

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 701

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Meanwhile, the students of the Jadeborough University preparatory class were doing their revisions before class started.

The first class they had that day was advanced math taught by Donovan.

However, Donovan, who had never been late to his classes, did not show up.

Grabbing a few articles, Wendy was about to leave for the library when a student called out in shock, “Guys, quick! Look at the school’s forum! Mr. Baxter just...”

His voice trailed off as an awkward expression came across his face.

Puzzled, Wendy opened the forum at once and saw a post made by an anonymous person.

Shocking News! Professor Charming Checked Into A Hotel Room With A Girl!

There was only one person who was nicknamed “Professor Charming” on campus, and that was Donovan.

Wendy quickly tapped into the post. It was attached with a video in which Donovan was holding a tall and slender girl in his arms as they walked into a hotel room together.

The classroom immediately erupted into a frenzy.

Laughing mockingly, Henry said, “And I was just wondering how it’s possible that Mr. Baxter is late today. This video was posted at four in the morning. Looks like he’s had some crazy fun!”

At that, the other guys let out a hoot of laughter while the girls instantly blushed in embarrassment.

Just then, one of the guys called out, “Hey, is it just me, or does this girl look like Arielle...”

Her heart skipped a beat, Wendy whirled around to look at Arielle’s seat.

It was empty, which seemed to confirm the guy’s suspicions.

Suddenly, a swirl of mixed emotions surged in her heart.

On one hand, she was glad because she knew Arielle would be completely defenseless if Vinson confronted her about this incident.

On the other, she hated the fact that Arielle seemed capable of easily seducing all the most outstanding men in existence.

Just then, the bell rang, indicating the end of the class session.

As Wendy was coming out of the restroom, she overheard an exchange between Trisha and Jared.

“What now? I still can’t get through the line.” Trisha sounded frantic. “After we left yesterday, there were only Arielle and Mr. Baxter left. What if it’s really them in that video?”

Jared, on the other hand, could not be bothered. He simply waved his hand dismissively, saying, “What’s there to worry about? Wasn’t there another woman with Donovan yesterday? I bet Boss simply skipped class to deal with some matters. Don’t worry about this anymore, or people would think Boss and Donovan are indeed involved in something indecent together.”

“All right. I’ll stop talking about it.”

A look of disdain washed over Wendy's face as soon as she heard all that.

So it was indeed Arielle! How despicable is that girl, seducing even her teacher? I wonder what her parents would think once they knew about this?

Wendy's eyes brightened suddenly as she was struck with an idea to turn this into a big mess.

She had heard about Henrick's personality before and knew he was a man who valued his pride more than anything else on Earth.

Even though he had already kicked Arielle out of the house, if he knew she hooked up with her teacher, he would inevitably fire up with rage.

Feigning ignorance to what she had just heard, Wendy

walked down the staircase with a neutral expression.

After she returned to the classroom, she turned to the guy sitting next to her, saying, "I'll be spending the rest of the morning translating lesson plans for the teacher from Maxwell University. Could you help me let the teacher of our next class know?"

"Mmm," the student mumbled before continuing to chat with the student behind him about Donovan's scandal.

The post on the forum attracted so much attention that even the principal came to know about it, yet no one managed to contact Donovan.

Delighted with the way things were unfolding, Wendy sent the pictures of the documents to her translator before hailing a cab and heading toward the Southall residence.

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Soon, Wendy arrived at the Southall residence.

Cindy was still locked up in her room, while Malorie's ashes were still in the backyard. Although she was already cremated, the funeral was still three days away.

For the past two days, Henrick had been looking for someone to take over the company and wanted to sell his shares and assets at the best price possible. He did not need to leave the house to do all that, so Wendy found him as soon as she arrived.

"Mr. Southall, my name is Wendy Greene. My family is the founder of Greene Corporation in Horington, of which my father is the chairman."

Once he heard Wendy's self-introduction, a pleasant smile spread across Henrick's face, and he enthusiastically asked the housekeeper to pour her a cup of tea. "Did your father send you because he's interested in buying my shares?"

"Your shares?" Wendy shook her head as she explained, "No, I'm here because of something else. It's Arielle. I'm her classmate, as well as her best friend."

Henrick's face clouded over the moment he heard Arielle's name, and he almost wanted to shoo Wendy out of his house.

However, on second thought, he remembered he had yet to get back the shares he gave Arielle before this. Thus, he could only force suppress his irritation and asked, "What's up with her?"

“It’s this.” Wendy opened up the school forum’s page and showed him the photo. “This girl looks a lot like Arielle, and she didn’t come to school today as well. I was just worried that she might have done something silly and came over the moment I saw this post. As you know, Mr. Southall, my family is largely based in Horington. We don’t have many connections here and definitely, would not dare to simply barge into the hotel...”

Taking over the phone, Henrick saw only the back of the girl who was held in the man’s arms, but he thought she indeed looked eighty percent similar to Arielle.

Added with the fact that Wendy just mentioned that Arielle did not turn up in school on that day, Henrick was one hundred percent certain the person in the photo could be no one else but Arielle.

His face darkened, he immediately roared with fury, “This girl has no sense of shame at all! How dare she do all this shameless stuff and continue to embarrass me! And now, she’s even hooked up with her teacher? What nonsense is this!”

Arielle promptly advised him, “Mr. Southall, now’s not the time to be angry. Arielle isn’t in any way that kind of girl. Maybe Mr. Baxter... Why don’t you go and have a look, Mr. Southall? What if Arielle’s the victim in this

case?”

In fact, Henrick could not care less about whatever disaster struck Arielle. However, he thought about the fact that Arielle was secretly married to Vinson.

If Vinson sees this, then I might get embroiled in this mess as well!

The more he thought about *it*, the more *panicked* he became. Finally, he slammed his hand on the table and asked, “Which hotel is she at? Take me to her at once!”

“Yes, Mr. Southall.” That was precisely what Wendy wanted to hear. Without further ado, she *led* him straight to Grandview Hotel.

On the way there, Henrick pondered deeply about the current situation and figured there was no better moment to snatch back Arielle’s shares than now.

Regardless of whether she had gone to the hotel willingly or not, sleeping with her teacher was a very disgraceful act.

He planned to offer to help her suppress the scandalous news. In exchange, she would have to give up her shares to him.

He figured she would not want Vinson to know about this scandal and would have no option other than to rely on him to cover it. To him, it was a simple feat as he could easily hire someone to do with a small fee.

Hmm, what a great idea indeed!

Henrick felt extremely pleased with himself and urged the driver to speed up.

Meanwhile, Wendy was not idling around either. She

had just sent Susanne a text to inform her about the incident.

About half an hour later, they arrived at the hotel.

To their surprise, there was already a huge crowd of reporters at the entrance, blocked by the hotel’s security from entering

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Gazing upon the mob of reporters gathered in front of the hotel, Wendy *could* not help but *wonder* why they were there.

Mr. Baxter isn't involved in show business, nor is he in any way a famous person on the internet. *How could* he have attracted all these reporters here? *Or* are they here because it's been exposed that the woman in the video is Arielle?

At this thought, Wendy's heart filled up with glee.

Compared to Henrick, the reporters were an even scarier threat.

Once the scandal started to spread, that would surely be the end of Arielle.

The moment Henrick found the hotel manager, he ordered the latter at once, "We need to go upstairs. Give us the elevator card now!"

The elevator of Grandview Hotel could only be accessed with a room key card or an elevator card.

Seeing that neither of them was the hotel's guests, the manager apologized, "I'm sorry, but we keep our guests' information confidential. You are not allowed to go up."

"Why not? My daughter is a guest in your hotel! Why can't I go and look for her?" Henrick retorted in anger.

"Well..." The manager's expression turned awkward.

Just then, a woman's voice rang out, "Let me have the elevator card."

Both Henrick and Wendy turned sideways toward the source in unison. In the next instant, Wendy's eyes lit up as she hurried over to the woman.

"Ms. Stone!"

Susanne responded with a nod before repeating her words to the manager. "The elevator card, please."

The hotel was owned by Nightshire Group. Thus, it only took a moment for the manager to recognize Susanne. He immediately took a step back and handed the elevator card to her respectfully.

The three entered the elevator together. Meanwhile, the reporters had broken through the security's defense line. Having no access to the elevators, they went up through the staircase.

In the elevator, Wendy put on a worried look as she hooked her arm around Susanne's. "Hopefully nothing's happened to Arielle, Ms. Stone."

An unpleasant expression hung on Susanne's face.

Ever since she found out she would have to choose Wendy as her daughter-in-law, she had decided she did not want to be bothered about matters concerning Arielle anymore. In fact, she almost ignored Wendy's text about Arielle. However, when the late Maureen's face popped up in her mind, she reconsidered and

finally came anyway.

If Arielle had been forced into this situation against her will, then Susanne would be able to seek justice for her. But if Arielle had gotten into this willingly, she would simply snap a picture of the scene and show it to her son so that he could see for himself the sort of woman he had fallen for.

Nobody knew her son better than herself. She had figured out Vinson's feelings toward the girl a long time

ago.

As for Henrick, he simply stood at her side, too afraid to even utter a single word.

With Susanne's sudden appearance, he knew there was no way he could suppress the news anymore.

There was no doubt it would soon spread to Vinson.

With this turn of events, he figured there was nothing he could do now except to give Arielle a tight slap across the face and hope to stay out of the whole affair.

What none of the three of them knew was that Arielle and Vinson were, at that moment, sitting in the hotel's security room and viewing the surveillance footage.

Watching those three in the elevator, Arielle furrowed her brow in puzzlement. "Why are Henrick, Wendy, and your mother here? Do they know Queenie or Donovan?"

"I have no idea." Vinson looked just as puzzled. He stood up and said, "I think it's about time. Shall we go up to have a look?"

"Sure." Arielle stood up as well. However, she did it so hurriedly that her foot got caught with the leg of the chair and she tripped over, falling toward Vinson.

With lightning reflexes, Vinson caught her in his arms just as her lips pressed into his collarbones.

Cheeks flushing beet red, she immediately leaped out of his arms, apologizing with her head lowered, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

In fact, he wished she had meant to.

But of course, he would never have spoken those thoughts out loud. Instead, he merely let out a gentle laugh and reassured her. “It’s all right. There’s no law against that, anyway.”

Arielle stared at him, thoroughly confused.

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Before Arielle could figure out what he just meant, Vinson stroked her hair fondly and stated, “All right, let’s go. The show’s about to start.”

“Huh? Oh, right...” Arielle took a moment to snap out of her daze before hurrying after him.

Gazing at the back of Vinson’s figure, she could not help but wonder if he really only regarded her as a regular friend.

Would it be possible that he’s also slightly attracted to me, the way guys are attracted to girls?

The moment those thoughts entered her mind, Arielle shook her head vigorously in an attempt to force them out of her head.

This isn’t the time to think about such nonsense. I don’t even know what Wendy and Henrick are up to yet.

After snapping back to reality, she entered the elevator with Vinson and they went to the suite on the top floor together.

By then, the reporters had run tirelessly up to the top floor and crowded the hallway.

They had received a tip that the famous physician Queenie Mill had hooked up with a married man. Being an attractive lady and the youngest among the renowned physicians in Chanaea, Queenie had gained quite a large fan base. Her scandal would inevitably become the next trending topic on the internet.

Seconds before the reporters arrived at the top floor, Henrick had unlocked the suite's door with the hotel's master key.

Kicking the door open, he stormed into the room, followed by Susanne and Wendy

Wendy went in quickly. With the faint beams of light seeping into the room through the curtains, she saw that there was indeed a couple lying on the bed.

Taking in a sharp breath, she caught a trace of the dirty scent of lovemaking lingering in the air.

As for the couple on the bed, they were sleeping peacefully in each other's embrace, completely oblivious to the outside world.

Wendy's heart almost burst with joy. Arielle had indeed hooked up with Donovan, just as she had guessed.

Despite the delight spilling out of her heart, she put on a stunned expression as she turned toward Susanne. "L Looks like I was wrong, Ms. Stone. It looks like A Arielle came here willingly..."

At that moment, Susanne's face was dark as thunder.

With Maureen's noble and graceful nature, how did she end up giving birth to such a rebellious and shameless daughter? Look at her, hooking up with her teacher and staying overnight with him in a hotel room! If Maureen knew about this, she might even leap right out of her coffin in horror.

"I don't care anymore!" Giving up, Susanne turned and made her way to the exit.

She could not believe she had thought Arielle was forced against her will into this predicament. After seeing the couple pressing against each other that way, it was obvious that she had willingly found her way into that bed.

Not only was Susanne mad that she had wasted a trip for nothing, she was also thoroughly disgusted by what she had just seen.

Just as she was leaving, she heard Henrick yelling with uncontrollable rage as he bolted for the bed, “You b*tch!” Yanking the woman by her hair with one hand, he slapped her savagely with his other hand.

Slap! As the sound reverberated in the room, Wendy felt a pleasant sensation spread throughout her body.

That’s right! Hit her! Or better yet, hit her to death! Once that girl is dead, everything will be as it should be. Vinson can’t possibly be hung up on a dead person, could he?

As Wendy screamed those deranged thoughts in her mind, Henrick indeed landed a second slap on the woman’s face, harder than the first one.

With that, the woman, who was semi-conscious earlier, instantly jolted awake, screaming as she covered her face, “Ah! What are you doing? Who the hell are you?”

“I’m your father!”

Tightening his grip on her hair, Henrick forcefully dragged her out of bed. Just as he was about to kick her, her face appeared beneath her messy hair.

A ray of light happened to fall upon her features.

Henrick saw the woman’s delicate face gazing up at him, with one side badly swollen and unsightly.

“What the-”

Henrick’s actions froze as he stared at her in shock, his eyes almost popping out of their sockets.

This isn't Arielle!

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What the heck is going on?

Henrick stood still as he was stunned.

Wendy felt something was not right about the woman's voice and was stunned when she saw her face.

This isn't Arielle. Wait a minute. Are we in the wrong room? But that can't be! The room number was 1201 in the photo, and this is 1201!

During her moment of stupefaction, Donovan jolted out of his sleep. He scrunched the bed sheet while trying to recall what had happened the night before.

All he remembered was that Vinson got him a doctor and sent him and Queenie to the hotel. There were lingering traces of sexual pleasure, and his foggy memories identified the woman who he'd made love to as Arielle.

However, the woman by the bed was actually Queenie.

It must've been the perfume she gave me! Okay. So I slept with someone else. What about the two people standing there? Why is Wendy and Arielle's father here?

Meanwhile, Susanne heard something and went back to the room. She was worried that Henrick might throw a violent fit and kill his daughter in the process.

When she got to the bedroom, she was startled to see

Queenie.

Susanne knew that Queenie was a young and famous doctor, but she did remember that Wendy told her Donovan was with Arielle.

Confused, she turned toward Wendy.

“Wendy, what’s going on? You told me that Arielle’s here.”

Henrick suddenly got back to his senses and released his grasp on Queenie’s hair. “What’s going on? Are you messing with me?” He got closer to Wendy and demanded an explanation.

Wendy

was so dumbfounded that she couldn’t formulate a reply.

It should’ve been Arielle! What happened?

Tap, tap, tap... Reporters barged into the room, pushed everyone aside, and went into a photo-snapping frenzy.

“Stop! Stop!” Queenie lunged onto the bed and covered herself with the same comforter that Donovan was using, but that only geared up the reporters’ fingers.

“Stop, please. I beg all of you.” Tears were gushing out of Queenie’s eyes.

Donovan scowled. “Get out!”

Yet, the reporters simply ignored him and kept flashing at Queenie’s face.

“Ms. Mill, rumors online had it that you’re having an affair with a married man. Any thoughts?”

“Ms. Mill, when did this affair start? You’re always known as someone aloof. What made you seduce a married man?”

“Do you feel sorry for what you’ve done?”

“Do you still think that you’re fit to be a doctor?”

Upon hearing those questions, Wendy, who was squeezed out of the room, checked her phone.

The Affair Between Queenie Mill, A Famous Doctor, and A Married Man. was on the top of the trending list.

So, it wasn’t Arielle who was in Donovan’s bed all this while but Queenie? What! This is completely off the target! What am I going to tell Susanne?

Blood drained from her face.

“Wendy, so, this was your intention of bringing Mr. Southall here? You led this flock of spectators in here because you thought it was me on the bed?” It was Arielle.

Wendy’s eyes darted toward the voice and saw Arielle by the door. Vinson appeared stoic as he stood behind the latter.

Chills went down Wendy’s spine as she could smell something sinister brewing.

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Wendy could only seek help from Susanne in this

havoc.

“Ms. Stone, I don’t know what’s going on. I heard that the person in the photo looked a lot like Arielle, and that’s why I went to you without delay. I was worried about her.”

Susanne took her hands and gently soothed them. “It’s alright. It’s just a misunderstanding. I know you did it because you care about her.”

“Because she cares? If she was genuinely worried about Arielle, shouldn’t she have called the police? Why did she look for you and Henrick instead?” Vinson wasn’t having it.

As pale as a ghost, Wendy tried to defend herself. “Mr. Nightshire, please mind your words. Are you saying that I’m trying to blow this scandal up? What’s the point of me doing this? It’s not Arielle who’s having an affair. It’s just an honest mistake.”

Vinson saw no point in arguing with her. “I don’t care if it was a mistake. I’ve told you to move out of the manor, and why are you still there? Do you really want me to throw you out?” He gave her an ultimatum.

Feeling humiliated, Wendy sobbed and again, turned toward Susanne. “Ms. Stone...”

Susanne thought Vinson was too much and glared at him. “How could you speak to Wendy in such a manner? She’s your wife-to-be. Where do you suppose

she move to if not back to the manor?”

“She’s going to be my what? Wife?” Vinson narrowed his eyes.

Susanne frowned and glared back at him. “Vin, don’t you dare look at me like that.”

“I forgot to tell you something, Mom,” Vinson spoke again before Arielle could persuade him to stop quarreling with Susanne.

For some reason, she palpitated in uneasiness as if she knew that Vinson was going to announce something unnerving

“And what is that?”

“I already have a wife.”

What! Arielle’s opened her eyes so wide that they almost popped out of their sockets. “Stop it, Vinson!” She tugged his sleeve.

Looking at how the two interacted,

Wendy’s heart wrung, and fear engulfed her.

Before Susanne could question any further, Wendy jumped in. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Vinson weaved his fingers into Arielle’s and brought them near his chest. “I already have a wife, and she is Arielle. We’re legally married.”

Arielle closed her eyes tight. She couldn’t believe that Vinson announced their marriage under this

circumstance.

One thing that she was trying to wrap her head around was the reason behind his actions. She thought their marriage was nothing but a scheme that could deliver mutual benefits. If it really went public, then things would get real.

Wendy was swirling in a pool of mixed emotions.

She was shocked, delighted, and somewhat felt astray at the same time.

Being the gutsy Arielle, she took a deep breath and clasp Vinson's hand even harder. "Ms. Stone, Vinson and I have signed the papers and we're officially married. There's no need to arrange for Vinson to go on blind dates anymore."

"W-W-What? You said t-that... you are m-m-m married?" Susanne was so baffled that her words tumbled uncontrollably out of her mouth.

Whereas Wendy's eyes expanded as wide as a tarsier's, and her mind went blank.

At this point, the reporters had taken enough pictures for their headlines.

They were relentless on Queenie and Donovan, but no one dared to aim their cameras at Vinson.

After they were done with their job, they slithered silently out of the room.

Donovan and Queenie quickly put on their clothes, and they overheard the conversation when walking out of the bedroom.

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Chapter 707

Vinson and Arielle are married?

Donovan was livid.

How could they? How could he snatch away the girl I have my eyes on!

Queenie had come to terms with the fact that Vinson and she would never be together. Therefore, the news of him being married to Arielle barely ruffled her. Even she herself was slightly surprised by her own calmness.

She perfectly understood that Vinson was already out of the equation. As for Donovan, he wasn't too bad of a candidate either.

He was from a good family and had an honorable job. Plus, he took her virginity. To her, getting married to a man like that wasn't too bad. It was the only way for her to discredit the scandal.

She looked at Donovan and suggested, "We need to respond fast. Let's write up an official statement and post it on the net. They said that you're married. We need to deny that and get married soon."

"Shut the f*ck up!" Donovan cursed and strode out of the suite.

Queenie hurried behind him. "Wait up, Donovan!"

Meanwhile, in the suite, Susanne was still in a state of denial. “No. I don’t believe that you’re married! I didn’t agree to it, so how could it have happened?” She was trembling.

“You can check if you want to. We’ve signed the papers.”

Susanne drew her phone out in a flash and called

Geoffrey.

“Mrs. Nightshire, Mr. Vinson is legally married.” That was the reply.

It shook Susanne even more, so much that her mind went blank for a couple of seconds.

“How could you...”

Susanne pointed her quivering finger at Vinson. She wanted to lash out, but all the words were stuck in her throat.

The next thing she knew, she was gasping for air, her eyes rolled, and she blacked out.

Vinson swiftly glided under her before she collapse onto the ground.

“Send Mrs. Nightshire back to the manor!” he shouted.

After Susanne was carried out of the room, it regained its peace.

Wendy didn’t hear what Geoffrey said but got the message from Susanne’s jumpy reaction.

So, Vinson and Arielle are married. Then, what becomes of me?

Wendy used to treat Arielle contemptuously, saying that the latter was out of Vinson's league, but look at who was laughing now? Wendy had indeed become the joke.

When Arielle walked up to Vinson, a hand was abruptly stretched out in front of her.

"Arielle!" It was Wendy who was seeing red.

Arielle was so concerned about Susanne that she hurled the hand away. "I will settle the score with you next time. Scram!"

Embarrassed and infuriated, Wendy yelled, "Both of you will suffer!"

That managed to stop Arielle. She turned around and looked at Wendy. "I'm afraid that you're going to be disappointed. We will have children and live a happy life. As for you, you'll only be able to watch us from afar."

When she turned back, she saw Vinson leaning on the door frame and looking at her with a subtle smile.

That added some light-hearted flirtation in his once steely dark eyes and drove Arielle's cheeks as red as tomatoes. It felt as if Vinson had looked right through her thoughts.

She forced a composure and asked, "Why are you here?"

Where's Susanne?"

"She's awake. I got them to send her back to the manor."

Vinson gave Wendy a sidelong glance and uttered icily, "You have one more day. Move all your things out of the manor by tomorrow night."

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Wendy shuddered. She moved her lips but couldn't make a sound.

"Let's go." Vinson swirled his eyes toward Arielle and his coldness melted immediately. He was caring, and his tone sounded gentle.

The two contrasting treatments knocked Wendy onto the ground. Her knee buckled and she cried hysterically on the floor.

What is this world so unfair? Why does the guy whom I like fancy that b*tch I hated most?

After pouring her emotions out, she pulled herself together and phoned her mother.

"M-m-mom?" Queenie sobbed. "Vinson's ma-ma-ma married. He's married to someone else! When are y-y you coming to Jadeborough!"

"What! When was this? I didn't hear any news about it. This is outrageous! How could they ask my dearest daughter to stay at his place when he's married! You wait for us right there. Your dad and I will come to you once we're done with the business on hand!"

Cecilia's reassuring words managed to slightly soothe Wendy's broken soul.

Wendy got back on her feet and decided to pack her bags at the Nightshire Manor immediately.

So what if they're married? Susanne obviously didn't

want Vinson to be married to Arielle. Once Dad and Mom get here and pressure Vinson, the tables might turn! But before that, I need to stop this lunacy. I have to look graceful and elegant.

Meanwhile, Vinson and Arielle were walking to the elevator.

After they got in, Arielle wanted to break the awkward silence, but before she could speak, Vinson blurted, “Did you really mean what you’ve said back there?”

“Huh?” Arielle was like a deer caught in the headlights.

This time, Vinson softened his tone and jogged her through her memories. “You said that you will have children with me and we’ll live a good life.”

Arielle’s cheeks burned.

“I-14”

“Arielle,” Vinson placed his hands on her shoulders, “Since my mom already knew about it, it’s only a matter of time before it goes public. Maybe, we could, you know, be married for real?”

Every inch of Arielle’s muscles stiffened as she looked into Vinson’s mesmerizing eyes.

“I—”

Ding! It’s their floor. Outside the elevator stood two hotel guests.

Arielle looked *at* them, wide-eyed, but Vinson kept his cool, took her by the hand and *walked* out with the gait of a soldier.

Arielle wanted to squirm but that only made Vinson’s clutch tighter.

“Isn’t that Mr. Nightshire? *He* actually has a *girlfriend*?” The two guests started their titter.

“Well, he’s at that age, anyway. But coming out of a hotel might only mean that she’s a sex partner and not a girlfriend.”

The elevator that was about to close suddenly opened again.

It was Vinson who’d slid his hand between the doors.

“M-Mr. Nightshire...” The two men shrivelled.

“She’s not my sex partner but my wife.” Vinson told them the truth.

The men were left open-mouthed while Vinson took his leave and held Arielle’s hand again.

After the elevator doors successfully closed, the men were enlivened by their befuddlements and speculations.

Arielle heard Vinson’s every word.

The moment he took her hand again she contemplated,

but this time, she didn’t shake it away.

Henrick was waiting for Arielle at the hotel entrance. When he saw the couple holding hands, he hesitated.

Hmm, should I go up to her?

Chapter 709

Henrick came to ask for his shares. Yet, with Vinson by Arielle's side, he wouldn't have the guts to talk about it.

He pondered and finally decided to leave.

He believe that he'd be able to take back what was his one day.

Arielle's heart was beating like a drum, and she would peek at Vinson every time she got the chance to do so.

Does he also like me?

She couldn't stop doubting as Vinson had this plain expression on his face and said nothing since they walked out of the elevator.

"Shall I send you back to school?" he finally asked.

"Yes, please." Arielle nodded.

She was hoping that he would extend their conversation but he was as quiet as a log.

At the school gate, Arielle looked quizzically at Vinson. "Bye?"

He gazed into her eyes, slowly traced his eyes down her cheeks, and onto her lips.

Seconds later, he flicked his gaze away and let out a cough. "I'll pick you up after school and we'll pay my mom a visit. What do you say

“Vinson, do you like me?” Arielle bit her lips *for* a while before mustering enough *courage to hurl Vinson* this question.

She had asked him the same question once before but had gotten a negative answer.

Click! Vinson unbuckled his seatbelt and moved *closer* to Arielle, and before she could react, his soft lips were pressed firmly against hers.

“Of course, I like you. Arielle, I really like you. I’ve never been in a relationship and I don’t know how to woo girls. But I promise I’ll learn so I could please

you.”

“Pfft! Vinson, you’re sillier than me!” Arielle chuckled, got off the car, and scuttled into the school.

She somehow felt that the flowers around the school were blooming for her. Every breath she took in smelled of sweet floral fragrance.

Vinson likes me. He really likes me!

Meanwhile, Vinson had his palm against his chest in the car. He’d never experienced such a sensation before.

Only God knows how anxious and scared he was when he kissed Arielle. He feared that she might push him away.

But she didn’t push me away. She didn’t! Yes!

The over six foot *CEO giggled like a child in* his car.

A few seconds later, he gave Jordan a call.

“I’m gonna give you five million. Show me your way of wooing girls.”

Jordan staggered for a bit before he gave his secret. “The way to girls’ hearts are fresh bouquets and a good sense of humor.”

“A good sense of humor?”

“You have everything but you’re too boring. Girls like men who are fun and you’re anything but that. They’ll eventually lose interest in you.”

“There goes your five million.”

Huh?

“No, no, no! You’re a humorous one! How about this, watch this romance drama called The CEO And I. Since the guy in the show is a CEO like you, you might learn a few tricks that work for you.”

While Jordan was trying to save his fleeting five million, another episode was brewing at the hotel.

Before Donovan could hail a taxi outside the hotel, Queenie caught up and stopped him.

“You can’t just leave like that, Donovan!”

“What is it that you want now? If it weren’t for you, things wouldn’t have gone south.” Donovan threw a glance back at her.

“You’re the one who spritzed the perfume onto yourself and you are the one who put me onto your bed. Now that things are messed up, am I the only one to blame? I’m also the victim here, okay! You’re going to be responsible for what had happened.”

Chapter 710

Not only was Donovan cold toward Queenie, but he also despised her.

“What if I say no?”

“That’s not going to happen. You will have to be responsible, and the only solution to this catastrophe is to marry me.” Queenie crossed her arms confidently.

“In your dreams!” Donovan pushed her away.

Queenie fell onto the floor and scraped her knee.

“Donovan Baxter!” She was up in arms.

The heartless man turned a deaf ear to her screams, got a cab, and headed straight to Jadeborough University.

Reporters were churning articles and posts, trying to remold Queenie’s image into a temptress who loved having flings.

Her fans, after seeing the pictures of her and Donovan under the same sheets, were shocked to the core. They were convinced that she was a temptress and started bombarding her with menacing remarks.

When Ava and Alice saw the news, they immediately contacted Queenie.

She rushed to the Baxters and insisted that she was framed.

Being a teacher all her life, Alice had never come across

anything like this. She almost cried, and with a quivering voice, asked, “Who framed you? What do we do now? I still can’t reach Don, though. He’s fine, right?”

“Yeah, he’s not that popular online. A hundred percent of the comments are directed at me. He won’t get into any trouble, but... Mrs. Baxter, it seemed like I need to get married to Donovan as soon as possible.”

Although she was still anxious, Alice couldn’t conceal her delight. “Is that it? Getting married?”

“Yes. If he declared that he’s single, and then we get married, this whole disaster will be over.”

Not only would the disaster come to an end, but it would also attract Queenie more fans. The fans who had turned their backs on her would regret their actions and would be more loyal to her in the future.

Alice bobbed her head in agreement. “Then let’s do it. Once my husband gets back to Jadeborough, we’ll start planning the wedding.”

“Okay.” Queenie smiled, but something felt fishy.

That was easy. Could it be a trap? If yes, what would they trap me for? Bah! I’m just thinking too much.

She shook herself out of her worries,

Since things had gotten so bad at this point, she had no other option but to marry Donovan. To her, it didn’t

matter who her husband was if it wasn’t Vinson. Under one condition, though—he had to be in her league.

Donovan was from a family of scholars and like her, graduated from Maxwell University. Things would only get better in the future. They won't be like Zachary, who was loathed by millions.

Queenie believed that Donovan would yield in pretty soon.

True to her expectations, Marcus called Donovan into his office when the latter got back to the university.

Marcus slammed hard on his table. He was boiling.

“Donovan! Look what you've got yourself into!” He then shoved his phone into Donovan's hands

Donovan was still oblivious to the fact that the pictures of him and Queenie on the same bed were all over the internet. His face scrunched when he saw them.

“Mr. Brown, it's all a misunderstanding. I'm not married and we're just—”

“I don't care if you're married or not. If the press knows that you're a tutor here, it will taint the name of the university. Fix it before they find out who you're. In the meantime, you can go on leave. I'll get other tutors to cover your classes.”

“But, the exam for the preparatory class is just around the corner. The rest of the tutor won't be able to—”

“Enough! If you actually cared for your students, you shouldn't have been involved in a scandal like this!”

Donovan's gloom deepened as he walked out of the principal's office.

Just when he thought things couldn't get any worse...