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Chapter 736

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The classroom floor was made of marble. Everyone who heard the loud noise when the girl knelt could not help but feel the pain on their knees.

However, the girl seemed to be unaware of the pain. She knocked her head on the ground and begged while crying, "Arielle, I was wrong. Please don't let the police arrest me. I won't bad-mouth you again!"

Seeing that, the other girl also knelt and knocked her head on the ground.

The sound of them knocking their heads on the ground shocked the entire classroom.

Neither of them expected that the police would actually arrest them.

Although they felt uneasy at first, they had completely forgotten what happened at the gate after a few days of peaceful life. Moreover, they even continued to bad mouth Arielle secretly, thinking that Vinson would never bother about such an insignificant matter.

Unexpectedly, the police appeared when they came to the university

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Finally, they realized that it was just a matter of time before they paid for the things they did.

Feeling scared, they could only endure all the displeasure and swallow their pride to beg Arielle.

"Arielle, since we're classmates, can you please

overlook the mistake we made that day?"

"Please, I beg of you. We'll never create any trouble for you again in the future. Not only that, but we'll also listen to everything you say, as long as you don't ask the police to arrest us. Okay?"

Both of the girls pleaded desperately. At that moment, Wendy entered the classroom.

Seeing her, they quickly turned to her and uttered, "Wendy, please help us! We have offended Arielle because of you."

Immediately, Wendy's expression stiffened. Although she did not want to get involved in the matter, she was afraid that the two girls would attack her instead, and that would affect her image.

Left with no choice, she said, "Arielle, it's not a big deal to argue with your classmates. Isn't it a bit too much for you to ask the police to come and arrest them?"

Since the other classmates were not aware of what happened, so they looked at Arielle as they were confused.

It's really too much if she asks the police to arrest our classmates because of a small matter.

Lowering her head, Arielle laughed indifferently, and Wendy felt uncomfortable upon hearing that.

She frowned and questioned, "Why are you laughing?"

Do you really want them to go to jail over a small dispute?"

Lifting her head to meet Wendy's gaze, Arielle piped up softly, "A small dispute? Is that really the case???"

Wendy asked with a stiff face, "Isn't it?"

"Fine." Arielle nodded. "Then I'll let everyone see if this is a small dispute."

Having said that, she took out her phone and asked for the video from the lawyer. Subsequently, she turned on the computer and projected the video on the screen.

When Wendy felt that something was amiss and wanted to stop her, it was already too late.

The video had been edited, and only the important parts were shown.

As the video played, everyone in the classroom averted their gaze to watch it.

In the video, the two girls were obviously provoking Arielle. After the little boy next to her pushed them away in anger, the police arrived.

At that moment, Arielle stated, "My brother couldn't stand them provoking me, so he pushed them, but they called the police and said that we beat them up, causing them to have a concussion."

Next to her, Jared added with a cold face, "Evidently,

they were the one provoking Arielle, but they framed her for beating them up instead. A concussion is considered a serious injury. If found guilty, Arielle is likely to be sentenced to more than three years in jail. Wendy, you were clearly at the scene when that happened. How can you say that it's just a small dispute?"

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As soon as Jared finished speaking, everyone in the classroom came to a realization.

So that was what happened!

Moments later, they started to reprimand Wendy.

"Is she not ashamed?"

"That's right! If the police didn't find out that they were pretending to have a concussion, wouldn't Arielle be the one to be arrested? How dare she say that it's not a big deal."

"Doesn't she feel embarrassed?"

The color drained from Wendy's face when more and more people began to speak out for Arielle.

Finally, she could not stand it anymore and ran out of the classroom with reddened eyes.

Why is everyone scolding me when I'm helping the two girls? Even if Arielle isn't at fault, what did I do wrong? I was just being kind!

Wendy clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palm. Her hatred toward Arielle had grown more intense.

At that moment, she felt a hand on her shoulder.

Shortly afterward, Donovan's voice sounded from behind her. "Wendy, the class is about to start. Why are

you sitting here crying? What happened?"

Turning her head, she saw his face, and the tears trickled down her face instantly.

"Mr. Baxter, was I really at fault?"

Confused, he quickly asked, "What happened?"

She replied vaguely, "Two students from our class had a little misunderstanding with Arielle, and she called the police to arrest them. I was worried that it would have a bad influence on the university's image if things got serious, so I spoke out for them. As a result, everyone in the class, including Arielle, began to reprimand me. Mr. Baxter, don't you think I speak out for them?"

As soon as he heard her words, he was seething with anger.

Arielle! It's Arielle again! Does she think she can do whatever she wants with Vinson's support? Does she think that I'm dead?

Taking a glance at Wendy, he comforted, "You didn't do anything wrong. Don't doubt yourself because of what they said. Wait here. I'll go and take a look."

In response, Wendy choked and nodded.

Looking at Donovan's figure, she felt impatient and could not help but follow him.

The moment he walked into the classroom, the two girls

were being dragged out by the police.

"Wait!" Immediately, he strode forward and stopped the police. "I'm their homeroom teacher. It's just a small dispute between students. There's no need to arrest them as we can settle this privately."

Just as he finished speaking, the police looked at him peculiarly, making him feel awkward.

Doubtful, he questioned, "What's the matter? Can't they settle the matter privately if they're willing to do that?"

At that, he glared at Arielle and uttered, "Do you really need to call the police for such a small matter? Don't you know that if you do this, you'll ruin their lives?"

Arielle responded flatly, "I'm not the one to decide that."

In an instant, he inquired displeasably, "What do you mean?"

At that moment, all the students in the class explained the situation to him.

"Mr. Baxter, they lied that Arielle had hurt them badly. If they were successful, she would be jailed for a few years."

"That's right, Mr. Baxter. It was obvious that they provoked Arielle first. Arielle's brother couldn't stand it and pushed them gently, but they said they had a concussion and called the police to arrest Arielle."

"It's not Arielle who wants to arrest them. She's just defending her legal rights."

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Everyone in the class explained seriously, and all of them were siding Arielle.

Donovan was embarrassed and asked the police directly, "Do you really have to arrest them?"

While nodding, the police responded, "These two students in your class lodged a false report, and they're also suspected of serious defamation. We've enough evidence to arrest them. This has nothing to do with this female student. On the contrary, she's the victim."

Another police officer patted Donovan on the shoulder and said, "As a teacher, it's right to protect the students in the class, but you've to be fair. You shouldn't be taking sides."

The police office advised earnestly, but it was humiliating for Donovan.

Ignoring Donovan's grim expression, the police officer announced seriously, "We'll take them away according to the procedure. If you stop us again, we can arrest you for obstruction of official duty."

At that instant, Donovan's face flushed with anger, and he could only take a step back and watch as the police took the two girls away.

When Wendy saw his expression, she was afraid that he would turn around and scold her.

However, he did not see her at all. Instead, he glared at Arielle with displeasure.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Wendy secretly rejoiced that Donovan had never liked Arielle. Otherwise, he would definitely blame her for not explaining the matter clearly and cause him to be humiliated.

Yet, he did not blame her, but she could feel the hostile gazes from the other classmates.

Her face fell, and she returned to her seat in embarrassment.

Trisha cast a brief look at Wendy and whispered in Arielle's ear, "Mr. Baxter's gaze was so scary just now. Wendy must have added fuel to the fire, so that's why he looked at you like that. Do you want to explain to him?"

Shaking her head, Arielle responded, "That's not necessary. It's a waste of energy."

It was better to ignore someone like Donovan. If he annoyed her, she would not hold back in exposing his scandal.

If she exposed his scandal, his sentence would be much heavier than the two girls.

Standing on the podium, Donovan opened his lesson plan to prepare for class irritably.

Those two days during the weekend were the two most tormenting days he spent at home.

Since Queenie stayed with him, he had not been able to sleep well for two days because of all the conflicts.

This isn't marriage. It's hell!

Fortunately, there was a dorm in the university. Early on Monday morning, he took everything to the dorm and decided that he would never go back before divorcing her.

Pinching his nose bridge, he said in a very tired voice, "Turn to page one hundred and twenty-one."

Meanwhile, at the Southall residence, since Donovan's incident, Henrick had not been able to sleep properly at night, fearing that Arielle would bad-mouth him in front of Vinson.

However, after waiting for two days, nothing had happened, and he finally felt relieved.

"Larissa!" While eating breakfast, he ordered, "Don't forget to give Mrs. Southall her antiabortifacient."

"Yes." In response, Larissa bowed and returned to the kitchen.

Recently, Henrick had fired many housekeepers. There was only one chef left in the mansion. At that moment, the chef had gone to rest after making breakfast for him.

Looking around, Larissa made sure that no one would enter the kitchen and mixed the black herbs in her pocket into the antiabortifacient that was being boiled.

It was already the second day she put in the herbs given by Arielle, and no one had found out about it.

Seeing that it was almost time, she poured out the "antiabortifacient" and brought it to Cindy's room.

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Cindy had lost contact with the outside world for almost a week. She sat in her room gloomily, her gaze was completely lifeless.

When she saw Larissa bringing the medicine in, she regained some energy and drank everything in one gulp.

Larissa was about to take the bowl out when Cindy grabbed her wrist.

"M-Ma'am." Larissa asked guiltily, "Is there anything else?"

Did she realize that something's amiss?

Cindy sighed and asked, "Did you try to convince Henrick to let me out?"

Feeling relieved, Larissa nodded. "Yeah, but Mr. Southall said to let you calm down for a while."

"Damn it!" spat Cindy as she stood up and paced around the room in frustration.

Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks and instructed Larissa, "Tell Henrick that it's been a week already. Since I'm pregnant, I need to go to the hospital for my weekly maternity checkup. He has to let me out! Also, tell him that I've already calmed down and won't bring up divorce again."

"Okay." Larissa nodded and left.

Cindy stared at Larissa till she disappeared from her

view, her expression turned grim.

She had not felt any morning sickness anymore, perhaps because her medicine had expired. Her pregnancy supplements were almost running out, but she could not contact Matthias at all. Hence, she had to get out and think of a way to meet him and get more 'supplements'.

Just when Cindy was feeling frustrated and unsettled, the bedroom door was flung open.

It was Henrick.

Cindy's eyes lit up as she rushed toward him. "Rick, I've already thought it through and calmed down. Since we've gone through so many hardships together, I can't possibly get a divorce over such a minor issue."

A look of relief crossed Henrick's eyes. He asked, "Have you really decided not to divorce from me?"?

Cindy stroked her belly and revealed an affectionate look. "I'm already pregnant, so why should I get a divorce? What will happen if my baby doesn't have a father? I was just spouting nonsense out of fury. I didn't expect you to take me seriously!"

When Henrick heard that, he pulled Cindy into his arms.

Suppressing her discomfort, Cindy continued, "You need to give me more time to prepare. I can't get used to it if we suddenly return to your hometown. Give me some time, alright?"

"Alright." Henrick agreed quickly before saying, "Someone contacted me today. He's thinking of buying our company, so I'll be discussing it with him. The negotiation will last for at least a week, so that'll be enough time for you to mentally prepare yourself."

"What?" Cindy was surprised. Henrick is so quick!

However, remembering the situation she was in, Cindy forced herself to calm down. She flashed Henrick a stiff smile and said, "I understand. I should be able to mentally prepare myself after a week."

As long as she could meet Matthias, it was not too late.

He'll definitely have a solution!

Cindy continued, "I need to go to the hospital for a check-up. You should go ahead with your work. I can head there myself."

"No way! Let me accompany you to the check-up first. My son is more important than money!"

Cindy quickly reassured him, "After your negotiation succeeds, you will have plenty of time to accompany me to go for maternity check-ups. There's no need to rush."

Thinking that it was reasonable, Henrick agreed.

"Alright, I'll get two bodyguards to protect you. Come back home immediately after the checkup. It's crowded outside, so you might crash into someone."

Cindy nodded vigorously.

After sending Henrick off, she whipped out her phone.