

Chapter 691

“Yes. That’s right. That’s about the right amount.” Queenie ate an antidote as she saw Donovan spraying himself all over

She reminded him. “No matter how much you spray, the effect will last for only an hour. And the effect will take place within three minutes after the other party smells it. So please be more alert within three minutes. Don’t screw up and I’ll help you out.”

“It’s all right.” Donovan cast a glance at Queenie. “You may leave now.”

“I’ll leave after I’m sure you don’t need my help.”

Indeed, Queenie could leave now, but she wanted to confirm that Arielle belonged to Donovan before leaving

After all, reputation is the most important thing for a woman. After the perfume she invented took effect, she could take intimate photos of Arielle and Donovan.

And after she posted those photos on the internet, Arielle’s fans would see them. Let the fans see how she looks like in bed.

By then, Arielle would be left with no choice but to marry Donovan,

Right at that moment, there was a footstep approaching the door.

“Ahem! Ahem!” Queenie cleared her throat, implying

that someone was coming.

Donovan *nodded slightly* and walked toward *Arielle*.

Arielle had just sent *off Trisha* and the rest, and she wondered how to *send* Donovan away. But as soon as she entered, she saw Donovan walking toward her.

Her eyes lit up right away. “Mr. Baxter, are you leaving?”

Donovan was not dumb as he noticed the delight in Arielle’s eyes.

Is she really so unwilling to see me?

With that, Donovan nodded helplessly. “Yes, I’m about to leave. But before that, I’ve got something to tell you.”

Upon saying that, Donovan took a step forward, leaning closer to Arielle.

Arielle felt strange as she smelled a herb fragrant from Donovan’s body. She could not wrap her head around why Donovan would wear such a rare perfume.

She tried to identify what ingredients were used in the perfume.

She was startled as she discovered the herbs used could cause hallucination and paralyze the central nervous system. She knew that because those were the exact herbs Yvette and Mason used to drug her back then.

What the he*1 is Donovan up to?

Arielle immediately held her breath to prevent herself from inhaling too much perfume from Donovan’s body.

“What’s wrong?” Just then, Donovan sensed an awkward expression on Arielle’s face. He got close to her and pointed at the couch. “Come on. I want to talk to you about Maxwell University.”

Arielle tried to keep calm, pretending to be ignorant.

She almost lost her breath as she uttered, “I almost forgot. Trisha did not return the bedroom key to me. I suppose they’re still downstairs. I’ll be right back.”

Upon saying that, Arielle cast a faint smile at Donovan and Queenie, and she ran out of the door.

As Donovan was about to sit down and wait, Queenie realized something off with Arielle.

Right then, she shouted suddenly, “Get hold of her! She knows!”

Before Donovan could react, Queenie had already charged toward Arielle.

Arielle tried to run out as fast as possible, but she suddenly felt a heavyweight on her back, making her fall onto the floor.

“What are you guys trying to do? Let go of me!” Arielle struggled desperately, trying to get free from Queenie.

Chapter 692

Queenie sat right on Arielle's waist, making the latter unable to stand up.

The next moment, Queenie cast a glare at Donovan. "What're you staring at? Close the door now!".

Donovan widened his eyes in bewilderment. "What you're doing is illegal..."

"Illegal? Hahaha!" Queenie could not believe her ears. "So if she didn't find out, it wouldn't be illegal then?"

I'm doing him a great favor. But even at this moment, he's still trying to act nobly. What a hypocrite!

"Donovan, there's no turning back for us now! Tie her up! If she escapes, both of us will be doomed!" Queenie started threatening Donovan.

Donovan paled in fright upon hearing that. Under Queenie's continuous urging, he bit his lips and immediately found a rope.

Queenie's right. There's no turning back for me the moment I put on that perfume. Since I've got nothing to lose, I might as well put it all in and try to have Arielle! After I managed to sleep with her, she could only listen to me. After all, who would have thought that I would rape my student? They would even though she was the one seducing me. After all, we're in her house. They would think she is the one who let me in.

Arielle tried to flee, but as a doctor, Queenie knows well about the human body. Even though Arielle was

strong, she could not exert any strength as Queenie had gotten hold of the power points on her body.

“Please stop struggling. A good woman shouldn’t be so violent.” Queenie stretched out her hand and gently stroked the scattered hair on Arielle’s forehead, observing her face closely.

A natural beauty could wear a potato sack, and they would still be beautiful. Arielle was indeed one of the true beauties

Her face was only as big as a palm, with less flesh on it. It meant that her face would not become saggy quickly even as she aged.

Not only that, her facial features were with a golden ratio. Everyone who had this golden ratio on their face shape was always good-looking regardless of their sexes.

Queenie sneered with displeasure. “The world is truly unfair.”

Arielle was enraged and puzzled at the same time upon hearing Queenie’s abrupt words.

“Why are you guys doing this? Mr. Baxter, if you don’t want me in your class, just tell me. Please let go of me. I’ll talk to Mr. Brown tomorrow and have him switch me to the other class. Please let’s talk properly.”

Donovan bit his lips and sprayed some more perfume on himself. After that, he approached Arielle again.

Then, he used the rope to tie up Arielle’s hands and legs while he told Queenie, “You can leave now.”

“There’s no need to chase me out so fast. I’ll wait in the sitting room for the perfume to take effect. I’ll leave as soon as the effect kicks in, and I won’t interrupt you at all. How does that sound?”

Donovan glanced at Queenie without any expression. He eventually complied with her, and he carried Arielle into the bedroom.

Arielle was still struggling desperately, trying to escape from Donovan's arms.

Disgusted by Donovan's hug, a surge of fear and irritation rose within her heart.

“Donovan! Let go of me! What on earth do you want?”

Chapter 693

Meanwhile, at Nightshire Entertainment.

“Mr. Nightshire, so are we going to assign the new batch of artists under Ms. Melanie, including Jason?”

“Yes, let her handle them for now. Then we can reassign suitable managers for each of them based on their specialties and characters.”

“Alright, Mr. Nightshire.” The vice president bowed toward Vinson. The next second, a name came across his mind. “Actually, compared to this batch of new artists, there’s someone that I’m more interested in.”

“Who?”

“She is someone under your company-Arielle, the ambassador of Soir Coffee.”

“I see...” Vinson cast a side glance at the person in charge and uttered, “Just give up on this one.”

How could I bear to let my future wife work for me?

The vice president was confused. “Why? Sam has approached me numerous times for now. He’s still looking for a perfect candidate for his movie.”

Vinson had no interest in further discussing the matter. “That’s all for our meeting today. I’m leaving now.”

Seeing Vinson did not want to talk, the vice president ended the conversation and escorted him out.

“Rayson.” The vice president grabbed Rayson’s sleeve and asked in a low voice, “Why did Mr. Nightshire ask me to give up on Arielle? Didn’t the Southalls chase her out? A homeless girl is the easiest target.”

“A homeless girl?” Rayson cast an indifferent look at the vice president. “You don’t need to know more. Just give up on her.”

Upon saying that, Rayson swung the vice president’s hand away and caught up with Vinson’s pace.

After the meeting ended, Vinson switched on his phone and received a text from Arielle.

A friend is coming over for dinner. Please find somewhere else to stay tonight.

A dark expression loomed over Vinson’s face right away. Rayson noticed it and dared not make a sound.

“Drive now!” Vinson commanded coldly.

“Where are we heading?” Rayson asked with a trembling voice.

“Arielle’s house.”

Rayson nodded vigorously. “Okay!”

That’s good. Finally, he’s going to see her. His mood will surely improve after seeing her.

Back in Arielle’s house.

“Donovan! Let go of me! Don’t touch me!”

Arielle struggled forcefully, but soon she noticed her strength began fading.

What feared her more was that her vision was getting blurry.

She instinctively had an ominous feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

That thing I smelled in is taking effect!

But still, she could not comprehend why Donovan was doing this to her.

Does he really hate me so much that he wants to destroy me?

With that in mind, a sudden wave of nausea filled her stomach.

Seeing that she was about to get carried to the bed, Arielle was left with no choice but to go the hard way.

She warned indifferently, “Donovan, if you dare to do anything to me, I swear your career as a teacher will be over! You’ll spend the rest of your life in prison!”

Just after she finished her sentence, she got thrown onto the bed.

She wanted to get up, but her hands and feet were tied by rope, while her whole body was feeling weak.

The next second, Donovan pressed himself on her.

Goosebumps rose all over Arielle’s body instantly.

I can’t accept this! Please don’t do this to me!

Chapter 694

As if he was possessed, Donovan sat on top of Arielle and looked deeply into her eyes.

Then, he trapped her into place before slowly leaning down onto her.

Immediately, Arielle snapped her head to the other side and yelled, “Donovan! Wake up! We don’t need to become enemies forever. I know that you hate me, so can you let go of me if I’ll make sure not to appear in front of you?”

Despite being strong and courageous, she was still a woman and thus could not bear it if something like that happened.

Her heart skipped a beat just by imagining the horrific scene.

Vinson! Suddenly, the man’s face popped into her mind.

I shouldn’t have texted Vinson and told him not to come back. Otherwise, there’s no way Donovan would have a chance to do this to me.

“Look at me!” Donovan grabbed her chin, forcing her to look him in the eye.

Arielle could feel a throbbing pain from how hard he was gripping her chin, and she shot daggers at him. “What are you trying to do? You’re a teacher, so you must be aware of the consequences of your actions.”

“It looks like you still don’t get it.” Donovan shook his

head and gazed at her grimly. “Can’t you tell that I like

you?”

“W-What?” For a moment, she was stunned.

“Well, I’ve only gotten to know about my feelings just recently. Thus, there’s no way you would find out earlier than me.” Donovan started to caress her eyebrows.

Upon hearing that, Arielle widened her eyes in disbelief.

Did I hear him correctly? Did Donovan say he likes me? Is this the reason why his attitude toward me changed drastically?

When she felt his hand gently caressing her face, she found it utterly revolting.

“Don’t touch me!” Arielle screamed. “How can you call yourself a guy when you treat a girl you like this way? The ‘love’ you have is distorted! You’ll pay for doing this.”

“Close your eyes,” ordered him while covering her eyes. “Be quiet. Once you’re mine, I’ll treat you well and do my best to get you inside Maxwell University.” While saying so, he pressed a kiss to her forehead.

When his lips touched her forehead, he could feel himself tensing up.

Every single cell in his body was screaming at him to take her.

“Is this your first time? Don’t be so nervous. I’ll be gentle on you.” At the same time, Arielle could sense Donovan’s scent getting stronger.

Her mind was getting blurrier, and hallucinations would soon be crowding her mind if she did not act fast.

Clenching her fist, she bit hard on her lip.

“Ouch...” Blood immediately started to flow out of her lips, and the pain caused her to regain consciousness.

When Donovan saw that, his expression darkened.

“How long can you withstand it? Or perhaps that our feelings are mutual, and you want to do it with a clear mind?”

Arielle spat a glob of saliva onto his face in reply.

“Dang it!” Donovan wiped the saliva off his face and got closer to her.

As he inched closer to her, he started to take off his clothes.

“No!” she screamed and closed her eyes shut. “Vinson, save me!”

Upon hearing that, a hostile glint flashed in Donovan’s eyes.

Chapter 695

Donovan's face was filled with humiliation and rage, and it was a horrifying expression.

While gripping her face, he retorted coldly, "You're calling for Vinson? How dare you mention his name at the moment! Let me tell you that he doesn't return your feelings."

When Arielle wanted to speak, a piercing loud shriek suddenly sounded. "Ahhh!"

The voice belonged to Queenie.

However, her scream was soon cut short and replaced with a dull thud.

Immediately, Donovan had his guard up and asked, "Queenie, do you want to leave now?"

A loud bang sounded when he finished his sentence, and dust flew up everywhere from the door being kicked down.

Obviously, the person was not Queenie, for she would never do something like that.

Instantly, Donovan turned his head around. However, before he could do so, he was kicked right in the waist.

As the kick was powerful and Donovan was caught off guard, he toppled down from the bed.

The sound of him grunting in pain and a thud sounded at the same time, and his face turned pale.

However, he ignored the pain and turned toward the door.

Who the he*1 is this person and how dare he kick me?

In the next moment, he managed to catch a clear glimpse of the person.

It was a tall and handsome man. He had eyes that could seem to see through someone.

Fu*king he*1! It's Vinson.

Immediately, Donovan bulged his eyes wide open in disbelief.

Although it was not showing on his face, one could sense that Vinson was fuming.

Donovan's surroundings seemed to have grown colder after Vinson walked inside.

“V-Vinson.”

Bang! As a response, Vinson grabbed him by his collar and punched him in the face.

Just like that, Donovan's nose was broken, and blood gushed out from it.

Instinctively, he covered his nose, which was already numb from the pain. Then, he backed away and spoke. “You-“

Before he could say anything else, another punch came swinging his way.

This time, Vinson hit his ribs.

Crack! Donovan's ribs were broken just by a punch.

"Ah!" Donovan felt his vision go black and almost fainted from the pain.

Walking up to him, Vinson gave him a harsh beating.

"Vinson! That's enough!" Arielle stopped him, fearing the significant consequences toward the man if Donovan was killed.

At that, Vinson stopped beating but grabbed Donovan's collar instead. "Who do you think you are? How dare a disgusting cockroach like you touch her!"

Meanwhile, Donovan was practically lifeless as he

gazed at him through his swollen eyes.

I've never seen someone so scary when they're angry. It's like he's a demon and not a human anymore!

"I-" Before Donovan could finish his sentence, he fainted on the spot.

Kicking Donovan away, Vinson ordered his subordinates to take him out before he checked on Arielle,

After making sure there was no visible wound on her

body except for the red marks caused by the ropes, he let out a sigh of relief.

After all, Vinson found it hard to accept even an injury as minor as a red mark.

Lowering his eyes, he muttered guilty, "I'm sorry that I'm late."

Chapter 696

If Vinson knew that something would happen, he would not have proceeded with the meeting.

He would rather Nightshire Entertainment go bankrupt than for him to turn up late to her rescue.

Hostility filled his face. I'm going to make both Donovan and Queenie pay for this!

Although Vinson's expression was scary, the hand that held Arielle's hand was surprisingly gentle.

His thumb was rubbing over her wrist, trying to get rid of the marks on it.

When Rayson saw that, he quickly led the other bodyguards out of the room.

After massaging it for a moment, Vinson looked up and asked, "Where did Donovan touch you?"

Arielle could feel her panic subsiding as she calmed down.

Without answering his question, she said, "I thought you wouldn't come."

After all, it was logical for Vinson not to appear after she sent the message.

Looking deeply into her eyes, he answered, "Do you believe in telepathy?"

She could feel her heart pounding uncontrollably as Dr.

Meio's words rang in her mind.

Congratulations on your new relationship!

Biting her lip, she gazed at him and answered, "I do."

Vinson was stunned for a moment as he did not expect that answer. Then, he noticed that the look in her eyes was somewhat different from the usual coldness.

But what's off with it?

"You-"

Arielle pressed a finger to his lips and shushed him before explaining, "I don't think I can persist any longer, so listen to me. I'm a bit... Lethargic right now as Donovan had some sort of perfume on him. Tell your men to wait for the scent to wear off before..." She mustered up all her energy to go through her plan to Vinson,

After hearing that, Vinson's expression turned colder.

I can't believe he dared to drug his student! A monster like him deserves to die!

He gritted through his teeth and mumbled, "Why do we need such a complicated plan? We should just kill him!"

Arielle could feel the energy slipping out of her body, causing her to hold onto Vinson for support.

"Phew..." After taking a deep breath and calming

herself down, she tried her best to speak. "We're letting him off too easily if we just kill him. Death is a relaxing way to end the life for someone like him, for he

only needed to close his eyes. However, I want him to be in agony! In fact, I want to cause him pain for his entire life to repay my misery!”

Gazing into her eyes, Vinson nodded and answered, “I understand. I’ll follow with your plan.”

“Also, Queenie was the one who gave the perfume to Donovan, so we can’t let her off either. Would you please bring me outside? I need some fresh air.”

“Okay.” He wrapped his arms around her waist and escorted her out of the bedroom carefully.

Inside the living room, Rayson was furious and doused cold water on Donovan as revenge. After that, the former instructed the bodyguards to give him a good beating.

At that moment, Donovan had passed out for the second time and was lying in his pool of blood. One could no longer make out his handsome face, for it was swollen and even bigger than Henry’s face.

On the other hand, Queenie was tied up and a piece of rag was stuffed in her mouth as she sobbed.

After seeing Vinson coming out of the bedroom, she widened her eyes in fear. Then, tears flowed down her face as if she was begging him for mercy.

Rushing over, he kicked her in the stomach and sent her flying some distance away.

Right then, Vinson looked as scary as a demon.

However, Queenie could only feel jealousy eating her whole when she saw Vinson wrapping his arms around Arielle’s waist.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 697

Chapter 697

Queenie was unsure why Vinson would appear there and at the right timing.

Why is he still helping Arielle when she's already kicked out of her house? Our plan would have worked if he were late by half an hour. After all, he would never be together with a woman who is not intact! *It's* such a pity, for the plan was so close to succeeding!

A mixture of different emotions swarmed inside of Queenie.

Ignoring Queenie, Arielle turned to look at Donovan.

As Rayson had poured water on him, the perfume on him was significantly milder than before.

At that, she heaved a sigh of relief, for she no longer needed to worry that the bodyguards would be infected.

Therefore, Arielle instructed Rayson, "Go on and search for his perfume."

"Of course." Rayson immediately walked over and found a perfume bottle in Donovan's pocket.

After taking a sip of cold water, Arielle finally found herself sobering up after feeling pain from the wound inside her mouth.

Upon seeing that, Vinson ordered his bodyguards to open the windows to disperse the remaining scent.

Arielle would have dealt with both Queenie and

Donovan at ease if not for the perfume. Both of them would not even have gotten the chance to even go near her.

She could only blame her carelessness, as she did not expect a teacher to do something like that.

It seems that I need to put my guard up to the people around me.

Arielle rested for a while and double-confirmed that she was no longer under the influence of the perfume. After that, she walked in front of Queenie while holding the perfume.

When Queenie saw what she was holding, her pupils constricted.

Leaning down, Arielle removed the rag from her mouth and asked expressionlessly, “Did you give this to Donovan?”

Immediately, Queenie shook her head and replied, “I It’s not me. I don’t know anything about this. I have nothing to do with this plan either.”

“Is that *so*?” Arielle muttered amusingly. “So it wasn’t you that held me down when I tried to escape?”

Queenie’s face turned pale, and she shivered when feeling the gaze Vinson was sending her way.

I can’t let Donovan drag me down!

Nibbling on her lip, she explained, “Donovan forced me to do this. When you went downstairs to send them off, he threatened to get rid of me if I disagreed. I gave in as I was too scared of him. Arielle, I don’t have any motive to harm you! I’m a victim too, so don’t do this to me.” When she was speaking the final sentence, she gazed at Vinson with teary eyes, trying to invoke pity from him.

Although she knew that she was quite the looker, Vinson would never pay her any heed no matter how hard she tried.

Letting out a snort, Arielle grabbed her hair and said, “The last person that provoked me just had their funeral. It seems you’re not willing to tell the truth even on the verge of death. Am I right?”

However, Queenie overlooked the vicious intent in her eyes and continued denying, “Mr. Nightshire, I’m also an alumnus of Maxwell University. I even helped you out back there at Soir Coffee. You can’t look on as she slanders me!”

Staring at her coldly, Vinson threatened, “So you’re Queenie Mill? If you don’t tell the truth, I’ll get rid of not only you but your entire family. Don’t make her ask for a second time. Hurry up and say it!”

Chapter 698

Queenie's heart immediately shattered into pieces.

It was clear to her that Vinson's trust toward Arielle was unwavering and he intended to protect her no matter what.

Queenie had never reckoned Vinson would allow a girl to occupy such an important place in his heart. He was not a man who easily opened himself up to others, and he rarely trusted anyone.

Besides, his attitude toward girls had always been indifferent as well. That might have explained why he had never been involved in any scandals throughout all those years.

So, what's happening now? Could he really have fallen for Arielle, a girl who's an absolute nobody?

She shut her eyes for a moment and then reopened them to reveal a pair of sorrowful eyes that also held a resolute look at the same time.

"It really wasn't me," she firmly denied it again.

Queenie was not a fool. Being aware of how much Arielle meant to Vinson, she knew she could not possibly admit to the act without invoking Vinson's wrath

Glaring at Queenie with eyes that were cold as ice, Arielle shook her head as she stated, "I'm giving you one last chance. Out with the truth, or I'll slap you for every lie you tell."

“It really wasn’t-”

Slap!

Arielle struck her with a tight slap before she could even finish her sentence.

Queenie’s head swung to the side at once, and her left cheek instantly swelled up before everyone’s eyes.

“Y-You slapped me?” Queenie’s eyes widened with disbelief as she stared at Arielle.

As the only daughter of the Mill family, a revered family of doctors nonetheless, she had been raised like a precious little princess and had never ever been slapped in the face like this before.

“Yes, I did. So what?” Arielle raised her chin at her threateningly. “If you still won’t spit the truth, I will do it again. And I promise the next slap will be harder than the last one.”

The drug’s effect was fading away, and she was beginning to regain her strength.

Thus, the slap she had just given Queenie was nothing.

Gritting her teeth, Queenie shouted, “How dare you? I’m the only daughter of the Mill family! You don’t even belong to the Southall family anymore, and yet you’re threatening to hit me?”

The Mills were among one of the most prominent

families in the field of medicine within Chanaea. Being highly proficient in ancient Chanaean medicine, they were all superb physicians.

To the members of the high society, the only thing more valuable than wealth and power was their lives. Thus, they would never intentionally offend the family with renowned doctors.

“Oh, is that so?” sneered Arielle. With that, she raised her hand again and struck Queenie with another slap across the face.

Immediately, Queenie’s head filled up with a buzz as her head twisted sideways again.

In fact, Arielle was deliberately holding back her strength. She did not want to end up killing that girl.

“Y-You...” Queenie was trembling with anger from head to toe. “How dare you hit me! Don’t expect to be treated by any good doctors if you ever get sick again!”

Taking a step forward, Vinson let out a derisive laugh. “Didn’t you know she’s the miracle doctor herself? What makes you think she needs your treatment?”

Utterly stunned, Queenie stammered as she asked, “M Miracle doctor? W-What do you mean?”

Vinson glanced at Arielle with a proud look on his face. “Arielle was the one who treated and cured the customers who went down with food poisoning at Soir Coffee the other time. She chose not to expose her

identity because she preferred to keep things on the down-low. I am only telling you since you asked. Her medical skills are way superior to yours and anyone in your family.”

“H-How could this be possible? She’s too young to be the miracle doctor!” Queenie practically screamed out those words in disbelief.

It was not that she had never suspected of this before, but after examining the poison and listening to Zachary's explanations, she became certain that the miracle doctor had to be someone else.

"It's up to you what you choose to believe." Vinson's voice was soft, but his tone was brimming with impatience.

Staring at him intently, Queenie realized that he was indeed speaking the truth.

Arielle is the miracle doctor I've been hoping to train under?

There was simply no way she could accept that fact.

Chapter 699

All this time, Queenie had been hoping to take the miracle doctor, who had neutralized the snake venom, as her master. And now, Vinson had just revealed that Arielle was the very person she had been looking for.

She absolutely refused to believe it.

Glancing at her impatiently, Vinson went on snappishly. “That’s it. I’ve talked enough nonsense with you. Getting back to business, explain to me why on Earth did you develop this sort of drug to help Donovan harm Arielle?”

Arielle stepped forward, her mind filled with befuddlement. “As you said yourself, there is no bad blood between us, so why did you do this? It’s obvious that Donovan couldn’t have acquired this drug by himself. It must have been made by you. Now, just drop the act and answer me.”

With one swift motion, Vinson wrapped his fingers around Queenie’s neck brutally and barked, “Tell us!”

Struggling beneath Vinson’s grip, Queenie gazed into his eyes, which were entirely devoid of sympathy.

He obviously held no regard for her at all.

Whatever feelings she thought he had toward her were solely products of her own imagination.

As the pain of suffocation overlapped with the agony in her heart, she was filled with nothing but sheer despair.

At that moment, all the hopes and wishes she had on Vinson instantly collapsed.

“Hahaha...” A burst of maniacal cackle escaped her lips.

Looking at her, Arielle frowned as if she was looking at a madwoman.

In fact, Queenie was a madwoman.

She had completely lost her rationality, laughing ceaselessly until tears poured out of her eyes.

“Why? Why did you have to snatch what’s supposed to be mine from me?” she screamed at Arielle hysterically.

Arielle merely stared at her, completely bewildered.

Turning to Vinson, Queenie went on. “I’ve been in love with you for years, Vinson, but you’ve never cared about me! Because of you, I spent all my years in university drowning in inferiority, feeling as if I would never deserve you. Even after graduation, I’ve never given up any effort to keep improving. Because of you, I gave up the opportunity to study abroad and chose to stay at Morgan Enterprise instead. And you? You chose to be with this girl with no background who is nothing but a pretty face! So, tell me, Vinson, how is any of this

fair to me?”

Suddenly, everything became clear to Arielle.

I see... So, this is all about jealousy. Looks like she’s been ill-intentioned toward me ever since we met at the

supermarket.

Then, she took out her phone and stopped the voice recorder.

The reason they had spent so much time interrogating Queenie was so that she could obtain the recording of her confession.

After saving the file, she glanced sideways at Vinson, only to see that he had not budged an inch and his expression had turned even colder.

His voice was filled with scorn when he spoke. “Do you think I must love you just because you fell in love with me? I feel sick just thinking of that!”

Queenie stared at him, wide-eyed, as the sparkle in her gaze vanished without a trace.

He feels sick by my love toward him?

Hearing Vinson’s words, Arielle felt a slight shudder on her fingertips as well.

If he knows about my feelings toward him, would he feel the same?

With a wave of his hand, Vinson summoned his bodyguard and ordered him, “Send her to Grandview Hotel but don’t use the front entrance. Let her have my private suite.”

Sensing something wrong, Queenie snapped back to her

senses at once and asked in a panic, “What are you trying to do? No, I don’t want to go to that place! Let me go!”

Taking over the “perfume” in Arielle’s hand, Vinson stated coolly, “Weren’t you thinking of using this to sabotage her? It’s about time we return this favor to you!”

Suddenly getting why Vinson ordered for her to be sent to the hotel, Queenie began to struggle vigorously under the bodyguard’s grip.

“No! Let me go! Let me go!”

However, she was hardly the opponent of those tall and strong bodyguards.

With a firm blow to her neck, one of the bodyguards knocked her out instantly.

“Other than that perfume, give her some aphrodisiac as well,” commanded Vinson in a frigid tone.

Chapter 700

Since she resorted to playing such a filthy trick against Arielle, Vinson felt it was only fair to feed her own poison back to her.

Just then, Donovan woke up and caught the word “aphrodisiac.”

He was no fool either. Watching Queenie being dragged out of the room, he instantly understood who the aphrodisiac was supposed to be used on.

“Vinson! You mustn’t do that! That’s against the law!”

Hearing that, Vinson immediately swung a kick toward Donovan’s abdomen.

“Did it ever cross your mind that it’s illegal when you used the drug on Arielle???”

“I...” Donovan opened his mouth to speak but could not find a word to defend himself.

He thought his plan was perfect, but he had not foreseen Vinson’s appearance.

“Take him away as well!” Vinson ordered at the top of his voice and added, “He has a broken rib, which might impact his movements. Find him an orthopedic to stop his pain temporarily and treat his other wounds before giving him the drug.”

“Yes, sir!” The bodyguard then dragged Donovan out of the room, with Rayson following closely behind.

Then, only Arielle and Vinson were left in the room.

Arielle instantly felt her breath quickening as if the air in the room had suddenly grown thin, and her heartbeat began racing as she shot a glance at Vinson.

“Vinson, I...”

“Hmm?” Vinson’s voice was tender as he turned and gazed deeply into her eyes.

Taking in a deep breath, Arielle mustered all the courage she could garner and said, “I met with a psychologist today.”

Vinson froze for a moment, asking uncomprehendingly, “What for?”

Clenching her fists tightly, Arielle gulped before answering, “B-Because I’ve been experiencing some symptoms that I found puzzling.”

“Puzzling? In what way?”

“I-I was puzzled over the strange feelings whenever I saw you, 1-”

Before she could finish her words, however, Vinson’s phone rang

“Sorry, please excuse me for a moment,” he apologized before picking up the call.

A moment later, a deep frown formed on his forehead as

he spoke into the phone, “If he rejects this one, then just assign him someone else. Don’t accept any offers for him within the next month.”

With that, he hung up the phone and turned back to Arielle at once. “Sorry about that. You were saying something puzzling happens to you whenever you see me? What was it?”

Arielle felt like a deflated balloon. The courage she had summoned with great difficulty earlier had disappeared as soon as her speech was interrupted.

“It was nothing. Let’s talk about it another time. By the way, what was that on the phone? Did something go wrong at work?”

Vinson shook his head. “Not really. It’s just that we signed a few new artists lately, and there’s one called Jason Sleight. He rejected the manager assigned to him by the company.”

“Jason Sleight...” Arielle thought the name sounded familiar to her but didn’t give it much thought. “Well, I’m rather tired. I think I’ll take a shower and have a rest.”

Sweeping a quick gaze across her, Vinson nodded and agreed, “Perhaps you should. Don’t worry about that disgusting b*stard just now.”

Arielle nodded before hurrying to the bathroom and shutting the door behind her.

With her back pressed against the door, she took a few deep breaths before her heartbeat slowed down.

I was so close! I almost said it!

She thought she would be brave enough to do it, yet she had swallowed back the words even though they were already hanging by her lips.

She was overwhelmed with fear.

More than anything else, she feared he would feel sick when he heard her confession, the way he just did when he heard Queenie’s.

The friendship between her and Vinson did not build up easily, so she did not want to risk ruining it.

Shaking her head vigorously, she stepped into the shower, feeling incredibly frustrated.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Although Queenie and Donovan had gone missing for the entire night, neither of their families were bothered by it.

In fact, their mothers simply assumed everything had fallen into place between those two and were afraid of disturbing them, so much so that they did not even send them a text.

In the early morning, Arielle was woken up by the sound of Vinson knocking on her door.

“Wake up! It’s showtime!”

Her eyes lighting up, Arielle hastily leapt out of bed.

She had suffered a long and arduous night of bad dreams. Now was the time to make those two pay for

her nightmares.

The previous night, at Grandview Hotel, Donovan’s broken ribs had been tended to by a top-notch physician using ancient Chanaean medicine.

After that, things unfolded naturally for him and Queenie with both of them being drugged at the same

time.

Just as Donovan wished, it was too late to stop it from happening. After an entire night of aggressive “workout,” they fell asleep soundly in the same bed.

Meanwhile... !

