

## Substitute B 142

### Chapter 142: Throw This Woman Out

Yasmine Sterling arrived in the hall wearing an elegant dress, where she saw many prestigious medical masters and professors. It was her first time attending such an event, so she felt very excited and thrilled inside.

At this moment, Professor Quinn came over, "Yasmine, you're here?"

Yasmine quickly stepped forward and took Professor Quinn's arm, "Mentor, I'm here. There are so many professors here today. I've seen them in TV interviews before and read their medical papers."

Professor Quinn said, "Yasmine, you have been studying all these years and just returned from your studies at The St. Lyra Academy. You don't have connections in the medical world yet. This time, I've brought you to this gathering to introduce you to some people. Most importantly, you're going to find a mentor."

Yasmine's heart skipped a beat. Yes, she needed a mentor. Each medical master has their own medical team, engaged in the most advanced clinical medical research, with extensive connections and networks. She needed to be part of it.

Professor Quinn glanced around, "Hasn't Academician Vincent Terry from your institute returned yet?"

Yasmine shook her head, "I heard Dean Lowell won't be back for a few more days."

Professor Quinn felt a bit regrettable, "There are very few academicians with high prestige in the medical field now, and Vincent Terry is definitely one of them. As the dean of The Concordiat Research Institute, he has strong ties with Aethelgard. No one here compares to Academician Vincent Terry. If you can become his disciple, he will surely take you to Aethelgard, the center of the medical world."

Yasmine's heart pounded, showing her desire, "Mentor, I want to take Dean Lowell as my mentor. That's why I entered the Concordiat. Now that he's not back, I don't have much confidence. After all, he hasn't taken any Closed-door Disciples all these years. His standards are too high, and no one has met them yet."

Professor Quinn patted Yasmine's small hand, "Don't worry, I have some rapport with Dean Lowell. When he returns, I will help persuade him for you."

"Really? Mentor, you're wonderful to me!" Yasmine showed a sweet smile.

At this moment, Iris Crawford made an entrance. Iris, in a black evening gown, looked elegant, efficient, and beautiful. She mingled in the world of fame and fortune, clearly taking on the demeanor of the main character.

Yasmine immediately spotted Iris, someone she admired greatly as the dean. She hoped to become a person like Iris in the future.

"Mentor, let's go meet the dean."

"Alright."

Professor Quinn brought Yasmine in front of Iris Crawford, "Dean, this is my student, Yasmine Sterling. As I recall, Yasmine entered through your recommendation."

Iris's gaze fell on Yasmine. She remembered, a few years ago, Hayden Crawford had personally called her to recommend someone to enter The St. Lyra Academy.

Her relationship with Hayden had always been distant. It surprised her back then that Hayden would call for a girl. Naturally, she agreed, and the girl was the Yasmine standing before her.

But when she asked Hayden about his relationship with the girl, Hayden only said it was to repay a favor.

In the talent-converged place like The St. Lyra Academy, Yasmine did not stand out, so Iris's gaze did not linger on her, eventually fading her out of memory.

Seeing Iris looking at her, Yasmine quickly flashed a perfect smile, "Dean, hello. I've always admired you. You are my idol."

Born noble, Iris had met countless people, having witnessed the eras of Seraphina Linden and Isabelle Willow. Her brother was a business monarch, and her nephews were Hayden and Zane Crawford, so her standards were high and her judgment sharp. The only one she approved of was the genius Serena Sterling.

Thus, Iris easily saw through the pretense and scheming in Yasmine's eyes. She said calmly, "Professor Quinn is the best professor at our St. Lyra Academy. You can learn a lot from him. Medicine is pure, so you must be more attentive."

Yasmine wanted to showcase herself in front of Iris, but she did not expect Iris to be so indifferent and lecture her coldly.

"Dean." At this moment, someone approached, and Iris turned to converse with the other person, ignoring Yasmine.

Yasmine pulled Professor Quinn's sleeve with disappointment, puffing her lips, "Mentor, the dean seems to dislike me."

Professor Quinn consoled, "That's just her nature. It's not directed at you."

Yasmine still felt deeply upset inside, feeling quite discouraged.

Just then, Yasmine looked up and suddenly saw a graceful figure by the door — it was Serena Sterling.

Serena Sterling was here!

Yasmine did not expect to see Serena here. How did she have the qualifications to attend this gathering? Did she have a gilded invitation?

Yasmine swiftly went out, "Serena, why are you here?"

Serena was in a nude-colored long dress, outlining her youthful figure with an elegant charm. Her hair was casually twisted up, with a few locks brushing against her swan-like graceful neck. Her skin was snow-white, and her bright eyes were lively, making her appear as radiant as a pearl upon entering.

Serena looked at Yasmine, her red lips curling slightly, "Yasmine, are you surprised to see me here?"

"Serena, do you know what place this is? This is a reception hosted by the dean of The St. Lyra Academy. Have you heard of The St. Lyra Academy? It's the legendary palace of medicine, which also happens to be my alma mater. Of course, someone like you, who only graduated high school, can only look up to it. How dare you come here, seeking humiliation?"

Seeing Yasmine's smug expression, Serena chuckled, "Keep the phrase 'seeking humiliation' for yourself. I'm here because someone invited me."

Yasmine snorted, "Serena, everyone here is a medical professor or a celebrity. Why would they invite you? Even if you want to lie, make it believable."

At this point, a server at the door also spoke up, "Miss, everyone entering needs to show a gilded invitation. Do you have an invitation?"

Serena shook her head, "I don't have one."

"I'm sorry, then you can't come in."

Yasmine laughed lightly, "Serena, you should leave quickly. If you don't, I'll have to call security to remove you."

"Yasmine, I told you the truth, but you don't believe me. Although I don't have an invitation, I was indeed invited by someone — the dean of The St. Lyra Academy."

What?

Yasmine was stunned. In her mind, she quickly recalled Iris Crawford's cold and haughty demeanor earlier. Would she really invite Serena Sterling, a so-called failure?

"Serena, do you take me for a child? Do you think I'd believe such a poor lie? Security, hurry and escort this woman out!"