

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 661

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As Arielle recalled, the Wilhelms would bring her and Henry for medical checkups every year. The checkups, however, were always only physical, never psychological.

It might be true that she, like Trisha, could have a little mental disability.

It seemed like it was about time she consulted a psychologist.

Arielle's deep-rooted frustration evaporated instantly after she convinced herself that she was suffering from a mental disorder.

Night was drawing in slowly.

A thick blanket of darkness covered the earth. While the stars and the moon hung high in the sky, Rocher Private Hospital was illuminated as brightly as day.

In an emergency room.

“Adrenaline, stat!”

“Get more blood from the blood bank!”

“Platelet count is dropping!”

“It's no use. We need Queenie here. You, page Dr. Mill right now.”

“Yes, Dr. Ziegler.”

The situation in the emergency room was disastrous.

Half an hour ago, Malorie unexpectedly fell unconscious and was rushed to the hospital's emergency room.

On top of being anxious, Henrick was unable to sit still. He paced back and forth in front of the emergency room entrance. Smoking cigarettes as he paced, stick after stick, the ashes rained down and covered the floor.

At that precise moment, the emergency room's door opened.

A nurse rushed out from the emergency room.

Henrick rushed over and asked her, "How's my mom?"?

Henrick's breath smelt strongly of cigarette smoke as he talked. The nurse tightened her mask and replied, "We're still trying to save her. Just a reminder, sir. You can't smoke in here."

"Okay. Okay." Henrick put out the cigarette in his hand. He begged, "You must save my Mom!"

The nurse nodded. "I'm going to page the greatest surgeon in the hospital right now. Don't worry, we'll do everything we can to save her."

"Thank you, thank you." Henrick continually nodded. He didn't want to disturb the nurse's work.

Queenie was writing a thesis on a robotic pacemaker in

her office.

She wasn't personally involved in the previous robotic pacemaker surgery. She could, however, write a thesis based on the meticulously kept operative report. She might be able to advance her career in medicine as a result of the thesis.

Queenie carefully studied the operative report. According to the report, the surgical operator was the doctor from General Hospital. However, Zachary mentioned that Arielle was the one who installed the robotic pacemaker.

Why didn't Arielle sign her name if it was actually her? Likewise, how could she have performed surgery while still a student? Zachary must have made a mistake. That idiot.

Even though the surgery was not difficult, it did require a high level of experience and precision. Such skills could only be attained by a highly experienced surgeon who was also well-versed in the costly robotic pacemaker.

The more assumptions Queenie made, the more certain she became in her judgment.

At that moment, Queenie's office door was slammed open. A nurse frantically rushed into her room and yelled, "Dr. Mill, you need to get to emergency room number one as quickly as possible. The elderly woman who needed the robotic pacemaker yesterday is unconscious."

"I'll go now." Queenie shut off her laptop and quickly followed the nurse to the hospital's emergency room.

While walking, she asked, "Do we have the robotic pacemaker yet?"

"No. It would be great if we did. I think surgery is all you can do now."

Queenie's surgical history was perfect. She had never had a failed surgery. Therefore, she wasn't pleased to learn that Malorie's procedure was incredibly risky. Not to mention that Malorie's vitals were critical. The procedure's success rate was reduced to only three percent.

A three percent success rate might easily jeopardize her spotless surgical history.

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Queenie walked quickly. She dressed into a surgical gown and entered the emergency room through a private pathway.

Zachary was so stressed that he was drenched in sweat. It wasn't until Queenie appeared that he seemed to calm down. He thoroughly explained the patient's condition to her.

Queenie's brows furrowed in worry the more she listened to Zachary's explanation.

With the ongoing conditions, the surgery's success rate was far lower than the initial three percent estimation.

Zachary placed the patient's life in Queenie's hands. From the looks of her face, he knew what Queenie was thinking. He said, "The surgery's success rate is too low. I'll ask a junior doctor to do it."

For a whole two seconds, Queenie was silent. As a doctor, she had witnessed far too many deaths. There was no way Queenie would risk her career on the life of an elderly woman.

Two seconds later, she broke silence. She nodded faintly and said, "That's the only solution. Come on, let's talk to her family."

Zachary nodded in agreement as soon as he heard that, and replied, "Okay. I'll come with you. The lawyer is ready, and he should be in my office by now."

"Great. You go get the lawyer then. I'll find a doctor to

replace us for the surgery. Let's meet at the emergency room entrance after that."

Both of them went their separate ways. In order to avoid bumping into the patient's family, they took a private pathway.

Not long after, Zachary and the lawyer arrived at the emergency door entrance.

At that exact moment, Queenie walked out of the emergency room.

She found Malorie an inexperienced surgeon. This surgeon had only operated once in his entire career. His success rate wasn't important to him as a junior. What was more important were his clinical experiences.

Obviously, the inexperienced surgeon would accept Queenie's offer. Naturally, the name of the surgeon in charge was also altered in the operative report to this surgeon's name.

This also meant that regardless of how the surgery went, Queenie and Zachary would be unaffected.

They would still hold a flawless surgical history.

As soon as Henrick saw Queenie, he rushed forward and asked, "Dr. Mill, how is my mom?"

When Queenie pulled down her mask, her lovely eyes were unveiled. She shook her head and, in regret, she answered, "The patient's condition is really critical. We still don't have the robotic pacemaker. This surgery has a three percent success rate. I strongly advise you to be prepared for whatever may come your way."

Those words were a head-on blow for Henrick, and his mind went blank.

Malorie was gone.

Even after chasing Arielle away, Malorie still couldn't make it out alive.

What could happen to the family's coal mining business in his hometown after this?

Could he give up Southall Group in Jadeborough and return to his hometown?

After much contemplation, he finally decided to sell all of Southall Group's shares and return to his hometown to manage the coal mining business.

Southall Group was operating at a loss year after year. Even if he remained in the company, he would be unable to turn the company around.

Even the funding of their capital chain that sustained Southall Group was sourced from the family's coal mining business.

Given that Malorie had passed away and that there was no longer a chairman for the coal mining business, why didn't he sell the company and return to his hometown?

In Jadeborough, he was seen as a nonentity. However, in his hometown, he had the authority to instill fear and respect in the hearts of others.

Henrick was meticulously planning his future in his head when, all of a sudden, he remembered something Queenie had said to him the day before.

The robotic pacemaker!

He hoped to take advantage of his mother's death for a substantial cash windfall before he headed back to his hometown.

For Malorie to just die in that manner without making something useful of her life would be a cheap sacrifice.

"Where's that lady?" Henrick glared furiously at Queenie and Zachary and continued, "Didn't you both say that someone promised to bring the robotic pacemaker over today? If it weren't for her promise, my mom's surgery would

have been much more successful. She must be accountable for this! Get her over here

now!”

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Queenie and Zachary had been waiting for the patient's family to bring up the incident.

The moment Zachary heard Henrick's words, he introduced the lawyer standing next to him by saying, "This is Mr. Benson. He is a lawyer from Jadeborough's most prestigious law firm. As this is a case of medical malpractice, the hospital will also hold the lady accountable for it. Sign your name below. Let's make her pay for what she has done by bringing a lawsuit against her."

Henrick was a cunning man himself. He realized right away that the lady must've had a strained relationship with the pair. If that was not the case, they would not have prepared a lawyer.

Henrick appeared to be fully on board with their purpose.

Since they were no longer against each other, Henrick repressed his rage. Not only that, as soon as he saw his name stating that he was the plaintiff, he signed the documents without even looking over the fine print.

Upon seeing Henrick's signature, Zachary went on to say, "Please wait here while I contact the defendant."

He dialed the phone and spoke with the doctor in charge of the cafeteria patient at Jadeborough Private Hospital, in which he presented the issue in full in a serious manner,

The doctor couldn't believe what he was hearing. He

immediately hung up and contacted Arielle.

Arielle was just about to fall asleep when her phone rang, jarring her awake. She sighed and then picked up the phone.

When she heard what the doctor had to say, her face grew grim, and she responded, “Tell him that the device will be delivered immediately. There’s still time. It will almost certainly arrive before twelve o’clock.”

With Arielle’s assertions, the doctor felt a sense of calm returning to him. He dialed Zachary’s phone number once more.

Zachary answered the call. With a grin on his face, he asked, “How did it go? Was the young lady startled that she peed her pants?”

The doctor in charge raged, “Zachary Ziegler, where have you gone wrong with your medical ethics? Is it necessary to be that cruel to a young lady?”

“Don’t be mad. It’s not you I’m going against. In fact, I’m not even going against anyone. I’m just playing by the rules. She got herself into this situation by telling lies, and that has cost someone else’s life.”

With a snort, the doctor replied, “I’m sorry, but your schemes will fail. The device is nearly finished. It’s only a little past eleven o’clock right now. It will be there at twelve o’clock sharp, as you requested. Just you wait.”

After finishing his sentence, the doctor immediately

ended the phone call.

Zachary appeared to be displeased.

Was there a significant difference between twelve o’clock and half past eleven? At this point, just accept the fact that the device could not arrive on schedule. Why is he dragging this out longer?

Didn’t the doctor ask him to wait?

There wasn't much that he could do about it other than waiting

Zachary walked back to the emergency room entrance. His face was contorted with rage as he repeatedly mumbled the words of the doctor.

Queenie looked pale. She said, "I believe Arielle is taken aback. She must be in the search for lawyers to help her resolve the situation right now."

Zachary responded with a chuckle, "Even if she were to come up with a solution, it would be pointless. What she did cost a person's life. She may be able to avoid the judgement of the law, but that doesn't mean she will be able to avoid the judgement of her own conscience."

After hearing his thoughts, Queenie had an idea.

She raised her brow and teased, "To deal with an irresponsible person like this, we must expose her awful character. You have the password to the hospital's official account, don't you?"

Following Queenie's hint, Zachary face-palmed as he got the idea. He replied, "Right. Her role as an ambassador led to a lot of fans of her work. Now is the time to reveal her true colors to her fans!"

As he talked, Zachary took out his phone and started logging into the account.

Two minutes later, a new post was uploaded to Rocher Private Hospital's official account.

"It's unfortunate that another life has been lost today. In our mourning, we would like to hold Arielle Moore accountable for this. Arielle, you promised the hospital that you'd provide ten cardiac devices by twelve o'clock. We postponed our surgeries to express our trust in you. However, we have yet to receive them, which has had a serious impact on the patients. Today, your irresponsibility resulted in the

death of a person. I will be filing a lawsuit against you on behalf of the hospital and the patient's family. Please keep an eye out for court summons."

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Rocher Private Hospital was a well-known hospital in Chanaea. They had the most medical resources and prestigious doctors.

Many people followed their official account, even though it wasn't as big of a fanbase as that of celebrities.

When he uploaded the post, Zachary had included the advertisement photo of the Sann Group robotic pacemaker.

Instantly, the comment section was overwhelmed with replies as soon as Zachary published the post.

“Arielle? Isn't she the same girl that appeared in the advertisement and was regarded as a goddess?”

“At first, I was captivated by her beauty. It's so unfortunate that a beautiful girl like her has ruined someone's life. This seemed like a sign of the beginning of her sentencing.”

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“What good are false promises from someone with only good looks and nothing more? Great, you've now killed someone. This leaves me speechless.”

“I've heard about financial fraud. Medical equipment fraud, however, is something new to me. The device is rumored to cost billions. She must be insane to be taking advantage of the poor person's life. Isn't this a clear case of first-degree murder?”

Soon, everyone was siding with Rocher Private Hospital and chastising Arielle.

Carter had already taken over the management of all his father's businesses by this point. The news spread quickly to his ears. Upon hearing that, he got up and went straight to the hospital.

He wanted to witness for himself which idiot dared to take on the Chief online in a virtual conflict.

While Carter was on his way, he called up Arielle and told her everything.

Arielle answered slowly, in a raspy voice, "I was already aware of it. I would have already hired a lawyer if this wasn't your hospital."

"I'm sorry." Carter's tone was full of guilt and anger.

The person who uploaded the post, of course, was who Carter was enraged at.

Arielle continued, "Tell them the device will arrive soon. Also, ask them to delete the post. I'm about to scheme against Henrick. I don't want to reveal myself at this point."

"Okay, so take some good rest. Leave this to me. I'll take care of it." Carter hung up the phone as soon as he finished speaking. He didn't want to disrupt Arielle's sleep.

A knock came on Arielle's door shortly after her phone call with Carter ended.

"Sannie, something's going on online," said Vinson

through the door.

Arielle raised her voice, "Carter called me just now. The device will be delivered pretty shortly."

“Have you truly gotten ten of the devices?” Vinson was suspicious. He went on to say, “If I’m not mistaken, even Carter could only get one. Do you know someone from Sann Group?”

Arielle replied, “If I told you I own Sann Group, would you believe me?”

There were two seconds of silence. “I would!” Vinson blurted confidently

Arielle gulped. She put on a wry smile and said, “Why do you believe all that I say? Aren’t you afraid that I might deceive you?”

“Not even a bit.” He gently smiled. Arielle’s face blushed once more.

Cupping her face in her hands, Arielle felt as though she was relapsing

She gritted her teeth and said, “I’m going to bed.”

“Okay, rest well then. You still have classes to attend tomorrow,” Vinson advised. The sound of his footsteps grew fainter and fainter as he walked away from her.

Arielle took a deep breath. She knew deep down that she needed to see a psychologist right away.

It can’t keep going on like this!

In Rocher Private Hospital.

Carter ordered the chauffeur to keep driving. Finally, he arrived at the hospital in the shortest possible time.

He dashed to the hospital’s emergency room, where he was met with a row of four people right in front of the entrance.

They were Queenie, Zachary, and Henrick.

There was another man there whom he had never met before. A law firm tag was dangling from the man's chest.

"Mr. Morgan." Queenie was the first to notice Carter's arrival.

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Zachary looked over subconsciously.

Once he turned around, he saw Carter striding toward his direction with a darkened expression on his face.

At that exact moment, Carter was also staring at him. His dark, brown eyes bore a chilly and sharp gaze.

He felt a sense of oppression in the air with just a glance at Carter and instinctively held his breath.

For some unknown reason, Zachary felt guilty and stepped two steps backward in shock.

Bang! When his back hit against the emergency room door, he came back to his senses, touched his nose awkwardly, and greeted along with Queenie, “Mr. Morgan.”

Henrick recognized Carter and thought that he was here to help him. He smiled when addressing him. “Mr. Morgan, if I had known that you’d be here, I would have prepared a small gift to thank you for coming over for me during midnight just for this matter.”

“I’m here for you?” Carter was not someone who would save someone’s face. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be so mean the first time he witnessed Arielle’s medical skills.

He scorned, “Henrick, it seems like you’re thinking too highly of yourself. You’re still not worthy for me to come personally for you.”

Carter knew Henrick was not Arielle's biological father.

Moreover, since they were no longer related by law, how he wished he could beat him up.

As soon as Carter finished speaking, Henrick's face was red out of anger as he felt humiliated.

However, Carter was not someone he could mess with easily.

Hence, this encounter strengthened his decision to leave Jadeborough.

When I'm back in my hometown, I'll see who would dare speak to me in this manner.

"I... You..." Henrick could not utter a complete sentence.

Carter paid him no mind then turned to look at Queenie and Zachary as he questioned coldly, "Which of you uploaded the post online?"

Instinctively, Zachary felt an ominous premonition. However, since Queenie was by his side, he acted calmly. "I did it, Mr. Morgan. Why did you ask? I just wanted her to be accountable. Besides, a patient dying during an operation would affect our hospital's reputation poorly. I did that for the hospital. If she hadn't promised that the medical devices would arrive on time, the risk for this operation wouldn't be so high. The blame is on her."

"Ha!" Carter sneered, "I did not expect such loyalty from you toward my hospital. Should I hand over this

hospital to you?"

Carter's words sent a chill down his spine. His lips turned pale as he said, "No, I don't..."

“Your actions tell me otherwise,” Carter paused before continuing, “Since you’re not interested, does that mean I’m still in charge of the hospital?”

“Of course!” Zachary responded immediately.

Carter arched an eyebrow and said, “Since I’m in charge, you don’t have to work in this hospital from now on. My hospital can’t accommodate someone like you.”

Hearing his decision, Zachary’s face drained of its color. “Mr. Morgan! You can’t do this. Are you firing me? What have I done wrong? Everything I did was for the benefit of the hospital...”

Queenie also added, “Mr. Morgan, I don’t think Dr. Ziegler did anything wrong. The public wouldn’t blame the hospital if we released the statement online. Moreover, it’s a fact that she did not fulfill her promise, which caused a delay in the patient’s operation.”

Henrick nodded in agreement.

“That thing did not arrive. So, she is the one who harmed my mother.”

Carter arched his eyebrow once again. “The person requiring that is your mother?”

“Yes.”

“Ha!” Carter laughed.

Henrick, this idiot, probably didn’t know who he chased out of his home.

At that moment...

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A nurse ran toward them excitedly as she shouted, “Dr. Mill, Dr. Ziegler, it’s here. It’s here!”

When the nurse ran closer and saw Carter’s face, she was surprised. Immediately, she greeted, “Mr. Morgan.”

Queenie asked curiously, “What did you say is here?”

“The machine!” The nurse said, then added, “The robotic pacemaker you’ve all been waiting for. Ten of them have just arrived. Mr. Wahlberg went to check personally and he has confirmed that it’s from the Sann Group.”

The nurse almost shed tears of joy.

There is hope for the patient now.

However, Queenie and Zachary’s faces fell.

The machines really arrived...

“Are you sure you’re not mistaken?” Queenie grabbed the nurse’s sleeve and demanded.

The nurse was confused by her reaction but answered, “Yes, I’m sure of it. Even if I made a mistake, Mr. Wahlberg wouldn’t.”

This is weird. They should be happy that the machines have arrived. Why are their expressions so odd?

“Heard what she say?” Carter asked coldly, “She did not

owe you anything and is giving you these for free. But, here you are, uploading that sort of posts online. Now that the things are here, someone needs to be held responsible.”

Queenie bit hard on her lips, still finding it unbelievable that Arielle could get her hands on ten robotic pacemakers.

Who does Arielle think she is. Could she really get ten machines from the Sann Group with her capabilities? They’re probably counterfeit.

“Mr. Morgan, can I go have a look?” Queenie asked.

She needed to see for herself.

“Go ahead.” Carter shook his head. What a stubborn person.

Zachary wanted to follow along but was stopped by Carter.

“You don’t have to go. From the moment you uploaded the post, you were no longer an employee of the hospital.” Carter snapped his fingers while talking and ordered, “Bring him to the HR department.”

The bodyguards behind him stepped forward immediately and arrested Zachary.

His eyes trembled with fear.

As if waking from a daze when the bodyguards held

onto him, he shouted, “Mr. Morgan, I know my mistakes and won’t upload that kind of post again. Please forgive me this time. I’m begging you. I’ve contributed plenty of hard work for the years I’ve worked in the hospital.”

Carter scoffed, “I remember all your hard work well. Mr. Wahlberg had mentioned that you administered imported medicine for some of the patients to improve your performance. You’ve used Rocher Private Hospital to earn lots of dirty money all these years. Thinking of your past efforts working for the hospital, I won’t ask you to return the dirty money, but you’re on your own from now on.”

“No! Please, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Morgan...”

Carter dug his ear impatiently. Seeing that, his bodyguard covered Zachary’s mouth and dragged him off right away.

As Zachary walked past him, Carter said, “Of all the people in the world, why did you mess with Arielle? You’re asking for trouble for yourself.”

Zachary widened his eyes in disbelief.

Mr. Morgan punished me severely this time was because I messed with a young lady? How could this be? Why did this happen? Who is she?

However, Zachary wouldn’t be able to get his answer, as no other hospitals in Chanaea would accept doctors kicked out from the Rocher Private Hospital.

His future in the medical field was ruined forever, just from uploading one post.

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Although there must be a reason for his situation, he brought it upon himself.

Not long after that, Zachary was officially dismissed from his job.

At the same time, the assistant director logged into the official account and uploaded a new post.

While the netizens continued to reprimand Arielle, they saw Rocher Private Hospital's latest post.

The machines have arrived. Thank you, Ms. Moore, for donating. In regards to the previous post, it was due to a personal conflict between Zachary Ziegler, who worked in our hospital, and Ms. Moore. We have taken action and fired Dr. Ziegler due to his slandering behavior. Once again, we would like to express our utmost appreciation and apology to Ms. Moore. Moving forward, we would have someone to manage our official account to prevent something like this from happening again. Also, the internet is not lawless. We would like to urge all of you to stop verbally abusing and slandering Ms. Moore. Otherwise, we will start to take legal action.

Uploaded together with the post was a photo showing the ten robotic pacemakers.

Those that criticized Arielle on the internet were dumbfounded when they saw the post whereas, Arielle's fans started to retaliate.

I knew that my goddess wouldn't do this sort of charity

fraud. Those that scolded our goddess— don't let me get a hold of you.

So, Dr. Ziegler uploaded the post due to his private conflict with my goddess. He is unworthy of being a doctor!

I feel so bad for my goddess. She donated such expensive medical devices but was still scolded by others. Is this what she gets for being kind?

When I saw the post, I was confused. Not to mention that the machine has arrived, but even if it hasn't, isn't it too harsh to say that she's a murderer? I'm really baffled by the distorted views of people nowadays.

Goddess is amazing. I've heard of this machine. It's hard to gain access to it. You may not even get to buy it even if you have money.

Always trust my goddess! I'm going to boycott Zachary. I'm not going to go to the hospital that hires him.

Meanwhile, Zachary was thrown out of the hospital together with his belongings.

He climbed up from the floor in his discomfiture. Never had he felt so humiliated.

I'm doomed. Everything is ruined. I shouldn't have messed with her. What should I do for the rest of my life?

Zachary was in agony, but he very quickly collected himself.

I could still go to other hospitals if Rocher Private Hospital refused to hire me. With my "Golden Fingers Surgeon" nickname, I'm confident that other hospitals would accept me. Besides, no one would know that I got kicked out as long as I keep it a secret.

After convincing himself, he contacted Jadeborough Private Hospital.

“Hello, Mr. Beckham, I’m Zachary. I’ve resigned from Rocher Private Hospital. The career ceiling is too low. Hence, I plan to join your hospital. Are you possibly hiring?”

After remaining silent for a short while, John Beckham asked unbelievably, “Zachary, how do you have the audacity to work in my hospital? Max told me about that thing you did. Don’t even think about joining my hospital in your next life. Bye!”

He hung the phone without hesitation.

“Max...?!” Zachary gritted his teeth.

Max was the doctor of the poisoned patient from Soir Coffee. I did not know that he was a gossipmonger. Damn it!

He stomped his foot in anger.

However, he did not dwell long on that and called Jadeborough General Hospital’s director.

“Hello, Mr. Hurrell. I’m Zachary. I’m thinking about joining your hospital. Not sure if you’re hiring?”

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As one of the top five hospitals in Jadeborough, Jadeborough General Hospital was not a bad place for working. Although it was not comparable to Jadeborough Private Hospital and Rocher Private Hospital, he could head the department there and wouldn't be oppressed by anyone all the time.

However, before Zachary finished speaking, Peter Hurrell laughed. "Zachary, do you have access to the internet? Everyone is boycotting you online. We can't afford to hire you. Please find the job elsewhere."

He didn't spare any second before hanging up the phone as soon as he finished speaking.

Zachary went on Twitter, and he saw that the first on trending was "Rocher Private Hospital's clarification."

He quickly tapped to see the post. Reading the post by Rocher Private Hospital, he turned pale.

I did not think that Mr. Morgan would be that harsh and call me out. In this case, everyone in Chanaea would know what I did. How would anyone hire me?

He trembled in fear, and his face drained of all its color.

At the moment, only did he truly understand that he was doomed.

On the other hand, Queenie rushed all the way to the front of the medical equipment building. She saw doctors and nurses surrounding the front door with excited expressions on their faces when she arrived.

“Excuse me.” Queenie tried to squeeze herself to the front. She saw Chris raising a sealed transparent box in amusement.

“This workmanship and skills... Sann Group is really impressive. It would be tough for Chanaea to reach their level.”

Queenie could see the content of the transparent box at a glance.

It was nothing other than the robotic pacemaker she had been researching on for so long.

“Mr. Wahlberg, can I please examine it?” Queenie asked when she walked forward.

Seeing that it was Queenie, Chris passed over the box in his hands and reminded, “Be careful, don’t spoil it.”

“Okay.” Queenie took it indifferently and took out her phone to scan the QR code within the anti-counterfeit logo at the bottom of the box.

That was Sann Group’s custom-made anti-counterfeit logo. Using the phone to scan could determine its authenticity.

Many people did not know about this anti-counterfeit logo, but Queenie knew it well.

Beep! When she heard the sound, she raised her phone to have a look. The webpage displayed Sann Group’s anti-counterfeit web page. On the screen, she could

read, “This product is an original product from the Sann Group.”

Original... This is really an original!

Queenie’s face turned pale at that moment. The next second, as if she was crazy, she scanned all the anti counterfeit logos on ten machines.

All were original.

The words on the screen were like high tide waves crashing against her heart.

“Queenie, is everything okay?” Chris asked out of concern as Queenie’s expression didn’t look well. He had a look at her phone.

Seeing that the machines were original, Chris laughed and said, “I’ve checked everything. This can’t be fake. Besides, the delivery address is from Sann Group’s international warehouse. It’s impossible to be a counterfeit. Moreover, no one has the bravery and capability to imitate this. If it’s possible, Chanaea would have done so a long time ago.”

Queenie had to use all her energy to force a smile on her face.

However, her smile looked ugly.

Arielle had just executed something she’d never expected her to do. She thought Arielle was an actress in the entertainment industry but did not think that she

was the top student at Jadeborough University. Everything had been her assumption.

Who... is Arielle?

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Queenie was engulfed with an unprecedented feeling of stress and pressure.

Although she had to admit that Arielle's beauty surpassed hers greatly, she had never been threatened by Arielle.

After all, a mere pretty face was not good enough for Vinson.

However, that assumption was far from the truth.

Queenie was only jolted out from her thoughts when a nurse called out to her.

She slowly turned her gaze to the nurse, who said with a smile, "Dr. Mill, aren't you overjoyed? Haven't you always wished to operate a robotic pacemaker yourself? Your opportunity's here! Doesn't Mrs. Southall require it now? Quickly, grab a robotic pacemaker and start the operation."

The director also walked over and congratulated her. "Congratulations, Queenie. Your dream is going to be fulfilled!"

When Queenie heard that, she calmed down. However, she was soon reminded of how Arielle was the one who donated these pacemakers, and had a mix of emotions.

It was hard for her to accept it.

Determined to calm down and continue with the operation, she breathed deeply.

After all, she should be delighted that she could operate the robotic pacemaker personally.

Since she had missed the opportunity once, she must grasp it this time.

Queenie carried a robotic pacemaker and said to the director, “I’ll go to the emergency room now and handle the procedures later.”

However, he waved his hands dismissively and said, “Go on! You can deal with the procedures after the operation. Saving lives is more important, after all.”

Most of the hospital’s expensive equipment required rounds of approval before they could be used. However, in the case of extenuating circumstances, the equipment could be used before approval.

Queenie nodded and rushed to the emergency room with the robotic pacemaker, feeling conflicted.

Meanwhile, Henrick was at the entrance.

As he rarely read anything online, he did not know that Arielle had donated the machine.

He kept apologizing. “I’m sorry, I really didn’t know anything. I’m very apologetic to the donor. I wish that you and that donor will not be bothered by it.”

With an amused look in his eyes, Carter said, “I don’t know if the donor will be bothered, but I am.”

Henrick’s heart lurched as he asked, “Are you... Are you unwilling to treat my mother?”

Carter shook his head. “I established a hospital to save lives, so I will never give up on any patient.”

Henrick heaved a sigh of relief. “That’s great!”

At that moment, Queenie arrived with the robotic pacemaker.

When Henrick spotted what she was holding, he asked anxiously, “Dr. Mill, is this machine going to be used for treating my mother?”

Queenie nodded and said, “There’s still time. You’re lucky that the machine arrived in time.”

“Thank you! Please use it on my mother quickly!”

Queenie mumbled a quick response and was about to head into the emergency room when Carter suddenly said, “Wait a moment.”

She turned around, puzzled. “What’s the matter, Mr. Morgan?”

Carter said lazily, “A payment or an IOU is required before an operation, but he hasn’t paid yet.”

After a slight pause, Queenie replied, “The patient’s family member has already paid for the operation.”

However, Carter shook his head. “I’m not talking about the basic operation fees, but this machine.”

Surprised, Queenie stared at him and reminded, “It has been donated to us for free...”

Since it had been donated, it should be available for the patient’s use free of charge.

“Huh?” Narrowing his eyes, Carter glanced at her. “Can donated items be used free of charge? From today onward, we’ll sell all donated items according to their market price and donate the money to the impoverished.”

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Carter was not actually that petty.

If it was someone else, he would definitely let the patient use the pacemaker for free. After all, not everyone could afford it. As long as the conditions were met, it was more important to save one's life.

However, it was a different matter for Henrick.

His money rightfully belonged to Arielle. Now that the opportunity had arisen, Carter planned to extort as much out of Henrick as possible and hand the money to Arielle.

Not knowing how much the robotic pacemaker cost, Henrick agreed quickly, "Of course! I know that it's donated to the hospital, not to me. I'll pay for it now."

Just when Henrick was about to leave, Queenie could not help but chime in, "Sir, do you have enough money? If not, our hospital can provide you with an IOU."

Thinking that Queenie was looking down on him, Henrick puffed out his chest and asked indignantly, "How is it possible that I can't afford it?"

Queenie nodded awkwardly. "It's great that you can afford it. As the machine cost one hundred million, not everyone can pay for it. That's why I reminded you. I don't mean to say..."

"What?" Before she could finish her sentence, Henrick interrupted in shock, "How much does it cost?"

"One hundred million."

“One hundred million? Is it made of gold? Even gold isn’t that expensive! Are you guys scamming me?” Henrick was about to lose his mind.

He thought that a piece of medical equipment would only cost a million or so. Never had he expected it to cost a hundred million.

Is there something wrong with my ears, or is Queenie out of her mind?

Queenie did not expect Henrick to react like that upon hearing the price. In fact, she almost believed that he was a huge billionaire.

The expression on her face turned solemn as she clicked on Sann Group’s website on her phone. She scrolled to the robotic pacemaker and showed it to Henrick.

“This is the official price. Furthermore, the robotic pacemaker is sold via auctions. This current batch has already been sold out. According to what I know, the price for the previous batch had been raised from one hundred million to four hundred million. Despite so, everything was sold out within a second.”

Still in disbelief, Henrick took the phone and glanced at the price. Only then did he realize that Queenie was not lying to him.

The starting price was already one hundred million, so he was actually paying a discounted price.

“Um...”

Henrick was momentarily at a loss for words.

Although he could fork out one hundred million, he would only bear to do so if it was to save his life. When it came to saving Malorie, he was starting to have some doubts.

Is one hundred million worth it? Who knows how long she has left to live after it’s installed?

Even if she's healthy, she's already a foot in the grave, considering how old she is. Her days are numbered, anyway.

Henrick paced around in frustration.

Queenie urged him, "Sir, you must decide quickly. Mrs. Southall can't hang in there for long. It's going to be twelve soon, so we must use the robotic pacemaker as soon as possible."

Henrick suddenly froze in his tracks, having made a decision.

I cannot spend the one hundred million!

"I'm sorry." Gritting his teeth, Henrick said awkwardly, "I can't afford one hundred million. Please proceed with the alternative treatment. I really have no choice."

Queenie reminded again, "We can provide you with an IOU."

Steeling himself, Henrick insisted, "I'm sorry, but I can't afford to take an IOU. My company's been suffering from losses recently, so I can't afford to pay that one hundred million."

Queenie glanced at him disdainfully before saying, "We respect your decision. I'll go in and take a look. Mrs. Southall's operation will probably not succeed, unless..."

Unless Henrick can find that miracle doctor who managed to cure the poisoned patient at Soir Coffee.