

## Chapter 681

Although he was a foreigner, Dr. Meio spoke Chanaean fluently. One could not have guessed his nationality right just by listening to his impeccable accent.

Dr. Meio seemed to be able to read her mind like a book. He explained, “I came to Chanaea with my parents when I was ten, so I can speak good Chanaean. Please take a seat, Ms. Moore.”

Just like that, Arielle felt that he was quite clever.

As she sat opposite the doctor, he passed her a few sheets of paper. “This is a psychology questionnaire that I’ve created. I do think that it’s better than the generic survey used internationally. Go ahead and fill it out as we have a little chit-chat.”

“Okay.” Arielle nodded.

She took approximately an hour to complete the detailed survey.

“Please wait a moment,” uttered Dr. Meio. Few minutes later, he returned with an analysis in his hands and a confused look on his face. “Ms. Moore, from our conversations as well as the questionnaire report, there’s no issue with your mental health. In fact, you’re doing very well psychologically. The results show that you’re comparatively more assured, strong, and resolute than the majority. May I know why you are seeking consultation?”

Arielle hesitated, but decided to share all of the weird encounters she had experienced recently with the

doctor.

The more she described, the more peculiar he looked at her.

Frowning, she stopped and asked anxiously, “What’s wrong, Dr. Meio? Is my condition extremely serious?”

Dr. Meio rubbed his nose, unsure how to respond to her.

He thought for a while. “Ms. Moore, have you ever been in a relationship?”

Arielle denied, “No.”

Dr. Meio fell silent again. Subsequently, he pursued further, “Ms. Moore, do you watch any soap operas, romantic movies or read any romance novels?”

“No, I don’t,” she replied. “Those are for people to kill time. Free time is so sacred, I’d treasure it by watching financial news.”

Perplexed, Dr. Meio found her response simply unbelievable. “A girl at your age enjoys watching financial news... Wow, Ms. Moore, I can’t wrap my head around this. There’s no wonder your first reaction was to consult a psychologist upon feeling what you felt.”

“What do you mean by that?” Arielle was dumbfounded.

Grinning from ear to ear, Dr. Meio stood up and shook her hand.

“Congratulations, Ms. Moore, you’re in love!” he declared.

Meanwhile, Trisha was sipping tea at the waiting room.

Just when she was about to make the fourth run to the bathroom, Arielle finally appeared.

“Sannie!” Trisha dashed to her and queried, “What did Dr. Meio say?”

With a complicated expression hanging on her face, Arielle shook her head as though her soul had left her. Then, she said with a hoarse voice, “Let’s head back to campus first. It’s almost time for lecture.”

“What’s going on?” Seeing how downcast Arielle was, Trisha was worried sick.

Coincidentally, Dr. Meio approached them and overheard Trisha’s questions. He chuckled. “Don’t you worry, Trish. Your friend is absolutely fine.”

“But…”

Arielle’s despondent look says otherwise. How is this considered all is well?

During the journey back, Arielle was exceptionally quiet. She stared blankly out of the window and at the landscape in reverse motion.

Trisha developed an uncanny feeling toward Arielle’s unusual behavior, and it bugged her a lot.

She faltered several times, holding back the urge to find out exactly what happened. She was scared that her questions might trigger something unhappy. In the end, Trisha chose not to say a word.

## Chapter 682

In Chanaea, people did not know much about mental health, and often had a misconception that those who consulted a psychologist must be crazy.

When Trisha was brought by her parents to see one, she dared not tell anyone about it, fearing that people would view her differently.

Perhaps, that's what Arielle feels like right now.

At that thought, Trisha decided not to pursue the matter further. When they got off the cab, she pretended like nothing had happened, and she continued discussing academics with Arielle.

The latter was not paying much attention to her. Trisha acted casually, and they strode toward the lecture hall.

At the lecturers' block, Wendy was sweating profusely as she stared at the pile of lesson plans before her.

Initially, she thought that it was a piece of cake to translate the lesson plans. Therefore, she volunteered to do it on behalf of the advanced mathematics lecturers.

Who would have known that it took her more than an hour just to complete translating one lesson. She could barely do it, and the translation was amateurish.

While Professor Harlem was engaged in heated discussions with the advanced mathematics lecturers, Wendy's body became stiff, as if she had fallen into an icy abyss.

This was because she realized that she could not translate the second lecture.

If only there are internationally used punctuations on the pages to act as guidelines while translating the contents... There's none on this one! It's filled with broken Chanaean. How am I going to even translate them all?

Sweat rolled down her cheekbone and onto the keyboard.

For a moment, she was unsure if it was her lack of ability in doing this or the lesson plan was too challenging for her.

It was undoubtedly a mission impossible for her to doubt herself. Hence, the lesson plan was the main problem.

Between Arielle and I, neither of us could perfectly translate the documents. After all, it's not a translation for casual daily conversations. It's advanced mathematics lesson plans we're talking about! Professor Sleight and Mr. Baxter have overestimated us.

Suddenly, a lecturer with a cup in her hand came over to check on Wendy's progress. "How's the translation work coming along?"

Subconsciously, Wendy turned while blocking her laptop screen with her body. She plastered a smile on her face and replied, "I'm still doing it albeit a bit slow."

"That's fine." The lecturer added, "Accuracy is more important than speed. Prof. Harlem is going to be here for two days. So, you have two days to finish the task. You can make an appointment with the respective lecturers to revisit the lessons missed over the weekend. No worries, I've informed Mr. Baxter and the rest of them."

Upon hearing that, an idea dawned on Wendy. She stood up instantly. "May I continue my work at the library? I can concentrate more over there."

“Of course. It’s not a classified one, anyway. Come with me and let Prof. Harlem know.”

“All right, thank you so much.” Wendy followed the lecturer obediently.

Professor Harlem did not have an opinion about Wendy’s request. “Just do your best. If you’re stuck, do consult the Ustranasion lecturers on campus. Their language skills are above average.”

Wendy shook her head. “I can do it, Professor Harlem. This is a great opportunity for upskilling. I want to accomplish it on my own. When I’m done, I’ll let the lecturers proofread my work.”

Professor Harlem was impressed by Wendy’s learning attitude. “Go ahead then. I plan to do some sightseeing. I heard that there are countless of delicious delicacies in Chanaea. I wish to try them all.”

“Oh, I know all the good places for food. Once I’m done translating, I can be your tour guide,” Wendy offered.

## Chapter 683

Thomas waved his hand. “You don’t have to. I’m used to doing everything alone. If you all stick to my side, I might even feel restrained.”

Upon hearing that, Wendy could only relent. She didn’t want to cause his dissatisfaction now that her remarks had left a better impression on him. Moreover, she hadn’t known him well yet, so it could be better for her not to accompany him for now.

“In that case, I’ll take my leave to the library first.”

“All right. Go on then.”

With that, Wendy left with a stack of lesson plans in her hands.

Her workload at the moment was heavy. After all, she had to summarize all the lesson plans into one chapter.

Initially, these had to be done by the Ustranasion professors at Jadeborough University. However, since Marcus hoped to send more students to Maxwell University, he asked the professors to give the chances to the students.

After she left, all the professors turned toward Thomas and said, “Prof. Harlem, we have so many excellent students in our university. Maxwell University has always been recruiting international students, yet you only have a few spots for Jadeborough University. Thus, we hope that you can communicate with the principal once you’re back to increase the number of spots offered to us.”

Thomas let out a laugh. “We would never reject an excellent student. As long as your students are good enough, the number of spots would never be a

hindrance.”

All the professors also chuckled upon hearing his blunt words.

“Yes. We agree. All the rules are bullsh\*t! As professors, everything we do is for the students.”

Thomas nodded in agreement. “Yes. It’s a chance for Jadeborough University as well. As long as the translation of the lesson plans goes well, you’ll get our attention for sure.”

“You can rest assured then. Wendy is from the preparatory class. The students in that class are all outstanding.”

“Is it? Then, I’ll have to get to know them if I have the chance.”

“You should. Anyway, you’ll meet them in the lecture tomorrow.”

Meanwhile, only a few students were lingering in the library since most of them were having classes at the moment.

After finding an empty floor, Wendy took a seat, took out her phone, and called Cecilia,

“Mom, I want you to find me a high-standard

Ustranasion translator to help me to translate some documents immediately.”

Cecilia asked out of curiosity, “What are the documents?”

“I can’t tell you now. Just keep in mind that it can secure my spot at Maxwell University. Please, hurry up! The time is running!”

At that, Cecilia quickly replied, “All right. I’ll start finding right away!”

Soon after, her mother managed to get her a translator.

After connecting with the translator online, they started the translation task together.

Gradually, as the minutes passed, it was soon evening.

When Donovan reached downstairs in all black, Alice, Donovan's mother, who was preparing dinner, quickly stopped him.

“You're attending a blind date, not a funeral, so please return to your room and change into clothes of a brighter color. If you keep dressing like an old man, you'll never find a girlfriend.”

Donovan frowned. “But, this is my usual dressing style.”

“I don't care about your dressing style. Quick, go upstairs and change now! They will be here soon. Don't

waste your time anymore!”

Donovan opened his mouth but eventually swallowed

his words.

Well, I should find a girlfriend indeed. I must have been single for far too long that I feel attracted to someone like Arielle.

As he thought of Arielle, he couldn't help but frown

further.

Next, he turned around and went upstairs without a word.

By the time he showed himself again downstairs after changing his attires, his date also arrived just in time.

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 684

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 684

Alice *quickly took off her apron* and went *out* to welcome them in utter *delight*. While *leading* them to the living room with a smile, she said, “Finally, you’re here! I’ve been waiting for you for quite some *time* already. Come, have a seat. *I just finished preparing the*

dinner.”

Then, Ava’s voice sounded. “Why trouble yourself by doing so much? Hell, you even *cook for us*.”

“It’s not troublesome.” Alice quickly *replied* as she wiped her hands dry. When her gaze fell on the woman standing beside Ava, she instantly uttered, “You must be Queenie. Wow, you’re even beautiful in real life than in the photo! I’d even carried you in my arms when you were young before.”

Queenie gave Alice a stiff smile before lowering her gaze and greeting, “Nice to meet you, Mrs. Baxter.”

“Quick, sit down.” Upon seeing Donovan, Alice urged, “Don, come over and pour Ms. Mill a cup of tea.”

Queenie trailed Alice’s gaze to see a handsome man in a white suit. He had an unconcealable aura as his dark eyes shone profoundly.

She held her breath for approximately two seconds, yet she recollected herself soon after.

He’s undoubtedly handsome. However, he isn’t a match for Vinson at all.

Indeed, after meeting someone as excellent as Vinson,

how could an ordinary man pique her interest?

Donovan greeted her first, “Hi, Ms. Mill. What tea would you like to have?”

“I’m fine with anything.” Queenie smiled.

She wasn’t an idiot to reject a suitor straightaway even if she didn’t like him. After all, it was never a bad thing to have another subordinate like Zachary.

Unfortunately, Zachary was too dumb that he got caught by Carter.

Oblivious to her, Donovan had something in his mind as well.

It had been quite some time since he slept with a woman, so he needed some release recently. Moreover, he wasn’t disgusted with the woman in front of him.

Queenie looked beautiful and vibrant. At the same time, her eyes were tranquil and calm, just like Arielle’s.

That similarity managed to cease his resistance toward the blind date.

Despite that, Queenie was only a woman who could ease his urge, as he had no plan to get married any time

**soon,**

Sensing the harmonious atmosphere between the two youngsters, their mothers exchanged glances and smiled heartwarmingly

Ava then said intentionally, “Do you have ketchup? I like it so much that I have to eat whatever dishes with

*it.*”

Alice understood instantly. “Don, you can pour the tea later. Go to the hypermarket to buy branded ketchup for Mrs. Mill first.”

Ava chimed in, “Queenie, go with him and buy some fruits. Mrs. Baxter had prepared us a table of delicious meals, so it’s impolite for us to visit empty-handed.”

Despite realizing their intention to create an opportunity for them to bond with each other, Queenie chose to act dumb as she nodded and said, “We come here by car, so I’ll drive us there.”

“All right.” Donovan nodded and walked in the front, leading the way.

Alice and Ava, on the other hand, sent them away joyfully.

With that, Donovan and Queenie headed to the only hypermarket nearby, the one near Jadeborough University.

In the meantime, Arielle decided to invite Trisha, Jared, and Henry to have a meal together at her house.

After sending a message to Vinson, telling him not to come back first, she went to the hypermarket near the university with the three of them to buy the ingredients.

Once they arrived at the market, Arielle spoke to Trisha. “Trish, you guys can go ahead and choose the fruits and drinks you like. I’ll go to the vegetable section instead.”

## Chapter 685

Henry's weight was enough to prove that he was a big eater. Upon hearing Arielle's words, he instantly cheered and rushed toward the fruits section.

Jared couldn't help but shake his head in utter speechlessness. Next, as a gentleman, he turned toward Trisha and suggested, "Let go over as well."

Trisha was at a loss about what to respond to him. After a while, she nodded with her face flushed and followed

after him.

Arielle, of course, noticed how anxious Trisha was in front of Jared. All of a sudden, she recalled Dr. Meio's words.

"Congratulation, you have fallen in love with him. From feeling nervous and flustered whenever you see him to feeling especially anxious whenever you're alone with him, all these are symptoms that you love him. Falling in love doesn't mean that both parties have to be together. Even if it's one-sided, you're falling in love as well. Ms. Moore, from what I see, you're quite mature and extraordinary, yet never would I expect the pureness from you when it comes to relationships. But then, it's somehow expected as well. After all, you'd never experienced one before, so it's normal if you have no idea of it at all. However, no matter how smart one person is, you would never be complete without involving in a relationship. I assure you that you'll grow regardless of how this relationship ends. Thus, again, congratulations."

Arielle bit her lip before heading to the vegetable

section.

After pondering *for* one afternoon, she *finally* understood that she wasn't sick as she *had thought* before. *In reality*, it was all because she *liked* Vinson.

A few months ago, she couldn't imagine how she would interact further with Vinson. Yet, surprisingly, after a few months, she fell for him.

She hated beating around the bush, so naturally, she would want to tell him her feelings directly.

However, she hesitated, afraid that it would affect their friendship if he didn't reciprocate her feelings.

That was why she asked Trisha and the others to come over to have dinner together and told Vinson to stay at another place, as she wanted to be alone that night to consider whether or not to confess to him.

I'll think of it later tonight. With that, Arielle took in a deep breath and forced herself to focus on choosing the vegetables instead.

At that moment, an unfamiliar voice sounded behind her, greeting, "Ms. Moore?"

Arielle turned around curiously to see a beautiful woman, looking so pure and calm without makeup. To men, she was undoubtedly an ideal wife.

Unfortunately, Arielle had no impression of her at all.

When the woman approached her, Arielle asked cautiously, "Who are you?"

The woman stretched her hand. "Oh! It really is you! Ms. Moore, I'm Queenie Mill, a doctor in Rocher Private Hospital. It's my pleasure to meet you here."

Only then did Arielle remember Zachary mentioning her before.

Her impression of doctors was good since the Wilhelms were both doctors. Thus, she lowered her guard and shook her hand. “Nice to meet you, Dr. Mill. The pleasure is mine.”

A smile crept onto Queenie’s face as she replied, “What a coincidence! Initially, I had planned to ask Dr. Ziegler to introduce us, yet he got himself caught in something and resigned yesterday. I thought I would never get to know you anymore. Who knows? We bumped into each other in the market. Did you come here alone?”

Arielle shook her head. “No. I come here with my friends.”

“Would you mind exchanging contacts?” Queenie fished out her phone as she said.

Arielle couldn’t possibly reject her now that she had handed her phone. Thus, she agreed.

After successfully exchanging their contacts, another familiar man’s voice rang from behind abruptly.

“Arielle?”

Arielle turned around in surprise. *Donovan came into* her sight instantly. With a *bottle of ketchup in his hand*, he walked over in a frown.

## Chapter 686

Arielle was glad that she wouldn't have to see Donovan, as she didn't have his class that day. But apparently, luck decided to joke with her.

So unlucky of me!

Despite feeling disdainful, she had to force a smile. "Good evening, Mr. Baxter."

Donovan felt his heart race uncontrollably upon taking in her smile.

Instantly, a bad feeling settled at the pit of his stomach, causing him to frown deeper.

Meanwhile, Queenie, who heard their conversation, was surprised as well. "Do you know each other?"

Donovan glanced at Queenie in stun before explaining, "She's my student. You know her?"

"Oh, so she's your student." Queenie didn't answer his question. Instead, she said, "Seemingly, we're fated to meet, Ms. Moore."

Arielle smiled. "I didn't know that you come here together. In that case, please excuse me."

Before Queenie could nod, Donovan interrupted in a cold voice, "You live alone, so why did you buy so many vegetables?"

Apparently, the pile of vegetables in Arielle's shopping cart didn't go unnoticed.

Hearing that, Arielle couldn't help but feel hilarious. What the hell! It has nothing to do with you, so why bother?

Yet, she could only let out a small huff. "I've invited my friends to come over to my new house to have a meal together."

Queenie had seen the announcement of Arielle getting chased out by the Southalls when she investigated Arielle. Thus, she said discreetly, "Congratulations for moving into your new house."

"Thank you." Arielle nodded.

Before she could leave, Donovan once again stopped her. "If so, it's merrier to have more people. Since Queenie and I are free now, can we join you guys? I'll treat it as a home visit then."

Arielle couldn't help but widen her eyes in disbelief.

A thought immediately came to her mind. What a shameless man!

Shock painted Queenie's face as well.

He still called me "Ms. Mill" when we were on our way here, so why am I "Queenie" now? Moreover, are we free? Aren't we supposed to bring the ketchup home later?

All of a sudden, Queenie sensed something fishy.

It is undeniable that Arielle's face could attract a man at ease. However, they are teacher and student. Isn't it inappropriate for a teacher to fall for his student? Moreover, he is having a blind date with me now. So, he likes Arielle? Am I overthinking?

Queenie decided to stop pondering and nodded. “Yes, we have nothing to do at the moment. But, are we disturbing you?”

Up until that point, Arielle had no choice but to suppress her discomfort and nod. “Don’t worry. What do you want to eat?”

“I’m fine with anything,” Queenie said in a carefree manner, and Donovan remained silent.

“In that case, I’ll get more ingredients.” With that said, she quickly headed toward the vegetables section, leaving them behind.

Just as she was busy cursing her luck internally, Trisha and the others came over.

Henry instantly uttered, “Boss, we saw Donovan Baxter just now.”

Arielle nodded. “He even invited himself to the dinner. Just bear with him for now.”

“Damn! The hell with the home visit! We’re in university now! I’m pretty sure that he’s targeting you. Oh, wait! It’s all of us who got enrolled with a connection that he targets.” Henry then looked at Trisha

and continued, “Don’t worry about getting targeted by him, Trishee. He would surely fawn over you since you’re a good student.”

Trisha blushed at the nickname and corrected him. “I’m Trisha.”

“Well, it’s only a nickname.”

At that moment, Queenie and Donovan approached them

## Chapter 687

“Ms. Moore, both of us didn’t want to cause you too much trouble. We’ll have a few bites only, so don’t buy too much.”

Upon seeing Queenie’s kind smile, Henry’s eyes lit up instantly.

“This beautiful lady-”

Instantly, Jared let out a cough, snapping Henry out of his trance. Only then did Henry notice Queenie was standing beside Donovan.

Thus, he quickly changed his stance. “Could it be that this beautiful lady here is Mr. Baxter’s wife?”

Queenie just smiled and let Donovan explain it instead. Yet, to her surprise, he brushed it off, saying, “The ingredients are enough already. You don’t have to buy more. Let’s go.”

Arielle didn’t want to trouble herself for Donovan. Thus, she dropped putting on an act and spoke to Jared. “Let’s go then.”

At the checkout, Donovan walked ahead and took out his card. “Since you all are still students, let me pay instead.”

“You don’t have to, Mr. Baxter.” Arielle instantly stopped him

However, Donovan looked at her and said, “Your student loan will only be credited to your account half a

month later. I want to help you pay first. If you insist on paying back, you can do it after you graduate.”

Upon hearing that, Queenie smirked coldly inside.

How hilarious am I to think of a woman who relies on a student loan as a threat? But at second thought, something seems amiss. If she has to pay her fees with a student loan, how can she afford to purchase ten utterly expensive robotic pacemakers at once? Something is off!

However, Queenie couldn't put her finger on what it was currently.

It's too absurd if she's a hidden chief like those shown on the television.

Right then, Jared pulled the card in Donovan's hand back and said, “Mr. Baxter, we really don't need it. This hypermarket belongs to my family, so we can leave without paying.”

Donovan raised his head in shock. As if proving Jared's words, the cashier bowed respectfully and remarked, “Mr. Jupiter, have a good day.”

“Okay.” Jared nodded nonchalantly before turning to Arielle and said, “Let's go.”

Immediately, his face fell as embarrassment flashed across.

Seeing that, Queenie whispered to him intentionally,

“It's surprising that her friend is so wealthy when she has to apply for a student loan herself. Mr. Jupiter? *I* guess he's from the Jupiters, one of the four most prominent families in Jadeborough. Is he pursuing Ms. Moore?”

Hearing that, Donovan's scowl deepened.

In a hoarse voice, he said, “They are classmates, so don’t jump to any conclusion. Moreover, you can stop calling her ‘Ms. Moore’ already. After all, she’s just an ordinary person now.”

His reply answered her doubt instantly. Donovan really does harbor feelings toward Arielle!

As the realization hit her, slight displeasure surged through her. If it’s mine, even if I don’t care a sh\*t about it, I won’t give it up to someone else. Not even Arielle is allowed to snatch it away.

Yet, Queenie changed her mind in the next second. If Arielle ends up with Donovan, she won’t get between Vinson and me anymore regardless of what peculiarity she possessed.

At the thought of that, Queenie’s eyes brightened.

If I can get rid of a threat, why not?

Thus, she raised her brows and provoked purposefully, “That’s right. I shouldn’t call her ‘Ms. Moore’ anymore since it might make her recall her sad memory of getting banished from the Southall residence.

Nevertheless, with the help from Mr. Jupiter, her life won’t be too difficult. Therefore, you don’t have to worry about her.”

As soon as she ended her remarks, as expected, Donovan knitted his brows further.

## Chapter 688

Back at Donovan's house, Alice was a bit worried when both Donovan and Queenie hadn't returned after quite some time.

Finally, she lost her patience. "I hope nothing bad happened. No, I should call them and ask about their whereabouts."

Ava smiled and persuaded, "Hey, don't. Have you forgotten how the youngsters nowadays don't like eating at home? Perhaps they found a restaurant they preferred out there when they wandered around. Thus, stop worrying about them. Let's start eating."

Convinced, Alice quickly put down her phone.

"You're right. How silly of me. I nearly disturbed them."

Soon after that, Arielle and the others arrived at her new house.

Donovan's mood finally elevated at the sight of the shabby furnishing in her house.

"Trish, help me to pour some tea for them. I'll wash the vegetables first."

"All right." Trisha mustered her courage and did as instructed.

After taking a sip of the tea, Queenie stood up. "You're guests as well. So, sit down, please. Since I know how to cook, I'll help Arielle."

With that, she headed toward the kitchen.

When she stepped into the small, open kitchen, she couldn't help but feel suffocated.

While trying hard to hide her discomfort, she approached Arielle. "Let me help to wash the vegetables."

"There's no need for that. You're a guest, so you should stay put."

"Don't worry about it. I work in a hospital, so I'm used to a busy schedule that I can't sit still without doing anything."

Upon hearing her passionate remarks, Arielle had no choice but to accept her offer. "In that case, please help me with the cabbage."

"Okay." Queenie wasted no time and started washing the cabbage.

Halfway through her chores, she cast a glance at Arielle and asked worriedly, "Arielle, you must be living a difficult life after your family chased you out."

Arielle paused as hostility flashed across her eyes.

As quick-witted as her, she instantly sensed that Queenie wasn't as easy to get along with as she looked.

A moment later, she replied calmly, "Not really."

Queenie lowered her gaze and chuckled. "How can it not be? You don't have to act tough. If you face difficulties in the future, you can find Mr. Baxter or me for help."

"Thank you." Arielle's tone was placid at that point.

Yet, Queenie continued, “You all have misunderstood. I’d never met Mr. Baxter before, and today marks our first meeting. Our mothers are close friends, but both of us are only friends. So, I’m not his wife.”

Arielle nodded nonchalantly. After all, she didn’t care about their relationship at all.

Seeing that, Queenie instantly understood that Arielle had no feelings toward Donovan at all.

Seemingly, Donovan is carrying a torch for her. Well, I should help him then.

“Oh, right! I need to thank you for donating ten robotic pacemakers to our hospital. However, they are expensive. Moreover, there seems to be something odd with Sann Group — it’s normally difficult to purchase their products. So, how did you manage to even buy ten of them at one go?”

While mincing the meat, Arielle answered, “I asked my friend, who happened to know the boss of Sann Group to help me with that.”

“Is it?” Queenie then glanced at Jared in the living room and asked, “Was Mr. Jupiter the one who helped you?”

Arielle hesitated for a moment and nodded. “Yes.”

“Oh! No wonder!”

I knew it! She can never afford ten robotic pacemakers by herself.

Initially, she had assumed that Vinson was the one who helped Arielle. Now that she got the answer, relief washed over her.

## Chapter 689

After Queenie got the answer she wanted, she had no more intention of helping out. With that, she found an excuse to go to the washroom and left the kitchen.

She did not realize Arielle was staring at her back figure for a long while.

Arielle finished preparing a table full of dishes in the blink of an eye.

Queenie pretended to be impressed. “Arielle, I didn’t know you’re so good at cooking. Usually, a beauty doesn’t cook this well.”

Arielle let out a faint smile without saying anything.

With Donovan present at the scene, even Henry started behaving cautiously. After taking only a few bites, he stood up and wanted to leave.

Jared too had no intention to stay in the same room with Donovan any further. “We’ll excuse ourselves first.”

With that, Trisha stood up also. “I’m done too.”

Arielle knew they did not want to hang up with Donovan, and she did not stop them either. “Let me escort you guys down then.”

“Okay.”

Just then, Arielle shifted her gaze toward Donovan, waiting for him to say goodbye too.

However, Donovan still sat at his seat, without any intention to leave.

Meanwhile, Queenie lowered her head while eating without eye contact with Arielle.

As such, Arielle had no choice but to send Jared and the rest down first.

After the four of them left the scene, Queenie opened her mouth. “Mr. Baxter, I’m a straightforward person. Let’s cut to the chase.”

Donovan could not wrap his head around it. “I’m sorry, Dr. Mill. I don’t get you.”

Putting down her spoon, Queenie looked right into Donovan’s eyes. “Donovan, you have a thing for your student, don’t you?”

Donovan’s heart skipped a beat as he furrowed his brows slightly

Queenie’s words pierced through his heart like a merciless blade.

Initially, he thought he had feelings for Arielle merely because he had not been with a woman for a long time. That was why he agreed to a blind date with Queenie.

But after he met Arielle in the supermarket, he suddenly found his true feelings for her.

And now, Queenie’s words made him even more sure

about it.

Yes. I’ve fallen for Arielle.

Nonetheless, as most people disapproved of a teacher student relationship; naturally, Donovan would not be honest with Queenie. Plus, he did not know Queenie for

long yet.

Donovan uttered faintly, "I like all my students. That way I could serve them better."

"Haha." Queenie let out a chuckle. "Donovan, there're only two of us here. There's no need to hide from me. You like Arielle, don't you?"

A dark expression loomed over Donovan's face, but he did not refute anymore.

Upon seeing that, Queenie continued to speak, "To be frank. There is someone I like. I went on a blind date with you because my mom kept forcing me. However, since you got someone you like too, let's be friends from now on."

After pondering for a few seconds, Donovan nodded. "Okay."

Queenie's lips curled into a smile.

She took a perfume bottle out from her pocket and handed it to Donovan. "This is my gift for you as a friend."

Donovan rejected right away. "Thanks. But I'm sorry, I don't have a habit of using perfume. I appreciate your gesture, though."

Queenie raised her brows slightly. "This is no ordinary perfume. I made it. I know some ancient Chanaean medicine. Spray a little on the other people, and it will make them hallucinate and fall in love with you."

## Chapter 690

Upon hearing that, Donovan cast a befuddled look toward Queenie.

“Dr. Mill, are you kidding me? How could something like this possibly exist in this world?”

“You do not know medicine, not to mention ancient Chanaean medicine. But you have to believe me. Why would I lie to you? Not only does this perfume consists the effect I mentioned, but I’ve also combined it with a herb from Manchernius. With that, the person who smells it will become strengthless and delirious.”

Queenie handed the bottle over to Donovan as soon as she finished her sentence.

Donovan’s instinct told him that he should throw it away, but a second thought came across his mind.

The next moment, Donovan grabbed the bottle firmly with his hand.

Seeing that Donovan was still hesitating, Queenie continued to encourage him.

“Donovan, do you want to let go of such a golden opportunity? Even I can see that Arielle has no feelings for you. And there are a lot of good men around her. Not to mention, you’re her teacher. Hence, if you don’t make a move now, it will be impossible for you to be together!”

“Shut up!” Donovan’s veins were bulging from his forehead.

However, Queenie did not seem to be intimidated at all.

“Please don’t get mad. I’m merely helping you to analyze the situation. Let me tell you. An ambitious woman like her would never settle for a university professor

like you. But what's done cannot be undone. If you do as I suggest, you would be able to marry her without any challenge. Not to mention, the law allows the university graduate to marry the professor."

Donovan bit his lips tightly in annoyance.

The next moment, he cast a cold glance toward Queenie. "Why would you bring this thing with you? Were you trying to set me up?"

"Haha!" Queenie let out a boisterous laugh. "Why would I do that? Our mothers are friends, so we're friends too. Why would I do such a thing to my friend? There's nothing I can get from you either. I just want to help you!"

"Tell me then why you bring such a thing with you?"

Queenie was instantly taken aback.

She did not want to confess the reason as she still needed to win Donovan's trust.

Biting her lips, she explained, "Because I have someone in my heart that I couldn't possibly get. So I bring this with me all the time, hoping that I might run into him, but it hasn't happened till now. Since you need it now, I figure I'll give it to you first. So, Donovan, have you made up your mind?"

Donovan fell silent as he contemplated the options.

At that moment, he realized he indeed had a great desire to possess Arielle.

He could feel that Arielle did not like him at all, or she might even hate him.

To him, Arielle was like a wild stallion.

I would love to tame a wild stallion.

If only I could make her look at me with admiration and passion... that would be amazing.

Donovan swallowed as he stood up abruptly. "How do I use this thing? Would I get affected?"

"Don't worry, here's the antidote. Eat it now and spray the perfume on yourself."

Donovan followed the instruction without much hesitation.