

Under the line, Rhine Ustranasion Machine Translation was the address of the Ustranasion website. The copyright notice was the reason that Thomas had realized the lesson plan had not been translated by Wendy.

When Wendy saw those words, her eyes widened to the point they nearly popped out of their sockets.

Machine translation?

How could she have used machine translation for this?

The grimace was apparent on Arthur's face as he continued, "We've given you the opportunity to translate this is because we were hoping you would be able to learn from this as well as letting you have a chance to contribute to both the school and Maxwell University. Is this all you have to give to us?"

"Professor Sleight, I..." Wendy's face went pale, and she was panicking. "I don't know what happened. Professor Sleight, I..."

"Stop it," Arthur interrupted before turning to cast Thomas an apologetic look. "Professor Harlem, my sincerest apologies. We're too lenient on our students. It's our fault to have let her give you a shoddy work like this."

Thomas frowned. "Using a translation tool is not the main issue here. The main issue is that we're planning to use this lesson plan for our research. Most of the terms translated by a machine aren't accurate, so this lesson

plan would not be of any use to us.”

At that, Arthur bit his lips before he proposed, “Please give us another day. We’ll definitely translate a new copy for you.”

However, Thomas waved his hand dismissively and said, “I don’t have that much time. At most, I can only give you three hours.”

“Three hours?” Arthur shrieked out before realizing he had lost control of his emotions. With an apologetic smile, he then said, “Professor Harlem, are you cracking a joke? Three hours? Even if we gathered all our Ustranasion teachers, we still won’t be able to make it within three hours.”

Not only did they need to translate the original text, but they also needed to organize the information in the lesson plan.

It would have been easier if it was a lesson plan of languages or other subjects, but the lesson plan they were translating was advanced mathematics. It was ten times harder than any other subject.

Three hours was certainly a time too short for them.

Nevertheless, Thomas shook his head. “This is the most I can give you. I need to attend an important meeting back at my side. If you can’t do this, then I’ll be taking my leave right away. However, I’m afraid I won’t be able to give you Maxwell University’s lesson plan. This has been an exchange, but if you can’t uphold your end

of the deal, I'd have to go back on my words.”

Arthur bit down hard on his lower lip before he finally agreed, “Okay. Give us another three hours. After three hours, we'll definitely hand over the translated lesson plan to you.”

Thomas nodded. “I'll give you another chance, then. I'll be going out for a meal now. When I'm back, I hope you'd be almost done.”

“Enjoy your meal.” Arthur gestured politely toward the doorway. With another nod, Thomas left.

The moment Thomas stepped out of the meeting room, Arthur called Marcus and informed him about the matter.

Instantly, Marcus snapped, “How could she have used machine translation? It took me so long to get Maxwell University to agree to exchange lesson plans with us! You're a bunch of fools too. How could you possibly assign such an important task to a student without any supervision?”

“This is indeed our fault, but Wendy had been extremely sure that she would be able to succeed in the task. We thought she really could do it, so that's why we...”

“Stop explaining. What we should be prioritizing right now is translating the lesson plan in three hours. I'll inform all Ustranasion teachers and advanced mathematics teachers to gather at the meeting room to

assist in the translation. As for Wendy... Once everything is over, she'll have to hand over a letter of denunciation of three thousand words.”

“I understand, Mr. Brown.”

After the call ended, Arthur turned to Wendy. “Did you hear that?”



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The call had been on speakers earlier, so Wendy heard everything. She bit her lip as she regretted taking on the task.

If she had not volunteered for it, the one who would be reprimanded would have been Arielle instead of her.

Darn it!

No wonder Arielle doesn't want to do this. She must have known that things would turn out this way.

She's nothing but a scheming b\*tch!

Nevertheless, Wendy did not have the courage to voice that out loud to Arthur. She could only stand quietly and endured the displeased glares from all the other teachers.

When Arthur saw the look on Wendy's face, he said, "It seems like you've heard it. Take a pen and paper and finish the letter of denunciation before leaving."

At that, Wendy stopped biting on her pale lip and nodded. "Professor Sleight, this is my fault. I shouldn't have used machine translation just because I was in a rush. I'll work on the report right away."

Noticing the pitiful look on Wendy's face, the anger in Arthur dissipated slightly. He hummed in response before saying, "Contact Arielle and ask her to come and lend us a hand."

Those words made Wendy stiffen before fury shot up

from the soles of her feet to the top of her head.

She then blurted out, “Professor Sleight, Arielle has rejected you before. She knows that she can't complete the task either.”

“Stop that,” Arthur cut her off. “I'm her teacher. I know her capabilities better than you do. It's best for you to finish the report quickly instead. I'll contact Arielle myself.”

With that said, Arthur ignored Wendy and turned around to call Arielle instead.

However, Arielle did not pick up his call. Left without a choice, Arthur could only leave to translate the lesson plan with the other teachers.

Jealousy was a green-eyed monster that took over Wendy. Gritting her teeth, she then walked out of the meeting room toward the lecturers' block. When she arrived at her destination, she called the translator.

The call soon went through, and almost immediately, Wendy questioned, “What's the matter with you? Why did you use machine translation after a few pages? Haven't I told you I wanted a thorough translation?”

What came through the speakers was the translator's confused voice, “Ms. Greene, I did translate it all myself. How could I not have done as you asked?”

“Then why did the printed copy have the copyright notice of some machine translating site at the bottom of

the page?”

“How could that be? Ms. Greene, have you printed the wrong documents?”

At that, Wendy began spiraling down a hole of confusion.

The translator that her mother had hired should not be any less than a professional.

So what's going on?

“Hold on. Let me send the file to you. Take a look at it yourself.” With that, she ended the call and sent her the file.”

The translator soon called back. “Ms. Greene, this isn't the file you've sent me. I don't know what this file is.”

“What?” Wendy let out a loud gasp. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. I can send you the translated file I have. Once you check the email, you'll know that I'm telling you the truth.”

When Wendy checked her email and compared the two files, she then realized the translator was right—the two files were different.

Who did this?

Absolutely livid, Wendy nearly crushed her teeth from the grinding.

However, in the next second, Wendy came up with someone's name—Arielle.

It must be her!

She must have wanted to mess with me. That's why she hired someone to hack into my email and swap the files.

No one else would have done this but Arielle!

“B\*tch! What a b\*tch!” Wendy shrieked, her screams echoing in the room like a banshee.



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On the other end, Arielle was checking the monthly report at Maureen's Kitchen.

To her surprise, the normal-sized restaurant actually had an operating cash flow of three hundred thousand.

Although three hundred thousand was not a lot to her, it was a hefty sum for an ordinary restaurant.

“Thank you for your hard work. I've seen the report, and it looks fine.” Arielle handed the report back to the manager.

At that, the manager let out a relieved sigh. “Mr. Nightshire has asked me to manage this restaurant well. I'm glad that you're all right with the report.”

When Arielle heard that, she was silent for a moment before flashing the manager a smile. “Have you ever thought of making the restaurant a chain store?”

“A chain store?” The manager shook his head. “I have never thought of that.”

“Maybe you should think about it. I'm thinking of making Maureen's Kitchen into a restaurant chain across the country. If things go well, perhaps we can make it a restaurant chain across the globe.”

The manager's eyes lit up instantly. “Really?”

Arielle nodded. “This restaurant means a lot to me, and I hope to expand its business. However, you'd have to communicate with the chef to come up with more

signature dishes before anything else.”

The manager patted his chest in glee.

“Don't worry. I'll tell our head chef later. I'm sure he'll be as happy as I am to hear this.”

Just then, a server entered and informed them, “There's a foreigner outside who can't read our menu. However, we can't speak Ustranasion either, do you think that...”

“I'll go.” After taking a few steps, Arielle turned to the manager and added, “If we're going to make it big, then we'll have to revamp the menu. From now on, we'll have both Chanaean and Ustranasion on the menu. It's best for us to have pictures as well.”

“Sure, you can leave this to me!”

Arielle nodded before following the server out to the dining area.

“Over there.” The server pointed in a direction.

Right as Arielle turned to look, the customer excitedly rushed over to greet her, “San? Is that you? Oh my god! I never thought it'd be you!”

Arielle's mind blanked out for a second before it registered Thomas' wrinkly, bearded face.

“P-Professor Harlem.”

Thomas enthusiastically grabbed her hand tightly—it

was as if he was afraid she would flee the scene. Then, he asked in a trembling voice, “Be honest with me. Was it you that I saw at Jadeborough University?”

“Professor Harlem, please let go of my hand first...”

“If you don't admit to it, I won't let you go.”

Arielle had witnessed first-hand how stubborn Thomas could be, for it had been numerous times when he had bugged her for days just to solve a question.

Thus, she had no other option but to say, “Yes, it's me. Could you please let me go now?”

Thomas finally let her go as he curiously asked, “Why are you at Jadeborough University? When did you come back to Chanaea?”

“It's been a few months. I'm back to deal with some private matters. Are you here to eat? This is my restaurant, actually. Why don't I treat you to a meal? I'd like to ask a favor from you.”

“What is it?”

“Could you please keep my identity a secret?”

“Of course! Still, you have to tell me what you're doing at Jadeborough University. You can't have been hired as a tutor by them, right? I'm telling you now. I was first to invite you to become a tutor at Maxwell University. You can't just start working for Jadeborough University!”

A weak smile appeared on Arielle's face at that. Soon, the two were eating and chatting away at a table. She briefly told him about how she was at Jadeborough University to look for someone, but she also added that she could not tell him why she was keeping her identity a secret.

Nevertheless, Thomas was quick to promise. “No problems. I'll just say that I've come across a student who speaks Lightspring Ustranasion well. However, I have to say that Jadeborough University really isn't as good as Maxwell University.”

With that, Thomas began telling Arielle about Wendy's incident.

Arielle was surprised; she never thought Wendy would make a lowly mistake like that.

Still fuming, Thomas said, “If she's not capable enough to do the translation, she can just keep learning. However, it's a completely different matter to not be honest. A student like her would never be accepted by Maxwell University.”



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Thomas was still furious about Wendy's incident.

“Honestly, I didn't like her from the moment she started talking. As it turns out, I was a good judge of character. What's funny is that the teachers in your school still think that she's some kind of precious treasure they've attained to have recommended her to be my interpreter.”

Arielle only smiled in response.

Right then, Arielle noticed that Arthur was calling her.

She had muted her phone a while ago, so it was only then she saw the call from Arthur.

“Professor Harlem, I'll need to pick up a call.”

“Go ahead. The food in your restaurant is just too delicious. I'm going to continue enjoying it.”

“All right,” Arielle said with a grin before leaving to answer the call.

The second she accepted it, Arthur's anxious voice traveled into her ear. “Arielle, where are you? We need your help. You're fluent in Lightspring Ustranasion, and Maxwell University is located in Lightspring. You'll be doing our school a huge favor if you can come here and help us translate a document into Lightspring Ustranasion.”

Lightspring Ustranasion had different pronunciations of words, unlike Ustranasion in general. Moreover, the sentence structure and words were slightly different; it

was leaning more toward the older form of Ustranasion.

If she could translate the lesson plan into Lightspring Ustranasion, then the quality of the translation would be of a much higher standard.

Recalling what Thomas had said about Wendy earlier, Arielle asked, “Is it about translating an advanced mathematics' lesson plan?”

“Yes. That's the one.”

Arielle fell silent for a brief second before answering, “All right. I'll come back as soon as possible.”

“That's great! We'll be waiting for you in the second floor's meeting room at the lecturers' block.”

“Okay.” After Arielle ended the call, she returned to the restaurant and told Thomas about the lesson plan translation.

Thomas shook his head. “Asking you to do it would be overkill. Still, they seem rather sincere, so maybe it'll be good if you lend them a helping hand. Since I'm done with my meal, I'll head back to the school with you.”

Arielle then reminded, “Please don't forget that you have to keep my identity a secret.”

“Leave it to me. Although I'm old now, my mind is still like a young lad's. Your name isn't San but Arielle, right?”

“That's right. What a smart man!”

At that, Thomas froze. Does she think of me as a child who needs praise?

The two chatted merrily on their way to Jadeborough University. Soon, they were right in front of the meeting room.

Wendy was still writing her report, and when she raised her head, she spotted Arielle with Thomas. Immediately, a variety of emotions flashed past her face.

Professor Sleight has actually asked Arielle to come!

Does he really think that Arielle will be able to do what I can't?

Stop trying to pull my leg!

Getting Arielle here will only make Professor Harlem furious again. The school will only suffer yet another bout of embarrassment.

However, in the next second, she saw a scene that blew her mind. Thomas, who barely paid any attention to her even on a good day, was happily gesturing for Arielle to enter the room.

What's going on?

Why is Professor Harlem acting like this with Arielle?

Wendy was not the only one confused; Arthur and the other teachers were equally baffled.

In the end, Arthur was the one who took a step forward and asked, “Professor Harlem, do you know this student?”

Thomas was about to nod when he noticed Arielle staring at him. Hastily, he shook his head and said, “Not really. This student used Lightspring Ustranasion to introduce some of the dishes on the menu when I was out for a meal. As it turns out, she's a student in your school who's rushing here to translate the lesson plan, so I followed her back.”

“What a coincidence.” Arthur did not dwell on it. Turning to Arielle, he then said, “Arielle, we don't have much time left. Do come over and organize the translations with us.”

Arielle nodded. “By the way, Professor Sleight, typing out the translation would be far too slow. I know of a good speech recognition software. Hand over the lesson plan to me, and I'll translate the text verbally and let the software come up with the written copy.”

At that, everyone froze.





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Wendy nearly burst out laughing.

Direct Interpretation? What kind of joke are they trying to make?

Arielle hasn't seen the lesson plan before, has she? Does she think that she'll be translating day-to-day conversations?

The content of the lesson plan is tough to comprehend even in its original language, Chanaean, let alone translating it into Ustranasion on the spot. She's certainly thinking too highly of herself!

Isn't she afraid of falling from the great heights she has climbed to?

Well, I'll be clapping when she falls. When that happens, Professor Sleight won't be dwelling on my minor mistake.

With that thought in mind, Wendy said, "Speech recognition software is quite accurate nowadays. If Arielle is capable of interpreting it on the spot, we'll be done with the lesson plan in less than an hour."

However, the other teachers were still worried.

After all, Arielle had never seen the lesson plan before. If she were to fail in translating after actually seeing the lesson plan, the school would be embarrassing itself in front of Thomas again.

Thus, they whispered to Arthur, "Can she really do this?"

Wendy was accepted into the university because she ranked first in the exams. Wendy had used machine translation for the lesson plan. I really don't think this student will be able to excel in this.”

If Arielle could not complete the task, then it would be a humiliating moment for all of them.

Arthur was as anxious as them. However, he knew that Arielle had good grades in Ustranasion; he had actually heard from Donovan that her grades in other subjects were terrible.

Therefore, he wondered if Arielle could succeed in translating a lesson plan on advanced mathematics.

At that thought, Arthur took in a deep breath and said to Arielle, “You should have a look at our lesson plan first.”

Arielle did not reject him, and she followed him toward the table to have a look at the lesson plan.

“How is it?” Arthur tentatively asked. “Do you think you can do it?”

“It should be fine. I'll be able to complete this in half an hour.”

“Half an hour?” Arthur howled out, his voice cracking at the end.

Even the other teachers had similar looks of shock on their faces when they heard it.

Arielle smiled and calmly uttered, "Professor Sleight, trust me. The school can always depend on all of you if I fail, right?"

Somehow, when Arthur looked at Arielle's calm and collected demeanor, he began to calm down.

"You're right. We'll still pull it through if you can't make it. Go ahead and give it a try then."

"Okay, please switch on the projector. If I make a mistake in the translation, the other teachers will be able to spot it in time."

"Are you sure?" Arthur lowered his voice and asked. "If you turn on the projector, Professor Harlem will be seeing the mistakes as well."

"That's even better. I'm sure he'll know when I'm making an error in my translations. That way, it'll help us correct it in time."

Arielle was not at all anxious.

That attitude she had was something Arthur knew he did not possess.

"All right then since you insist."

With that said, Arthur connected the computer screen to the meeting room's screen and logged into the speech recognition software.

In the meantime, Wendy was grinning maliciously as

she watched Arthur working on the devices.

I thought how smart Arielle could be, but as it turns out, she's casting aside her rationality for the sake of showing off.

Projecting it to everyone else means that Arielle is burning her own bridge.

At that moment, a thought entered Wendy's mind. She unlocked her phone and logged in to Jadeborough University's forum before turning on the livestream function and starting a livestream of Arielle doing the translation.

The title of the livestream was: Arielle From Preparatory Class Is About To Translate A Tough Advanced Mathematics Lesson Plan Live. Come Watch Her!

Wendy even spent money to make sure her channel would be pinned at the top. That way, the students in the forum would be able to spot it the moment they logged into the forum.

As Wendy had expected, in less than five seconds, over a hundred students were watching the livestream.



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