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However, finding the person required time and Malorie could not make it till then.

“Unless what?” asked Henrick anxiously.

Although it was the best-case scenario that Malorie did not die, there was no choice if she did. After all, he had already come up with a backup plan—he would sell Southall Group and pursue his career back in his hometown.

It was simple to control all those foolish people in his hometown. If Malorie could do it, he could do it too.

However, Queenie shook her head. Deciding not to tell him, she said, “It’s nothing. There’s no time.”

“In that case, please let my mother pass away more comfortably.” Henrick pretended to wipe his tears. In reality, when he made the decision to return to his hometown, he had already steeled himself for Malorie’s death.

In his opinion, Malorie was about to die anyway. It was sufficient to live to such a ripe old age, so her death was an event to be celebrated—there was no need for him to grieve.

However, he still had to put up a show.

Queenie nodded and said, “We’ll try our best.”

Not daring to look at Carter, she strode into the emergency room.

A rookie doctor was performing an open-heart operation on Malorie. While he sweated profusely, an assistant wiped his forehead for him.

When the assistant turned around, he saw Queenie entering

His eyes lit up upon spotting what she was holding. He quickly reminded the surgeon, “There’s hope for the patient! Dr. Mill’s here with a robotic pacemaker!”

“Really?” The surgeon immediately froze.

However, Queenie said coldly, “Her family member said that he can’t afford to pay for the machine, so you should just continue with the operation. The family member’s already mentally prepared. Regardless of what the outcome is, he won’t kick up a fuss.”

The surgeon was stunned for a while, but he quickly resumed his actions.

For the operation, the ruptured blood vessels needed to be reattached first before the heart could be operated on. However, as the surgeon was inexperienced, he spent a long time attaching the vessels.

Despite watching by the side, Queenie did not intervene.

It would not be good if she intervened and had her name recorded in the operative report.

To maintain her perfect track record of having a

hundred percent success rate for her operations, she could not take this risk.

Finally, the blood vessels were reattached.

However, the heart surgery encountered problems shortly after. The vital sign monitors started to beep loudly.

“Dr. Mill!” The surgeon glanced at Queenie and said, “The patient can’t hang in there anymore...”

Queenie nodded indifferently. “Okay, I’ll make a notice saying that she’s in a critical stage. Just try your best.”

“Okay.” The surgeon gritted his teeth and nodded.

When Queenie left the emergency room with the notice, the assistant director was talking to Carter about Zachary.

“Why didn’t you hold Zachary accountable for his previous fiasco and only pursue this matter?”

Carter raised his eyebrow. “Well, it’s to give him a last glimmer of hope. Once he finds another place to work, we’ll expose his dark past... Isn’t that a better way of handling it?”

True despair was after getting struck down a second time after having a brief illusion of hope.

When Queenie heard their conversation, her hands trembled.

Carter is more ruthless than I imagined. Luckily, Zachary, that fool, did not expose me. Otherwise, I can’t imagine how Carter will treat me.

However, Queenie was not that afraid. As she was not interested in that insignificant money, she did not have a dark past like Zachary’s.

However, at that moment...

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A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 672 Carter suddenly spun around and glanced at her. Queenie straightened her back instinctively and greeted him with a stiff smile, "Hello, Mr. Morgan." "Hello." Carter adjusted his spectacles before saying coldly, "I hope that what happened to Zachary will not happen to you. I think of you highly, so don't disappoint me. Also, don't mess around with anyone whom you're not supposed to." This was meant to be both a warning to and a chance for Queenie. Knowing clearly who Carter was referring to, Queenie bit her lip as fury surged through her. Why is Carter protecting that woman? I don't understand! Queenie mumbled a response. Not wanting to discuss this topic with Carter anymore, she turned around and walked toward Henrick. "Mrs. Southall's vitals are failing, so we're afraid that she can't hang in there for long. Please sign here to acknowledge that the patient is in critical condition." "Okay." Henrick signed quickly before sending a message to Cindy Cindy, Mom might pass away soon. Tell Alfred to order a coffin and prepare for the funeral. Cindy, who was taking her pregnancy supplements, stood up abruptly from the couch when she received the message. Malorie might pass away soon! Initially, she suspected that there was something fishy going on behind Malorie's fall, so she checked the surveillance cameras. The surveillance cameras showed that Malorie had indeed fallen down the stairs herself. However, that slight fall was enough to endanger her life. After being startled for a while, Cindy calmed down gradually. Now that Arielle had been chased out of the Southalls, Malorie's death was a good thing for her. After all, a shrewish woman like Malorie might switch targets to her after dealing with Arielle. If Malorie died, she would be the only lady of the house. That would be an outcome worth celebrating. This is amazing! After replying to Henrick's message with 'Okay', Cindy summoned Alfred over.

"Mrs. Southall is about to die, so go and prepare the funeral." "W-What?" Alfred was dumbfounded. As Cindy could not be bothered to elaborate, she waved her hand and dismissed Alfred, signalling him to prepare for the funeral. Having observed everything, Larissa snuck out of the manor and sent a message to Arielle. The message was very simple: Mrs. Southall is about to die. As it was already past midnight, Arielle had already fallen asleep and did not read the message in time. Meanwhile, in the emergency room in the General Hospital, the surgeon gave up

on his struggle. Sighing, he said, "Let's stop everything and sew the patient's chest up. By then, the anesthesia's effects will subside and she might regain consciousness for a while. We'll invite her family member to see her for the last time." "Okay." The surgeon heaved a deep sigh. He looked for Queenie and thanked her, "Dr. Mill, thank you for giving me this opportunity. Although the operation failed, I learned a lot." Queenie's eyes crinkled as she smiled. "You're welcome. I'm going back to my work, so please deal with the aftermath." "Sure, goodbye." The doctor watched attentively as Queenie left. The nurse could not help but exclaim, "Dr. Mill is such a good person, Dr. Pam. With your level of experience, you can only become the main surgeon after two or three years. Thanks to Dr. Mill, who has given you so many opportunities to operate, you've been the main surgeon for more than twenty operations." Henry nodded in agreement. "Dr. Mill is a good doctor. Unlike Dr. Ziegler, she's not arrogant despite being so capable. However, my skills are simply too poor. Out of the twenty operations, only two were a success." "It's fine. If you learn slowly and accumulate more experience, the rate of success will increase." "Yeah, it's my honor to work with Dr. Mill."

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The emergency room was *filled with praises* for Queenie, yet no one wondered why she would push all the operations to Harry.

Soon, they finished sewing Malorie's chest up and the effects of the anesthesia subsided gradually.

"I..." Malorie mumbled in agony, "*I'm in so much pain.*"

Harry quickly instructed his subordinates, "Administer some painkillers for the patient!"

"Okay."

Since it was only moments before her death, administering her some painkillers was the least they could do as doctors.

After she was injected with the painkillers, Harry instructed his assistant to summon Henrick in.

Although Malorie was exhausted, her mind was still exceptionally clear. She suddenly realized that if the doctor called her family in while she was still on the operating table, it meant that she did not have much time left to live.

"Am... Am I going to die soon?" asked Malorie as she grabbed a nurse's arm anxiously.

The nurse chuckled drily before reassuring her, “Mrs. Southall, we’re letting your family member in to alleviate his worry. Don’t overthink.”

“I don’t believe you! Treat me now! Otherwise, I’ll sue the hospital till its reputation is ruined.”

When the nurse remained silent, Malorie’s scoldings became louder and harsher.

With a sudden burst of strength, she grabbed the nurse’s hair and smashed her head against the operating theatre.

Bang! The nurse’s head hit the table so forcefully that she felt dizzy.

“Stop! Stop it!” The others in the emergency room rushed forward and pulled both of them apart.

However, as Malorie was used to hard labor, her hands were extremely strong. When the two women were separated, a huge chunk of the nurse’s hair was ripped off, revealing parts of her scalp.

The nurse had never seen a patient who was so unreasonable despite being on the brink of death. Furious, she stroked her head and spat, “Let me tell you this! You could’ve been cured, but your son is so petty that he’s unwilling to spend money on a robotic pacemaker. So, there’s no hope for you now. You’re going to die soon!”

“Stop talking!” Harry quickly stopped her, but it was too late—Malorie heard every single word she said.

“W-What did you say?”

At that moment, Henrick entered in a surgical gown.

“Mom...”

As he spoke, he noticed that the atmosphere in the emergency room seemed a bit weird. When he met Malorie's furious gaze, his heart lurched in fear.

"Mom?"

"Henrick Southall!" Malorie demanded furiously, "They said that you're unwilling to pay for a robotic pacemaker. Is that true?"

Henrick blushed. Although he was an egoistic man, money was more important than his pride.

Gritting his teeth, he walked forward and protested, "Mom, you've only broken a rib. The machine will be useless! Just sleep for a while and the operation will be over in the blink of an eye."

Henrick thought that he had put on a convincing act. However, as his mother, Malorie saw right through him.

"You... You..." Malorie wagged her finger at him, unable to utter a single word.

After her husband died in a mine, she became a widow and went through a lot of difficulties to raise her son. The hard work and toil she had experienced were unimaginable.

Yet, her child, whom she had raised with so much blood, sweat and tears, was unwilling to pay for a machine for her operation!

"I... I..." Malorie was unable to catch her breath. The strength that had suddenly returned to her disappeared in an instant. As if all her energy had left her, her arm fell limp.

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Seeing how weak Malorie had become, Henrick's feelings of fear and guilt faded gradually.

Holding Malorie's hand, he coaxed, "Mom, don't worry. When you reach heaven, I'll pray to you more frequently. Over there, you will have a carefree life..."

Malorie panted while the vital signs monitors in the emergency room beeped frantically.

She wanted to hurl insults at her useless son and curse at how cruel fate was, but she could not utter a single word. When she opened a mouth, she spat out a mouthful of blood.

The blood landed right on Henrick's face.

After vomiting all that blood out, she did not even have the strength to open her eyes.

At that moment, a lot of things flashed across her mind. She remembered Maureen and her deceased husband...

"Henrick, you'll die a horrible death!"

After yelling that out loud, Malorie had exhausted all of her energy. Her body trembled and fell limp while she closed her eyes slowly.

A flat line appeared on the heart rate monitor.

"Time of death, twelve fifty-four."

The doctor recorded the time of death emotionlessly.

Grabbing a bandage from the side, Henrick wiped his face and cursed at how unlucky he was.

He should not have entered to send Malorie off.

“My condolences,” said Harry to Henrick with a conflicted feeling

It was his first time seeing a family member act like that when sending the patient off.

The patient could have lived for ten more minutes, but she died prematurely out of fury at her son.

You reap what you sow, I guess...

Henrick left the emergency room grimly. When he exited the hospital, he bumped into Carter.

When Carter noticed the look on Henrick’s face, he walked toward him with an ambiguous smile. “Mr. Southall, do you know who donated the robotic pacemaker?”

Not knowing why Carter asked that, Henrick frowned and asked, “Who?”

Carter’s grin widened as he adjusted his spectacles. “It’s someone whom you’ll never expect. If you know the donor, I’m sure that you’ll be extremely surprised.”

With that, he crossed his hands behind his back and left happily.

I’ve heard about how shrewish Malorie was. When Maureen was still alive, she had treated her very harshly. I’m sure that she bullied Chief frequently back in the Southall residence. Now that she’s dead, it might be a good thing for Chief!

Bewildered, Henrick stared at Carter's back.

What does the donor have to do with me?

Since Malorie is already dead, it doesn't matter whether I know the donor or not. After all, I still have to pay for it! I don't want to waste my money on nothing.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Arielle read Larissa's message the moment she woke up.

Mrs. Southall is about to die.

Her eyes lit up and her drowsiness disappeared in an instant.

So, she's dead!

The reason why the old Southall estate project was progressing so slowly was that everyone was afraid of Malorie. Now that she was dead, the progress would be much faster.

However, she was curious about how Malorie suddenly died.

Was the fall really that severe?

Arielle shook her head, dispelling that thought from her mind. Now in a good mood, she got up and made breakfast

Her breakfast was very simple—a scrambled egg sandwich. She made a serving each for herself, Vinson and Trisha.

However, after Vinson found out, he quickly devoured his own sandwich before reaching out for Trisha's.

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Before Arielle could react, Vinson finished the sandwich in a few gulps.

“That is Trisha’s!”

“I know,” blurted Vinson before rephrasing his sentence. “I’m not full. Anyway, she might have already eaten breakfast, so it’ll be a waste. It’s better that I eat it.”

He did not want to share what his wife made with anyone else, even if the sandwich was huge and his stomach was stuffed.

Arielle did not think much about it and merely assumed that Vinson had a huge appetite.

After taking a sip of milk, she told him about Malorie.

“Malorie’s dead.”

Surprised, Vinson asked, “What happened?”

“She had a fall, which was probably quite serious.”

Moments after Arielle spoke, Carter called her.

When she listened to him, a mocking smirk played on her lips. “Got it. Thanks!”

Arielle ended the call and burst out laughing. “Malorie didn’t have to die. However, Henrick refused to pay for the equipment I donated to the Rocher Private Hospital, so her operation failed. She died around midnight.”

There was an incredulous look on Vinson’s face.

“I’ve always known that Henrick is a selfish man, but I’ve never expected him to be so immoral.”

Arielle raised her eyebrow. “I’m not surprised. If he’s willing to pay for Malorie’s operation, I’d have to admit that I’m wrong about him.”

“Oh, right.” Remembering Cindy, he said, “Blake and Sasha went to Manchernius today. We’ll get updates regarding Cindy’s medicine soon.”

Arielle nodded and glanced at her watch. “It’s time for me to go to school.”

“I’ll send you there.”

When they went downstairs together, they bumped into the woman who had given fruits to them yesterday.

With an ambiguous smile, she greeted them, “Are you lovebirds leaving for work?”

Arielle was stunned. Before she could react, Vinson already replied, “Yes. Thank you for your fruits yesterday. I’ll ask my wife to invite you to our place for a meal.”

“Sure!” Smiling, the lady went upstairs.

Arielle blushed and glared at Vinson. “Who are you calling your wife?”

“You, of course.” Vinson glanced at her. “Aren’t you?”

Biting her lips, Arielle decided to avoid Vinson’s gaze. The moment she looked into his eyes, her heart would start pounding frantically.

I must visit a psychiatrist soon!

When Arielle arrived at the entrance of Jadeborough University, she spotted Wendy and a group of teachers.

At that moment, she also saw Trisha, who was going out to buy breakfast. Trisha mumbled softly, “They’re waiting for that professor from Maxwell University. Look at how Wendy keeps staring at us!”

Arielle glanced over and noticed the envious look blazing in Wendy’s eyes when she saw Arielle getting out of Vinson’s car.

Not bothered by her, Arielle said to Trisha, “I’m busy, so I can’t accompany you to buy breakfast.”

“It’s fine. Go back to class first and I’ll buy some milk for you.”

“Okay.” Arielle nodded. After watching Trisha leave, she walked into the school briskly.

She did not want to meet the professor from Maxwell University just in case she got recognized.

The moment Arielle entered the school, a car stopped by the road.

The teachers immediately rushed forward to welcome the guest.

“Welcome, Prof. Harlem!”

An elderly man got out of the car and replied with a thundering voice, “Hello everyone!”

Although he was speaking in clumsy Chanaean, Wendy praised him with a feigned Lightspring accent, “Your Chanaean is really fluent!”

Thomas glanced at Wendy and shook his head. Reverting back to Ustranasion, he said, “I just learned Chanaean, so I know that I’m bad at it. I can’t possibly accept

your compliment. However, your grasp of Ustranasion is quite similar to my Chanaean.”

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As a top professor, Thomas had seen all sorts of people. Amongst them, he detested those who liked to flatter others the most.

Blushing, Wendy bit her lips.

She did not expect Thomas to speak in such a direct and blunt manner. Despite feeling utterly humiliated, she had no choice but to remain silent and endure the embarrassment.

Arthur shot Wendy a displeased glance and tried to salvage the situation. “Prof. Harlem, I apologize on her behalf. Let’s take a look at the school museum first before going on a campus tour.”

Nodding, Thomas followed Arthur in.

As the top university in Chanaea, Jadeborough University had breathtakingly beautiful scenery. Thomas soon forgot about the unpleasant incident earlier and started admiring the campus.

Meanwhile, Wendy was squeezed to the back of the group by the teachers. She could not even join the conversation, let alone make amends for her mistake.

A long time passed before they finished touring the campus.

Initially, Wendy wanted to use this opportunity to socialize with a professor from Maxwell University. She wanted to pave her way to entering the university. However, because of her earlier compliment, the task

had become much harder.

Wendy felt extremely troubled and frustrated. Her initial good mood turned into one of gloominess.

After the campus tour, Thomas said that he would like to settle the official matters first.

Nodding, Arthur finally brought up Wendy. “The teachers have lessons in the afternoon, so Wendy will help to translate your lesson plan.”

Thomas was not one to hold grudges. Smiling, he said, “Go ahead with your work. I’m already apologetic that I’m holding all of you up. You’re Wendy, right? Let’s meet your Mathematics professors.”

Wendy was overjoyed, thinking that her chance had come.

She nodded enthusiastically and brought Thomas to the lecturers’ block.

Some of the professors, who did not have classes for the afternoon, were already waiting in the meeting room. However, before reaching there, they needed to pass by the field.

Afraid that she would say something wrong, Wendy decided to lead the way silently.

At that moment, Thomas suddenly halted in his tracks.

“That student...”

Puzzled, Wendy glanced toward the direction in which he was pointing. The students from the preparatory class were jogging on the track, while Thomas was pointing at a girl excitedly.

Wendy immediately recognized her as Arielle.

Why is it Arielle again? Why did she catch Professor Harlem's attention? Is it because she's pretty?

Wendy clenched her fists enviously.

This mustn't happen! I've spent so much effort stealing this opportunity from Arielle's grasp. No matter what, I mustn't let her snatch it back again!

"Prof. Harlem!"

Wendy rushed forward and blocked Thomas' vision.

"What are you doing? We need to go now." Wendy smiled, trying her best to appear likeable.

"Wait a moment. I think I saw someone familiar."

Thomas nudged Wendy, who was blocking his way, aside and glanced in front.

However, all he could see was a group of giggling girls.

The person he was looking for was nowhere to be found.

"Someone familiar?" Wendy said, "Isn't it your first time visiting Jadeborough University, Prof. Harlem? Why would you see someone familiar? Are you

mistaken?"

"No way..." Thomas rubbed his eyes. "I actually saw

her."

"You must be mistaken! Mr. Baxter isn't around, so you probably don't have any acquaintances here."

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Professor Harlem continued scanning the field persistently. He sighed when he could not find the person he was looking for. “I must have been mistaken. How could she ever appear here, let alone wearing a uniform?”

Based on her capability, she could have been a lecturer at Jadeborough University or more. Previously, she had even rejected the opportunity to stay at Maxwell University when a group of professors offered her a position.

I think I’m getting old. My eyes are starting to deceive me.

“I saw wrongly. Let’s go.” Professor Harlem waved his hands, gesturing Wendy to continue leading the way.

Heaving a long sigh in her heart, Wendy ushered him away.

At the field, Trisha ran behind a basketball stand, looking completely baffled.

“Arielle, why did you come here all of a sudden? The PE teacher wants us to go and learn yoga now.”

Arielle put a finger to her lips and shushed Trisha. Then, she pulled the latter backward while sticking her head out of the stand to take a peek at the fence.

When she saw that Wendy and Professor Harlem had gone far ahead, she was relieved, “Phew, that was close. Thank God I wasn’t found.”

“By whom?” Trisha was confused.

Arielle shrugged her shoulders as she walked away from the basketball stand. “By an annoying old man. Anyway, I’m good to go now. Let’s go do some yoga. I haven’t tried it in real life although I’ve seen people practicing it on TV shows.”

Trisha tilted her head. “Are you serious? Plenty of people do that at the gym or in the park!”

Upon noticing that she nearly gave herself away through the slip of tongue, Arielle straightened her back and hurriedly explained, “I grew up in the countryside. You know, the seniors there are mostly farmers. So, yoga is too fancy for them.”

Nodding, Trisha dropped the topic. She held Arielle’s arm, and the both of them darted toward the PE teacher.

Meanwhile, at the Southall residence, sympathy banners could be seen hanging all over the manor. A traditional coffin was placed in the middle of the backyard.

Cindy pretended to bawl her eyes out while her scheming mind was planning how to take over Southall

Group.

Henrick, who was lighting a candle nearby, muttered, “Please don’t be mad at me, Mom. A dead person gets to go to heaven whereas the living continue to toil for their daily lives. I did it in order to survive. Please don’t blame me. I’ll burn you a truckload of paper money, and I pray that you have an abundant afterlife.”

Cindy could not hear him clearly. She rubbed her eyes and asked, “It’s been half a day now. Why isn’t anyone here to pay their last respect?”

“I didn’t inform them.”

Cindy was shocked at his words. “Why? This is a golden chance to get to know some of the elites in Jadeborough. Remember Shandie’s funeral? You took advantage of it and scored a big project.”

Henrick finished lighting the rest of the candles. Standing up, he said, “Come over here, Cindy. I’ve got something to tell you.”

She nodded and followed him into the study.

Seeing his downcast face, she thought that he was saddened by the passing of Malorie.

Yet, she was puzzled by Henrick’s decision to pass up such a good opportunity to mingle with the rich and famous. Why? Is it because he’s feeling overly dejected?

Cindy suppressed her urge to inquire further. She trailed behind Henrick quietly.

When they got to the study, he took out a document from the drawer and handed it to Cindy. “Take a look.”

She accepted the document and read its contents carefully. Her eyes widened and her pupils dilated in shock!

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Instantly, Cindy doubted her eyesight. She stared at Henrick. “This... This is...?”

“Just as what’s written on it,” he said placidly. “I’m going to sell off Southall Group.”

As soon as he said that, Cindy fell into another gulf of self-doubt. Not only my vision has turned bad, my hearing has deteriorated too.

After what felt like an eternity, she snapped back into her senses. Immediately, she reviewed the documents once more for confirmation. Two minutes later, she found herself asking in a quavering voice, “Why? I can understand that you’re sad about Mrs. Southall’s passing, but you don’t need to do this. If she were to see you giving up on yourself like this, I’m certain she’d be displeased.”

“I didn’t do that for Mom.” Henrick shook his head. “The company has been in the red. The only profit comes from the branch office which manufactures high tech robots. However, the investment needed for product research before each launch is extremely costly. It’s not worth it.”

He added, “I plan to bring you back to our hometown and start anew there. We will sell off all of our properties here, keeping only the manor. So that we still have a place to stay when we return to Jadeborough.”

Upon hearing his words, Cindy found it hard to breathe as though her heart was being wrenched repeatedly by an invisible large hand.

The main purpose of her marrying Henrick was to take over Southall Group. Never in a million years would she had thought of him wanting to sell it off!

I've wasted my youth for nothing? Oh Lord, what have I

“You... You...” stammering, she pointed a finger at Henrick.

He passed her a glass of water. “I know that you're very used to Jadeborough, and you probably can't accept this within a short span of time. But please know that I did this for you as well as our kid. The environment back home is so much better for you to spend your pregnancy there. Moreover, we don't need to put up with anyone there. If you're worried about the chores, we can relocate the housekeeper there too. Let's build a mansion bigger than this one. You can continue living comfortably as Mrs. Henrick Southall.”

“No, I don't want any of it!” Cindy broke down completely. She grabbed his collar while staring daggers at him with a pair of bloodshot eyes. “Henrick, you can't do this to me! Absolutely not!”

Seeing her unexpected big reaction, Henrick was shocked to the core. He quickly consoled her, “Don't be so upset. Otherwise, it might affect the baby. Listen, I was thinking for our child...”

“I don't want to listen to you. I disagree, and I'll never say yes to this!”

Like a mad woman, Cindy struggled to break free from Henrick's arms. She yelled at the top of her lungs, “I'll divorce you if you sell the company!”

Henrick froze. After hesitating for two seconds, he called for his butler.

“Mrs. Southall's emotions are unstable right now. Please bring her back to her room.”

The new butler acknowledged the command and promptly dragged Cindy away with the help from two bodyguards.

Feeling frustrated and crossed, Cindy was crying and screaming in her room. She really wanted a divorce. Left without an option, Henrick kicked the door open and bellowed, “Fine, I’ll give you what you wish for, a divorce! Deliver the baby and then we’ll go on separate ways.”

After leaving her with a harsh sentence, the enraged Henrick stormed off. On his way out, he instructed the bodyguards, “Keep an eye on her. If anything untoward happens, I’ll make all of you pay for it!”

“Noted!” the bodyguards replied in unison and shut the door.

Cindy collapsed on the floor, wailing uncontrollably.

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Cindy knew Henrick very well. Since he had made up his mind and ordered his men to detain her, the chance for him to change his decision was very slim.

Her lifetime dream was to take over Southall Group from Maureen. She had the confidence that she could develop it better than her sister.

Money was not her priority. Rather, her ultimate goal was to surpass Maureen's achievements. She was determined to do so.

If Henrick sells off the company, those oldies would definitely gang up. When that happens, it will be extremely challenging for me to kick them out one by one.

She laughed and cried at that thought, mocking herself for choosing the wrong person and ending up in a mess.

After a long while, Matthias came to her mind.

She whipped her phone out and immediately gave him a call.

“Hello, Matthias. Please check how much cash we have in total that I can withdraw from our foreign company.”

Matthias was taken aback. “Why do you want to find out about this all of a sudden?”

“Don't ask so much. Just do it.”

“Sure,” Matthias obliged. Within seconds, he texted her

a series of numbers.

Cindy calmed down after seeing the figures.

If nobody offers a higher price than this, I'll be able to obtain Southall Group. I must first get a divorce, or else we're back to square one with him sharing half of all our properties. I can't make a loss.

At that moment, Cindy regretted her decision to fake her pregnancy.

I can't come clean to him at this critical moment. He'd definitely kill me. No, I can't reveal this to him. Neither can I get a child on my own at this age!

An idea suddenly dawned on her and made her eyes sparkle.

Right, there's Arielle! I can use her to fake a miscarriage.

Meanwhile at Jadeborough University, Arielle sneezed.

She rubbed her nose and continued typing a letter to her subordinate.

Mrs. Malorie Southall has passed away. Spread the news. Also, think of a way to let the people know how lavish Henrick's lifestyle in Jadeborough is. Let them know that the Southalls do have money to pay them salaries. However, they are reluctant to do so. They want to deny their responsibility.

As soon as she sent the text message, a glass of water appeared in front of her.

"Hi, care for a drink?"

Arielle lifted her eyes, and was met by a stranger. There were a few other guys standing nearby, whistling.

She shook her head. "No, thanks."

The guy scratched the back of his head awkwardly and left.

Giggling, Trisha teased her, “Wow, how many bottles of water have you received within one PE lesson?”

Arielle shrugged. “That’s why I don’t like PE lessons.”

Trisha narrowed her eyes at her. “Out of the few guys who came to offer you a drink, two of them were actually quite cute. I heard that they are the heartthrobs of their respective faculties. You didn’t like any of them?”

Arielle shook her head again. “I’m not interested.”

“Fine.” Trisha sat next to her and asked, “When we were messaging each other last night, I asked you a

question, and you haven’t answered me. Have you seen a psychologist? Do you think it will be like my case? Is there something wrong?”

“Not yet. Do you know anyone?”

“*Of course* I do as I’ve been consulting one all these while. *I’m* much better now. It’s dismissal *after* PE lesson. Shall I bring you there?”

“Sure!” Arielle nodded. She was keen for a consultation

Whenever she saw Vinson, her heartbeat would race rapidly. If the symptom continued, she was afraid that she would die of heart attack after staying under the same roof for several days with him.

I haven’t avenged for Mom, so I can’t die so soon.

Chapter 680

Soon, the PE lesson was over.

The two girls bought some bread as their quick and simple lunch before taking a cab to the clinic which Trisha had recommended.

During the journey, Vinson called. "Let's have lunch together. I'm on an inspection near your campus."

Stunned, Arielle realized that her heart skipped a beat just by listening to his voice. The whole experience was like riding a roller coaster.

She gulped while glancing at Trisha who had dozed off next to her. "I guess not. I'll eat with my classmate."

"Which one? The one you brought breakfast for?"

Arielle was almost at a loss for words. "What breakfast? You chomped it all down. Have you forgotten?"

"It's her then." Vinson continued indifferently, "When she's free, I'll treat her to a hearty meal as a token of appreciation for taking care of you in school."

Somehow, Arielle had a feeling that his words sounded like a threat.

Was I mistaken?

She coughed lightly and said, "If there's a chance, I'll invite her and my two other friends home for dinner. I'll let you know in advance, so that you can tidy up your things. It's not nice if they discover we live under the

same roof.”

On the other end, Vinson exuded a hostile aura, causing the manager of the shopping mall to tremble in trepidation

Everything was fine just now. Why did he turn sullen all of a sudden?

Arielle heard him acknowledge briefly over the phone, to which she replied with a goodbye message before hanging up.

She was puzzled. Why is he angry?

Right then, the driver turned to give them a friendly reminder. “Ladies, you will reach your destination soon. Do remember to take all of your personal belongings with you.”

“Sure.” Arielle nudged Trisha. “Trish, we’re almost there.”

As soon as she said that, the cab pulled over.

“Sorry, I took a catnap. Oh, let’s get off, Sannie.”

The friendship between the girls developed super fast. Within one PE period, Trisha had already started addressing Arielle by her nickname.

“Okay.” Arielle got off the cab first. When she raised her head, she saw a big signboard which wrote “Meio Mental Health Clinic”.

“It’s here. Let’s get in. Dr. Meio is a wonderful person.”

Arielle nodded and walked behind Trisha.

A nurse welcomed them with a big, bright smile when she saw Trisha.

“Trish, you’re here to see Dr. Meio?”

Trisha shook her head. “Not me, but my friend is consulting today.” She pointed at Arielle.

The nurse froze for two seconds before asking, “You’re Arielle Moore, aren’t you?”

Arielle exclaimed, “You know me?”

“Who doesn’t know the gorgeous ambassador for Soir Coffee? I’m your die-hard fan. Oh my, I can’t believe that I get to meet you here. Can I get your autograph later?”

Arielle felt rather uneasy. She never knew she had a fan. “Um... Sure...”

Three of them chatted for a bit while walking toward Dr. Meio’s office.

The nurse entered the office to briefly report on the case. Moments later, she returned to call upon Arielle, “Ms. Moore, Dr. Meio is ready to see you. Trish, let me usher you to the waiting room for a cup of tea. I brought some tea leaves today. You should try some.”

Trisha nodded. She gestured Arielle to relax before leaving with the nurse.

Arielle was not nervous at all. In fact, she could not wait to find out what was wrong with her.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Arielle knocked on the door politely. A friendly voice replied, “Please come in.”

She pushed the door open, only to see a foreign doctor sitting in the room!