical ethics.”

Upon hearing that, Matthias lowered his head in shame. “I may not be able to get out of bed yet, but signing papers won’t be a problem. I’m sure you’re here because you’ve prepared the asset transfer agreement?”

Arielle froze and gave herself a mental head slap. Damn it, I’ve forgotten all about that!

Just as she was mulling over it, Vinson suddenly surprised her with two sets of contracts.

Seeing how shocked Arielle was, Vinson winked at her before turning to Matthias. “Our lawyer has drafted up the contract. Here, take a look.”

Alas, Matthias barely glanced at the documents before signing his name on them.

He might be physically alive, but inside, he was dead. As such, material possessions were no longer of any importance to him.

Then again, the truth was he had never really cared about the assets. The only reason he had fought so hard for them in the past was because of Cindy, but clearly, there was no need for that now.

With the contracts finally inked, Arielle went through them and realized how much more thorough Vinson had been in investigating all of Cindy's overseas assets.

Everything amounted to a staggering sixteen hundred million, and it was undeniable that Matthias was a whizz when it came to financial management and investments.

Arielle kept the contracts before looking back up at

Matthias. "The hearing for your case will start in a week, but I've already made the necessary arrangements for you. You'll be serving a ten-year sentence in Jadeborough Prison."