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The attending doctor then went to the blood bags through a passageway in the emergency room.

Arielle was grateful that most of the doctors believed in her. Just as she was about to check on the patient, her vision blurred and a pang of dizziness hit her. She felt like she was about to faint soon.

The assistant standing closest to her quickly steadied her and asked worriedly, “What’s wrong, Ms. Moore?”

Arielle tried her best to steady herself, before saying in exhaustion, “I’m feeling worn out. Please get me an IV bag. I need to recover as soon as possible.”

Ancient Chanaean acupuncture was different from traditional Chanaean acupuncture. It required a lot of energy from the practitioner, so it was rather lucky that Arielle didn’t faint from it.

One of the doctors quickly went to get her an IV bag and attached her to it.

When she finally regained some of her strength, she went back to tending to the patient. The woman treated his needle wounds, and disinfected them, all while connected to the IV drip. The doctors standing on the sides couldn’t bear to watch the sight of her.

One of them finally said, “You should really rest up in the break room, Ms. Moore.”

“No, it’s alright,” Arielle said as she shook her head. “The anesthetics are going to wear off soon. I need to

let out his blood before this happens.”

The doctors exchanged glances. They knew that they couldn’t leave her side, so they paid close attention to how she was doing while observing the patient.

Soon enough, the syringe pump was done pumping all the medicine into the patient.

Arielle waited for a moment more to make sure that the medicine was in the patient’s blood before she stood up, and got ready to let the patient’s blood out.

She needed to be very careful with the location she chose to let the blood out. Detoxification wouldn’t be complete if too little blood was released, while the patient might experience excessive loss of blood if too much blood was released.

After choosing the right spot, Arielle began with the procedure.

What shocked the other doctors the most was that the blood was as black as ink when it was released.

The patient was finally getting detoxified.

Everyone was delighted at the sight of this.

“It seems like Ms. Moore’s treatment is successful!”

“Pay attention, all of you. He has hemophilia so his blood doesn’t clot properly.”

“You should be careful too. Otherwise, you might faint again.”

About three or four minutes later, the patient’s hand twitched

At the same time, the blood that was being released was also returning to its original color.

Arielle looked up at the patient and saw that he was slowly opening his eyes, looking weak and lost.

“What happened to me?”

“You’re in the emergency room receiving treatment right now,” she said. Signaling the doctors, they started to stop the patient’s bleeding.

As expected, the patient’s blood wasn’t clotting properly. Fortunately, they had prepared bags of blood plasma and blood platelets, and they finally managed to stop the bleeding.

The patient was weak all over. As he stared at the female doctor who was busy treating him even with an IV drip attached to her, he asked hoarsely, “Am I... in any life-threatening danger?”

“What do you think?” Arielle handed the work over to the doctors and walked over to the patient.

He was still young and looked like a cheery person. However, he was pale and extremely weak.

The woman took his pulse and made sure that all toxins had left his body. Heaving a sigh of relief, she looked at the patient and said, “You would have died if it wasn’t for me.”

The young man was stunned for a second before he said gratefully, “Thank you, doctor...”

“I’ve never asked for your gratitude.”

The former was stunned, having not expected the woman to be so realistic.

“I’ll get you money as thanks after I’m out of here,” he said.

The other doctors also didn’t expect this.

They didn’t think that after all this, Arielle was just doing it for money.

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The doctors' eyes that were once full of respect for Arielle now had a hint of contempt in them.

As a doctor, helping the injured and the sick was supposed to be their job. Yet, she was asking for money from a patient who had just woken up.

She was tarnishing their careers by doing so.

It didn't matter how good her medical skills were, as it wasn't enough to cover up a taint like this.

Just as they were about to criticize her, Arielle said coldly, "Do you really think I want money? I saved your life, so you better tell me the truth."

Everyone was shocked by her words. However, the young man's eyes widened when he heard what she said, panic surfacing on his face.

The woman caught the change in expression on his face and was convinced that her hunch was right.

This young man had ingested the poison himself and blamed it on Soir Coffee.

It's also obvious that his snobbish brother knew of this **too**.

"Does your mother not know what you and your brother planned?" Arielle asked coldly.

"I.." The patient didn't dare to meet eyes with her, as it seemed like she could read right through him.

He looked away and came up with an excuse to brush her off, “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m tired. I’d like to get some rest.”

“Rest?” Arielle raised a brow and continued, “It seems like you have no idea of your mother’s condition. She fainted when she found out that you were in danger. I wonder if she finally woke up.”

“Mom...” The patient turned his head abruptly, panic filling his eyes.

Arielle was sure that he wasn’t the same as his brother.

That’s great. I found his weak spot.

“You have hemophilia, but the nurse outside told me that your mother has no idea of your condition. Let me guess... You did this because of your medical fees, right?” she said.

“No...” the patient replied, instinctively shaking his head.

Not wanting to waste any more time with him, Arielle got straight to the point and said, “As long as you admit to it, Rocher Private Hospital will handle all your medical fees. You won’t have to pay even if you need a blood transfusion in the future.”

Hearing this, the patient bit on his lips, his heart already wavering at the option.

The woman then continued, “But... we still have a way

to get you to admit to it even if you don’t want to. The poison in your body is extremely rare, and it will only work when mixed with coffee. Besides, finding out which snake it’s from isn’t difficult. However, if that happens, not only will you not be able to get even anything, but there’s also a possibility that you’ll end up in jail. How do you think your mother will feel if she finds out that her son framed a coffee shop for the sake of money? She might think that it’d be better for you to die from your sickness. Those without morals live a wasted life after all.”

Arielle was absolutely straightforward with her words, and a pained expression flashed across the patient's face.

He was pure at heart and his conscience wasn't going to let that happen. His eyes reddened as he spoke, "Alright. I'll tell you what happened. But... You have to promise that you'll keep this from Mom."

"Sure," Arielle nodded. "I'll let her stay in the hospital for free with the excuse of having to recuperate her body for one month. A month later, once this crisis is over, no one will mention the incident. An old lady like your mother wouldn't be going on the internet either, so she wouldn't know. But you need to follow me to the venue of the press conference right after this. Explain what actually happened to the press, and you need to tell me who ordered you to do it."

"I don't know."

The patient shook his head before adding, "I told my

brother immediately after I found out that I'm sick. I don't know where he found out about this, but someone had promised us one million which we would be getting from them, and also compensation from the Nightshire Group. That is if I inject the poison into my body, drink the coffee at Soir Coffee, and then put the blame on the coffee shop. My brother was the one they contacted so I know nothing about it."

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Arielle nodded and said, “This is enough. Rest up for now. I’ll bring you to the press conference later.”

She then told the attending doctor to put up a drip that would replenish his energy and reminded the other doctors to prepare a wheelchair for the patient. Once she was done, the woman kicked the switch that controlled the door to the emergency room and strode out.

The patient’s eyes subconsciously flitted toward Arielle. The woman seemed to shine with every step she took.

She seemed like she was able to sweep people off their feet.

At that, he looked away.

The attending doctor began explaining the pacemaker in his body, and reminded, “You mustn’t perform any extreme sports from now on. Remember to return to the hospital every year to check up on the pacemaker’s condition.”

“I understand.” The patient closed his eyes remorsefully.

Previously, his brother had told him that there would only be symptoms of allergies for a short period of time when the poison took effect. Yet, he could clearly feel that he had just escaped death.

True enough. I shouldn’t have tried to earn money through evil deeds. I shouldn’t have listened to my brother.

Outside the emergency room.

Carter instantly walked up to Arielle the moment he saw her. “How’s everything inside?”

Zachary also stood still and was a little excited and emotional.

He’s dead!

The patient must be dead!

However, Arielle answered calmly, “The patient’s doing fine now.”

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Zachary replied immediately after, “I knew he would die. I knew that- Wait. What did you just say?”

He was stunned and couldn’t help but think that he had heard her wrong.

Not batting him an eye, Arielle turned to Carter and said, “Send me two of your men. I already found out what happened. We need to look for his brother now.”

The latter nodded instantly, “I’ll go with you.”

Before Vinson left earlier, he had sent someone to let Arielle in on the overall situation, so both of them were on the same page.

The woman asked as they walked, “How long more until the press conference starts?”

“An hour. Can the patient go?”

“Tell Vinson to hold it off a little longer. We’ll bring him there after he’s done with his drip. I don’t want any accidents happening.’

“Sure.”

Zachary was ignored completely.

He stared blankly as the both of them left, before rushing into the emergency room.

He managed to get in just as the doors were about to shut.

“Where is he? Is he really alive?”

Zachary’s sudden appearance shocked the entire room of people.

The attending doctor was the first to snap back to his senses. “Why are you shouting in such a place?” he scolded.

But Zachary couldn’t care less about the doctor. He quickly went over to the patient instead.

To his disbelief, the patient was staring back at him with widened eyes. Shock was written all over his face, obviously surprised that the doctor had barged in suddenly.

After making sure that the young man was indeed still

alive, he leaned closer and asked, “How do you feel right now?”

The latter spoke after a moment, “Besides not having any strength, I don’t feel anything else.”

The anesthetics hadn’t worn off completely, so he wasn’t able to feel the pain from the surgery.

“What about the feeling when you were first sent to the hospital?”

The attending doctor walked up to them and said, “Ms. Moore has already detoxified his body.”

“That’s impossible. How can someone like her treat a patient affected by a poison that we don’t even know the name of?”

The former instantly handed Zachary the latest copy of the blood results.

With a swoosh, he snatched it over and saw that the numbers were all in the normal range. His eyes widened instantly.

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The doctor's eyes widened in bewilderment when he realized what the young woman had achieved.

"How the heck did she do it? How did she find the cure? I don't understand." Zachary could not believe that Arielle managed to find the cure on her own. She must've figured out the properties of the poison. That's how she found the proper treatment for it.

Arielle had put Zachary to utter shame since she was able to remedy a poison that even a doctor like himself could not.

Seeing how devastated Zachary was, the attending physician decided to stop his fellow doctor's nonsense with a wave of his hand. "That's enough, Dr. Ziegler. Let the patient rest. He has a press conference to attend to later on."

"A press conference? What press conference? Are you seriously going to let a person who almost died walk around as if nothing happened?"

"He's going to the press conference at Soir Coffee, so we'll get a PCA pump ready for him. The patient's made up his mind."

"Are you out of your mind?" exclaimed Zachary before turning to the patient. "Are you sure about this? Do you know how serious this is? Your life is on the line here. Do you know that?"

For some reason, Zachary refused to let things go Arielle's way.

Since he withdrew himself from the patient's operation, Arielle would take all the credit if the press conference were successfully held. There was no way a proud man like Zachary would ever let the young woman steal the limelight from him.

The patient then sighed in response. "This is my choice, so I'll take full responsibility for it. If I die, that's on me."

"This is insane! You're all insane! I'm his surgeon, and I say he has to stay and rest right here!" shouted Zachary with bloodshot eyes.

The attending physician scowled at the upset man and reminded sternly, "Dr. Ziegler, in case you've forgotten, you are no longer his surgeon because you quit halfway without any regard for the patient's wellbeing. He is not under your care anymore."

After that, the attending physician turned to the nurses in the emergency room. "Please escort Dr. Ziegler out."

It was made apparent who the helpful one was and who should remain in the room, so the attending physician finally decided to send Zachary out.

"How dare you kick me out! Have you forgotten who I am? I'm the top surgeon at Rocher Private! Just ask Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Morgan."

The attending physician unceremoniously gestured for the nurses to get a move on. "Why is Dr. Ziegler still here? Do you want him to continue disturbing our patient?"

With that, the nurses in the room hurriedly worked together and removed Zachary.

That was the third time the doctor was sent out of the emergency room, but the others made sure that it would also be the last.

“Open this door now! Do you hear me? Open it now!” Zachary pounded on the door furiously before security at the hospital took him away for good and restored peace to the emergency room.

Meanwhile, Vinson received a call from Carter while he was on his way to the press conference.

“How is he?” inquired the man as soon as he answered his phone.

“He’s fine. Chief is asking you to buy them some time at the press conference. She said the patient will be there as soon as they’re done with the injection.”

Even though Vinson did not doubt that Arielle could save the patient, he was still stunned for two seconds when he heard the news. After getting poisoned and undergoing such a major operation, the patient is still able to attend the conference with just some pain medication? You’re full of surprises, aren’t you, Arielle?

Only after a few seconds of silence did the man finally continue, “Is she with you?”

“Yes.”

“Put her on.”

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“Sure.” Carter then handed his phone to Arielle. “Chief, Vin wants to speak to you.”

At that moment, Carter was looking at Arielle with nothing but respect for the woman in his eyes.

“Hello?” greeted Arielle after putting the phone to her ear.

Out of curiosity, Carter wanted to eavesdrop but could not because of how low the volume was on the phone. Although he could not hear anything, he could see Arielle’s straight face slowly turning red.

“Money will do,” uttered Arielle before hanging up on Vinson.

Since Carter had never seen the woman blush like that before, he wondered what Vinson could have said to make Arielle react that way.

“What did he say?” Dying to find out, Carter questioned Arielle the second she returned his phone to him.

“Nothing much,” answered Arielle briefly to brush the man off.

She had no intention of repeating Vinson’s narcissistic words. “I’d like to thank you with a monetary payment, but I’m sure you’re not short of money. What you lack, though, is a fine gentleman like myself. Lucky for you, I’m available. What do you say?” offered Vinson when the two were on the phone.

Carter would have continued with his questioning had they not reached the patient's family. After swallowing his curiosity for the moment, Carter opened the door to see how the family was doing.

The old lady was still crying but was doing much better than before.

Sitting next to her was her eldest son swiping away on his phone. He seemed to have given up trying to stop his mother from crying.

The two immediately turned to the door when they heard someone opening it.

Like a machine, Arielle gazed coldly at the son's face, scanning every inch of it.

Unnerved by the woman's relentless staring, he gulped before asking anxiously, "Didn't you enter the emergency room just now? So how is my brother doing?"

Without responding to the son, Arielle made a gesture and ordered mercilessly, "Beat him up."

Naturally, the son was stunned, and so was Carter before he quickly regained his senses. Then, Carter turned around and gestured for the bodyguards behind him to give the son a good beating.

Dumbfounded at the scene, the old lady took a while before jumping to her feet to defend her bloodied son. "What do you think you're doing? You can't just beat

someone up like that. This is against the law! Stop it! Stop it now!" exclaimed the old lady as she tried to shield her son from the incoming attacks with her body.

"Stop!" As soon as Arielle gave the order, the bodyguards stopped attacking, so the old lady was left perfectly unharmed. On the other hand, the man cowering behind her had blood dripping down from his already broken nose.

"What the hell was that for?" roared the injured man, who was as angry as he was terrified.

His mother, too, was upset about the violence. “That was unacceptable! And here I thought you were good people. Now I see that my old age has made me a poor judge of character. You’ll pay for what you did to my son! I’ll make sure you answer for your actions in court!”

“Are you absolutely sure that’s what you want to do?” Arielle raised a brow challengingly at the old lady.

After second-guessing herself for a second, the old lady puffed up her chest once more. “Of course! What reason could you possibly have to beat up my son like that?”

“Actually, I do,” responded Arielle before shifting her focus back onto the son. “Before protecting your son like that, maybe you should ask him what despicable things he’s done to deserve such a beating.”

The old furrowed her brows in puzzlement. “What do you mean by that?”

“Don’t look at me; ask him. Turn around and ask him about his plan to kill his brother. Get him to tell you how he poisoned his brother and blamed Soir Coffee for it. Maybe he’ll tell you if money is really more important than the life of his own brother.”

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The son's face got paler and paler as Arielle went on.

By the time Arielle was done, he was completely drained of colors and covered in cold sweats.

The old lady was shocked to hear the truth at first, but then she refused to believe it. I don't believe a single word this woman is telling me! Why would my son hurt his own brother?

However, she was convinced otherwise after turning to see how pale her son was.

"You... It's true, isn't it? You really did try to kill your brother, didn't you?" stuttered the old lady.

"No, I didn't do anything like that! You have to trust me, Mom. Don't listen to them. They must be trying to blame me because they couldn't come up with a solution. Every word that came out of that woman is a lie!" The man started accusing Arielle and the others defensively.

Still, as his mother, the old lady could easily tell if he was lying, and the look on his face was enough to confirm her worst fear.

Angry and disappointed at her son, the old lady could not help but wonder how her children ended up that way.

"Do you still think it was unreasonable of me to have him beat up?" inquired Arielle at the right timing.

The old lady slowly rose without responding as if she did not hear a word Arielle said.

With a deadpan expression on the old lady's face, no one could tell what was going through her mind.

Then, her face started to turn pale as well. It was as if she suddenly had trouble breathing.

Seeing how devastated the old lady was, Arielle stepped forward to pat the elderly woman comfortingly on the back.

Arielle knew doing that would help the old lady calm down, and as expected, she managed to help the elderly woman relax and breathe properly again.

The old lady then raised her hand up high before giving her son a hard slap on the cheek.

Slap!

She hit the man as hard as she could and caused his face to become even more swollen than it already was.

“Ouch!” Immediately afterward, the son inhaled deeply to ease the pain.

“You think that's pain? You don't know half the pain I'm suffering right now because of what you did! Your brother is sick, and you know that. How could you poison him when you should be helping him with his condition instead? What did he ever do to you? You b*stard!”

“Mom! Stop it!” The man begged his mother to stop hitting him as he tried to defend himself.

Seeing how Arielle already knew everything, he was convinced that his brother was the one who spilled the beans.

The son then decided to justify his actions since he could no longer hide the truth. “I only did it to help him. Do you have any idea how much it costs to treat his condition? This is the only way to get enough money to help him. I did it for him!”

“The end does not justify the means. So what if you manage to keep your brother alive? What you did was wrong. I’d rather he die than be treated with your dirty money!” rebuked the old lady indignantly.

Her strong moral compass and firm resolution were more than enough to impress Arielle, but not the son, who shook his head in response. “You don’t know what you’re saying. You must’ve completely lost your mind. Everything I did, I did it for our family!”

“Do you actually believe that?” Carter scoffed at the man before continuing, “I think you’re only capable of thinking for yourself. From what I’ve gathered, you gambled away ten million in a casino last month and lost all the money Vin gave you. Is that how much your brother’s life is worth to you?”

“How dare you poke your nose into my business!” roared the man pulsing with rage.

Even more infuriated than before, the old lady raised her hand and tried to slap some sense into her son, but he would not have it.

The man pushed his mother away before making a break for it.

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Stumbling backward, the old lady would have hit her head against the corner of the table had Arielle not broken her fall.

“Get him!” commanded Arielle after catching the elderly woman

Before the man could even reach the door, the bodyguard swiftly caught up to him.

“Get your hands off of me! Let me go!” The man struggled with all his might to no avail.

With a wave of his hand, Carter gestured for the bodyguards to take their captive away.

“Now that you know the truth. Are you still planning to take legal action against us?” inquired Arielle.

“I admit that I was confused. You can do whatever you want with him; I won’t stop you, but please help my dear Caleb! He’s a good boy; he only did those things because of his brother. Please! I beg you! At least cure him before bringing him to justice.”

Arielle nodded before pulling down her face mask. “I know Caleb’s a good person. He was just misguided, that’s all. I’m sure he’ll do alright with proper guidance. The truth is that I promised him to keep something from you. But after some careful considerations, I decided that you should know.”

Arielle knew that the old lady’s eldest son would be sent to prison when the truth came out, so it was only a

matter of time before the elderly woman found out. If nothing else, telling her the truth now will make things easier for her. Even if she were to pass out, this is the best place to do so.

Unexpectedly though, the old lady took it quite well.

“There’s one more thing. I’m not going to hold Caleb responsible for what happened because I know he’s a good person. However, the incident negatively impacted our reputation, so I’ll need him to join our press conference. We’ll need you by his side as well by then.”

“Sure. Whatever you need, we’ll do what we can to help out.” The old lady nodded in agreement before sitting down and looking completely worn out. “Do you mind if I rest a while first?”

“Not at all. Caleb needs some time with his medication before we can move out anyway, so rest up. I’ll have the nurses check in on you.” With that, Arielle turned around and left with Carter to give the elderly woman some time to rest.

On the other side, the press conference at Grandview Hotel was already packed with people.

Soir Coffee was all over the internet, and netizens could not stop talking about it online.

That was why Vinson decided to have Soir Coffee’s and the Nightshire Group’s official webpage announce the press conference held at Grandview.

As CEO of the Nightshire Group, Vinson planned to make an official statement at the press conference, addressing the Soir Coffee incident.

The comments online had nothing good to say about Soir Coffee, and the number of people cursing the establishment was growing like bacteria.

There were also some who refrained from foul mouthing but demanded that Soir Coffee be closed down immediately. On top of that, the establishment was requested to compensate all their customers.

The incident was so controversial that even the students at Jadeborough University were discussing it.

Wendy had just returned to her classroom after lunch when she overheard her classmates' conversation.

“Have you seen the news online? Hundreds were sent to the hospital after drinking the coffee at Soir Coffee. I heard some even died soon after. How horrible!”

“Yeah, I have. One of them was even my high school classmate. I think he also enrolled at Jadeborough University, just not our preparatory class.”

“Wow, that's unfortunate of him.”

“Too bad. He was a pretty cool guy. This is all Soir Coffee's fault! How the hell did they even get the license to operate anyway? They even said that their goal is to be the world's largest chain of coffeehouses. I guess that's about to go up in smoke now.”

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“They have to shut down now that people have died, right? Somebody has to stop their operation immediately to prevent further casualties.”

“It’s hard to imagine that a trashy coffee shop like Soir Coffee is affiliated with the well-respected Nightshire Group. Vinson Nightshire probably only cares about making more money now, huh?”

At that point, Wendy could no longer remain quiet, so she sprang up and reproached her classmates. “You people have no idea what you’re talking about! Vinson Nightshire is nothing like that. I know there has to be more than what the media is telling us.”

Shocked by Wendy’s sudden reaction, her classmates stared blankly at her and wondered what got into her.

After a brief moment, one of the classmates broke the awkward silence. “What’s your problem? It’s not like we’re gossiping about you. Who’s Vinson Nightsire to you anyway?”

“I’m simply telling you that you don’t know the man.”

With that, Wendy’s classmates burst out laughing before making fun of her. “And you do? I seem to remember how the man brushed you off like you were nothing last time.”

“You shut your mouth now!” Wendy was so mad that veins popped up on her forehead.

However, the student who offended her did not back

down. “And what if I don’t? Are you going to make me? Everything I said was nothing but the truth. Somebody did die after drinking coffee at Soir Coffee. If you don’t believe me, look it up on the internet. Vinson Nightsire is going to deliver a public apology in an hour at a press conference. If you really do know him, you should probably be there.”

As soon as she was done speaking, the student turned around and left the classroom.

Even though she never liked the stuck-up Wendy, she wondered if the snob was right and if there was more to the Soir Coffee incident.

After taking a moment to calm herself down, Wendy took her phone out and started searching for news regarding Soir Coffee.

As her classmates told her, the Soir Coffee incident was all over the internet. Hundreds of articles covered the incident and the victims involved.

Almost every piece mentioned how customers of Soir Coffee suffered from various degrees of allergic symptoms. One of the victims even died as a result, as her classmate said.

However, the news only mentioned that the victim was sent to the emergency room, not dead.

Seeing how the incident was covered by even the most prestigious media group, Wendy realized that Soir Coffee was indeed in deep trouble.

Too troubled to stay for class then, Wendy sent Donovan a message to take leave and hurriedly made her way to the Nightshire Manor.

At the manor, Susanne had just woken up after pulling an all-nighter playing Poker when a housekeeper knocked on her bedroom door. “Mrs. Nightshire, Ms. Greene is asking for you. She said it’s about something urgent.”

After checking the time, Susanne asked the housekeeper curiously, “Wendy? Shouldn’t she be at class right now? Why is she back?”

“I’m not sure, ma’am, but she looks very anxious. It must be something important,” replied the housekeeper on the other side of the door.

“Fine. Let me wash up first. I’ll be down in a minute.” With that, Susanne got out of bed and entered the bathroom.

While she was brushing her teeth, Susanne could not help but remember how Wendy embarrassed her at the freshman party. Luckily, that girl has good grades. She might just make me proud if she gets accepted into Maxwell University in the future.

Susanne’s optimism helped bring a smile back onto her face as she made her way downstairs to see Wendy.

The girl had been waiting in the living room for quite a while before she finally saw Susanne.

Before Susanne could say anything, Wendy rushed over to the woman. “Mrs. Nightshire, I know a great physician in Horington, and I can get him to come over right away. We just need you to lend us your helicopter.”

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Puzzled, Susanne raised an eyebrow at the young lady “Why would I need a physician? I’m not sick.”

“Wait a second. You don’t know?” Wendy was surprised to learn of the woman’s cluelessness.

Even though Wendy heard the news from somebody else too, she found it hard to believe that Mrs. Nightshire, a member of the Nightshire family, would be oblivious to the Soir Coffee incident. Is Mrs. Nightshire not involved in the family business at all? If that’s the case, that means Vinson has complete control of the Nightshire Group. How will she convince Vinson to marry me then? The woman has no power or control over Vinson at all!

After recollecting herself, Wendy kept things simple to brief Susanne on the situation. The woman’s expression went from looking surprised to anxiety-filled after listening to Wendy.

“Why the hell did that stupid boy keep something as serious as this from me?” Susanne could no longer keep her frustration in.

“Mrs. Nightshire, is the Nightshire Group managed by Vinson alone? Don’t you share some of the responsibilities too?” inquired Wendy, trying to probe for information.

Feeling a little embarrassed, Susanne cleared her throat before answering, “I wouldn’t be much help anyway. Plus, he’s the one who inherited all his father’s assets after the man passed away. Why would I bother myself

with work when I can enjoy my retirement?”

When her worst fear had been confirmed, Wendy's face turned pale as a sheet. Susanne has no authority in the Nightshire Group at all. Besides being Vinson's mother, she has no leverage whatsoever to force Vinson to marry me. Damn it! That means it's still up to Vinson to decide if I get to marry into the Nightshire family.

Wendy's face quickly hardened at the thought of that, but Susanne was too busy trying to call Vinson to notice

1. it.

As soon as the call went through, Susanne could hear the person on the other end hang up on her.

Ever since Vinson lost his father, he had been treating Susanne that way, and she was already used to it. However, Susanne could not accept being treated that way in front of Wendy.

"Damn it! How dare you hang up on me!" Annoyed, Susanne immediately made another call to Vinson, and the man finally answered that time.

"Why did you hang up on me, Vin?"

"I was busy. Anything I can help you with?" responded Vinson coldly.

"You're busy with Soir Coffee, aren't you?" Susanne then softened the tone of her voice. "Wendy just told me about what happened. She said that she knows a well respected physician in Horington who can help. Let me

go get him and see if he can save the dying patient. This is the food and beverage industry we're talking about here. We can't let anyone die because of what they consumed at our place."

Getting more anxious, Wendy begged Susanne to pass her the phone. “Please, Mrs. Nightshire, let me speak to

Vin.”

“Fine. You talk to him then.”

The second she put the phone to her ear, Wendy blurted everything out as fast as she could. “Vin, the physician I know is not just any regular physician. My mother said that he’s specialized in ancient Chanaean medicine and that he’s extraordinarily talented. The physician just so happens to owe my family a favor, so if you need him, I can...”

“I don’t need him,” interrupted Vinson before Wendy could finish stating her offer.

With that, Wendy’s face stiffened even more as she clenched her fists. “I know you don’t like me, Vin. But you have to admit that things are getting out of hand. Even my entire class was talking about it. Soir Coffee will be in deep trouble if that person dies, and you know it. Can you please just set aside your prejudice against me for once and let me help you?”

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Wendy was so agitated that her eyes turned crimson red, but Vinson remained calm as always as he responded over the phone. “This has nothing to do with that. That customer of ours is doing fine now, and he’ll be joining us at the press conference soon.”

“But I thought the news stated that he was still in the emergency room.” The girl widened her eyes in bafflement.

That’s true, but Arielle managed to treat him. He’s doing better now, so I won’t be needing your help.” There was pride in Vinson’s voice as he explained the situation to Wendy.

“Wait. What?” The girl could not believe what she heard. Arielle? She’s trained in medicine? How’s that possible?

Before Wendy could ask any more questions, Vinson continued, “If you really want to help me, then leave my house as soon as possible. Like I told you, you and I, it’s not going to happen. Please stop wasting both our time.”

The call dropped the second Vinson finished his sentence.

Obviously, the man thought he had said enough and made himself abundantly clear.

As if her heart had been broken into a million pieces, Wendy then started crying uncontrollably.

“What’s this? What’s the matter, Wendy?” asked Susanne, who was caught off guard by the sudden weeping. “Did that stupid boy turn you down? I know you’re

just trying to be helpful. He has no idea how lucky he is to have you. But don't you worry. I'll scold some sense into him. You'll see."

Having only raised up boys, Susanne had no idea how to comfort the young lady. All she could do was assure Wendy that she would give Vinson a piece of her mind.

"You don't have to do that, Mrs. Nightshire." More than anything else, Wendy worried that Susanne would despise her the way the woman did at the freshman party.

That was why she had to prevent Susanne from finding out that not only could Arielle play the piano well, but her rival could also practice medicine.

Before Susanne could reach the phone, Wendy quickly pulled the woman's hand toward her. "I wasn't crying because I was sad. These are tears of joy. Vin didn't turn me down; he just told me that the physician was unnecessary because they managed to save the customer, who even promised to join the press conference to reveal the truth."

Still in doubt, Susanne narrowed her eyes at the young lady before confirming with her. "Are you sure? Because you looked pretty sad to me when..."

"I was only sad because..." Wendy paused for a while and plastered on a smile. "It was only because I couldn't

do much to help Vin. I felt useless since I didn't contribute much. That's why I was sad."

Susanne then breathed a sigh of relief. "You silly girl. What did that boy do to deserve someone like you?

Trust me when I say that you're the only person I want as my daughter-in-law. Nobody else. Just you."

With that, a shy but grateful smile slowly appeared on Wendy's face. "I... I don't know what to say, Mrs. Nightshire."

"You don't have to say anything. Just go back to your class and leave everything to me. I'll talk to Vin as soon as the Soir Coffee incident blows over."

As glad as she was to hear that, Wendy was still concerned if Susanne, someone who had no authority in the Nightshire Group, could command Vinson to marry her against his will.

Pursing her lips, the young lady decided to hide her worries for the moment and embraced Susanne. "Don't worry, Mrs. Nightshire. I'll do whatever I can to help Vin from here on out."

Wendy also promised herself that she would do all she could to make Vinson fall in love with her.

After much anticipation, the press conference was finally about to start.