

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 711

Chapter 711

Donovan felt that Marcus was being dramatic.

What's wrong with me having a scandal or two? I'm at a suitable age for marriage anyway.

I'm the victim who was taken a photo of. Why am I the one who's getting suspended?

Nevertheless, his streak of bad luck had yet to end. Right as Donovan stepped out of the office, he received a call from his mentor at Maxwell University.

"Mr. Noah?"

Noah snapped, "News of your scandal has reached all the way to my side. Have you ever thought of actually graduating?"

Caught off guard, Donovan widened his eyes momentarily before anger took over. "Mr. Noah, how did you know about that? Who told you about it?"

Was it Vinson?

Was it Arielle?

No, it can't be Arielle. Arielle's only a student; she can't be possibly spread the news to Maxwell University. It must be Vinson, then!

Not only did he take who's mine away, but he's even destroying my reputation.

His mentor continued in a stern voice, "What's the

matter? Are you afraid of hearing news of your scandals despite having the courage to do it? The Institute of Education values upright behaviors the most. You've violated the university rules. If you don't resolve this matter soon, the university is about to kick you out, let alone give you a graduation certificate!"

Alarmed, Donovan hastily asked, "Mr. Noah, is it that serious?"

"What do you think? Perhaps this would have been blown over if you were in a different institute, but you're in the Institute of Education. Our motto is to be a good role model for our students. Look what you've done. Your photos were even taken and uploaded to the internet. They're now everywhere online! You really have to resolve this issue soon, or else... I might not even be able to save you."

At that, Donovan bit down on his lower lip, finally realizing the severity of the incident.

"Are you listening?" his mentor questioned.

"Yes, I'm still here," Donovan muttered. "Mr. Noah, how long more do I have?"

"I've asked around, and as of now, the lecturers who are in charge of your graduation still have no idea about it. You have to deal with this matter before they catch wind about it. The best would be for you to finish dealing with this by the same day in Chanaean time."

"Today?"

"Yes, if you still want to graduate, that is. That's all the time you have," Noah said before ending the call.

Donovan's expression was as dark as the night.

He finally found out why Queenie was so sure. It was because he had no other choices.

Donovan was trapped in a world of remorse and frustration.

If he had been able to foresee the future, he would not have heeded Queenie's words the day before.

The veins on Donovan's temples popped, and he took a few deep breaths to recompose himself. Then, he turned on his phone and called his mother.

"Mom, could you contact Queenie for me?"

A sigh traveled out of his phone speakers before his mother said, "You're finally picking up the phone. Good. Queenie is just right beside me, so go ahead and talk to her."

When Queenie went out of the house a few seconds later, she said, "I knew you were going to agree with it. When shall we marry?"

"Today."

Queenie froze for a brief second before chuckling. "It seems like Jadeborough University has given you quite the pressure."

Queenie still did not know that Donovan had yet to graduate from Maxwell University; she thought that he was bowing under the pressure from Jadeborough University.

Nevertheless, Donovan did not clarify her mistake. "Cut the crap. I'm in a rush. Let's meet right outside City Hall. Once this blows over, we'll get a divorce. It's what you owe me."

Instantly, Queenie's tone turned icy. "This isn't what I owe you because you agreed to do this at the start, Listen now, Donovan Baxter. Our family places utmost

importance on reputation. Once we're married, I'll never get a divorce from you. Otherwise, let's not get married."

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Donovan scowled in response. He was not going to spend the rest of his life with a woman he did not love.

Narrowing his eyes, he asked, “Queenie Mill, are you threatening me?”

“I don’t care how you’re interpreting this at all. Are you going to marry me or not?”

The veins on Donovan’s temples popped again as he sneered. “We’ll meet at City Hall.”

So what if Queenie doesn’t want to get a divorce? Once this is over, I have more than enough chances to make Queenie get a divorce with me.

After all, no woman can stand suffering from neglect and emotional abuse, especially a haughty woman like Queenie. I’m not at all worried that she’ll refuse to get a divorce.

After ending the call, Queenie went to Donovan’s mother and told her the news of them getting registered today.

Donovan’s mother was delighted and surprised. In the end, she gave Queenie the household registry.

Then, she took off her bracelet and put it on Queenie before softly saying, “From now on, you’re one of us. Both you and Don still need some time to get to know each other better. From tonight onward, you should move in here. That way, the two of you can develop more feelings for each other.”

“All right,” Queenie said with a smile and a nod before heading out with the household registry in her hands.

No one knew that Queenie had picked Donovan and agreed to marry him right away was not only because Donovan was somewhat a good match, but also because the head of the Mill family was about to change.

The current head of the Mill family was Queenie’s father, but there was a rule in the Mill family. The head of the family must be someone who was married and had a family. Moreover, they were not allowed to have a divorce.

That was to avoid having non-Mills learn the skills of ancient Chanaean medicine.

Queenie’s father had two sons-one was married, and the other was a minor and younger than Queenie.

Thus, the opportunity had presented itself. She could get Donovan to marry into her family so that she could compete against her older brother to become the head of the family. That was the reason for Queenie to have been adamant about not getting a divorce.

Soon, Queenie arrived at the entrance of City Hall. Due to the fact that Queenie wanted Donovan to marry into her family, they had another fight. In the end, Donovan relented.

Regardless of everything, he was planning to get a divorce afterward. It made no difference to him marrying into her family.

Satisfied, Queenie then retrieved the marriage certificate joyously with Donovan. What she did not know was the misery that this marriage was going to bring into her life.

Once they had obtained the marriage certificate, Queenie instantly made clarifications on the internet.

She uploaded their marriage certificate and Donovan's work ID before adding a text.

I never thought that someone would try to destroy my private life like this. As shown in the picture, the man in the photo is Donovan Baxter, a tutor of Jadeborough University's preparatory class.

Donovan and I fell in love and got married. Therefore, I'm not some homewrecker in someone else's marriage.

If anyone continues to spread rumors about me and Donovan, I'll take this to court.

Also, we will be taking legal action against those reporters who barged into the hotel and took our photos. Thank you for your time. That's all I have to say about this incident.

The moment the post was published, fans who had believed in Queenie all along were quick to appear.

"I knew Queenie was innocent. How could the evil media slander my goddess for the sake of popularity?"

They have to be punished by the law!"

"The haters and the ones who had been slandering Queenie alongside the media should apologize now! Otherwise, Queenie's lawyer will be filing a lawsuit against you all!"

The netizens who used to be her fans but had since then turned haters feared that they would be caught up in a lawsuit, so they quickly apologized and promised to be die-hard fans of Queenie forever.

In hours, Queenie gained more and more fans, some were those who sympathized with her.

However, Donovan was unsatisfied.

“Why didn’t you publicize Arielle and Vinson’s involvement?”

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As Donovan looked at the post, he continued, “You only talked about the media and the netizens; you didn’t mention Arielle and Vinson at all. Don’t you think that you’re focusing on the wrong thing? Those two should be the main point! If not for them, we wouldn’t have appeared on the hotel bed together.”

“Do you think I don’t want to do that?” Queenie gritted out. “That little b*tch forced me to spill the beans about the perfume back then, and she recorded it. If I mention them in my post, they’ll show the world that recording right away.”

Donovan scowled.

Queenie added, “At most, the two of them would be held accountable for an invasion of privacy. What about us? The perfume incident is a serious crime. We can never talk about it, do you get it?”

Donovan ground his teeth before snarling, “I’m going back to school.”

With that said, he turned around and went into his car.

“Hey! Wait, send me to the hospital!” Queenie ran after him, but the closing door nearly clipped her fingers.

Donovan drove off, not at all planning to send her there.

“Damn it!” Queenie kicked the streetlight beside her. Thump!

Right then, her phone rang.

Thinking that it was Donovan, who finally found his conscience, she hastily picked up the call. To her surprise, it was actually a call from Zachary.

Hence, she hissed out impatiently, “What do you want, Zachary?”

Zachary’s upset voice then traveled out of the speakers. “Queenie, are you married? I saw the post on the internet. What’s going on?”

“Ha!” Queenie barked out a laugh. “Whether or not I’m married isn’t any of your business, is it? As far as I know, you finally got into a small hospital, but Mr. Morgan released to the media the evidence of your corruption, so you lost your job again. You’re having a hard time yourself, but you still have the time to stick your nose into my business?”

“Queenie, you can’t do this to me! My love for you is pure, and nothing is more important than you. In order to take over your shift, I even skipped seeing my father in his last moments after he was in an accident. You can’t do this to me!”

Instead of replying to Zachary, Queenie ended the call and blocked him.

To her, Zachary was nothing but a piece of trash now. A piece of trash that had outlived its usefulness, so naturally, she would have to throw it before it started stinking up her place.

After Donovan returned to school, he brought the

marriage certificate and went to Marcus.

Marcus was a fair man who punished and rewarded people around him accordingly. After seeing the post online, he realized Donovan was the victim, so he began consoling and apologizing to him. Then, he reminded, “Today’s Friday. It’ll be Monday soon, so do make preparations. You’ll have to apologize to Arielle for the earlier matter during the flag-raising ceremony.”

Instantly, the look on Donovan’s face darkened as he stiffly nodded.

“I understand, Mr. Brown.”

A sullen look still on his face, Donovan returned to the classroom, only to see Arielle in the last row the moment he stepped in.

Immediately, the look on his face turned darker. Even the air seemed to turn colder, and the other students dared not look at him.

The students were all careful in their speech and actions during the class. Finally, it was the end of the class, and they all let out similar sighs of relief. However, Donovan did not head out immediately as he coldly said, “We’ll be having the first monthly tests next Thursday and Friday, so do your revisions during this weekend. After the monthly test, three students with the worst grades will be leaving the preparatory class. Study hard and don’t come crying to me if you fail it.”

With that said, his eyes drifted toward Arielle and

Jared’s direction.

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Chapter 714

As far *as* Donovan knew, Arielle was *either taking leaves* or *sleeping in class* recently; *she had not been paying attention to her studies at all.*

Moreover, he refused to believe that Arielle was *not* affected by what happened the day before.

If he could not get her, then he wanted her to get out of the preparatory class so that she would be out of his sight and mind.

With that decision made up in his mind, Donovan decided to increase the difficulty level of the exam.

Although freshmen tend to get the same content in examinations, it was different for the preparatory class. There were several subjects, including advanced mathematics, that he was in charge of preparing.

Therefore, he swore to himself that he was going to get rid of Arielle.

How could Arielle not know what Donovan was planning to do?

She sneered internally before ignoring Donovan's gaze. Instead, she turned to Jared and asked, "How's your preparation going for the upcoming exam?"

Jared nodded. "I think I won't be one of the worst students."

"Good to hear that." Arielle nodded before turning to Henry. "What about you?"

Henry cleared his throat and mumbled, "I might be saying goodbye to you all. I'm not a really studious person..."

Arielle sighed, but there was nothing she could do.

Henry was unlike Jared; his academic foundation was rather weak, to begin with. There was nothing Arielle could do but to let nature run its course.

On the other side, at Nightshire Manor.

After Vinson's men brought Susanne back to the manor, she had been in poor health. When she slept, she was drowned in countless nightmares.

The main issue was not that Vinson had married a woman with a low social standing or that Arielle was not actually a country bumpkin whom the Southalls had abandoned. In fact, she had a rather complicated identity that she dared not get involved with someone like her.

Moreover, there was nothing Arielle had that made her want to risk it other than her piano playing skills.

Right then, the butler entered the room.

"Mrs. Nightshire, Ms. Greene is here, and she's packing up her things."

Susanne paled drastically as she scrambled to get out of bed.

"Quick, take me to her!"

By the time Susanne found Wendy, she was done with her packing and was about to leave the house.

"Wendy!" Susanne yelled as she grabbed Wendy's suitcase. "What are you doing? Are you really going to move out and leave me all alone here?"

With tears in her eyes, Wendy started sobbing. "Ms. Stone, you've heard what Mr. Nightshire said earlier. *I* have my dignity too! Mom has already rented a place for me away from here, so I'm going to move in there right away."

“Why are you listening to that brat? I’m his mother and the owner of this manor! If I say you can stay, then you can stay.”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Stone.” Wendy shook her head. “It’s not right for me to stay here. Mr. Nightshire is already married. If I... If I insist on staying, I’ll only be laughed at by the others.”

Furious, Susanne stomped her foot.

“That d*mn brat! How could he get married without telling me?”? Then, Susanne held Wendy’s hands and said, “Wendy, you have to trust me. In less than a week, I’ll get him to divorce that woman. By then, you can come back, and it won’t be wrong for you to stay. I’ll introduce you to everyone as the only daughter-in-law I have!

Wendy was moved, but still, she gave Susanne a polite smile. “Ms. Stone, what they have is mutual love. I don’t want to be the third party. I’ll still come to visit you after today, but it’s best for you not to intervene in their relationship anymore. I don’t want to be a home wrecker.”

“Look at you. You’re good in every aspect, except for the fact that your heart is too soft. Vin is only interested in her because she’s someone new. It’s not true love at all. Just trust me and give me a week. Don’t give up on Vin yet, okay?”

A bitter smile appeared on Wendy’s face as she nodded, but in her mind, she was sneering.

So what if Arielle is legally Vinson’s wife? Does she think that she can get Susanne’s acknowledgment?

Their marriage is nothing but a joke!

In the end, Wendy still left with her suitcase.

The moment Wendy left, Susanne called Vinson.

Chapter 715

The call was soon picked up, and Susanne immediately said, “Vinson Nightshire, get home right now or else I’ll end my life here and now!”

Susanne had been loud and firm, and the butler could not help but gasp in silence.

After all, he had never heard Susanne speak to Vinson in that way before.

As she expected, Vinson did not reject her this time.

“I’ll be back once I’m done with the company’s matter.”

“You better be fast, or else you’re going to hold a funeral for me!” With that said, Susanne ended the call.

On the other side of the call, Vinson irately threw the documents aside. They slid before coming to a stop by the laptop, where the tenth episode of a romance show was playing

Vinson then turned off his screen and rubbed the bridge of his nose before calling Arielle.

Arielle was just about to pack her things and head home when Vinson called. At the caller ID, her heart raced, and she cleared her throat before picking up the call.

“Hello?”

“Sannie,” came Vinson’s soft voice. “My mom asked me to go home and visit her, so I won’t be coming home tonight.”

Arielle was silent for a few seconds before muttering, “Do you need me to come with you?”

“No, it’s fine. She won’t have a filter in her mouth when she’s angry. I don’t want her words to hurt you.” Vinson paused. “Don’t worry. I can deal with this on my own.”

“All right.”

“By the way, the manager of Maureen’s Kitchen has called me and told me that the monthly report is out. As the owner of the restaurant, I think you should take a look at it.”

“Okay,” Arielle answered.

Right then, Trisha walked by her.

When she noticed the grimace on Arielle’s face, she asked, “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing,” Arielle said with a shake of her head. “Something came up at the last minute, so I won’t be able to go to the library with you. I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine. Go ahead and do what you need to do. I’ll be fine going back to the dorm to do revision.”

“All right. Call me if you need any help with any of the questions.”

After bidding Trisha goodbye, Arielle hailed a cab and went to Maureen’s Kitchen.

It was Thomas’ second day in Chanaea. The next day, he would have to leave with the translated lesson plan.

Arthur led Thomas to Wendy and asked, “Has the lesson plan been translated?”

Wendy nodded and confidently handed Thomas the plan.

Thomas took it, but after a few pages of reading, a furrow appeared in his brows.

Sensing something amiss, Arthur tentatively asked, “Professor Harlem, is there something wrong with the lesson plan?”

Similarly, Wendy’s heart was filled with anxiousness.

Is there something wrong with the translated lesson plan?

It shouldn’t be that. My mother spent a great sum to hire a translator for this. I’m sure the translator should be a professional one. There shouldn’t be any mistakes.

Thomas then handed Arthur the lesson plan and said, “Take a look for yourself.”

At that, Arthur promptly took the plan and read it himself. Like Thomas, his expression darkened.

In the next second, he glared at Wendy and snapped, “Is this how you do the task we’ve assigned to you? If you weren’t capable, you should have told us earlier! How

could you have used machine translation for this!”

Wendy froze before muttering, “Machine translation? That’s impossible. I clearly...”

I clearly asked the translator to translate it herself!

In shock, Wendy took the lesson plan from Arthur and looked at it.

As she had been busy with moving out, she had printed out the copy and brought it to the professors without giving it another look.

Wendy skimmed through the pages. The first few pages were fine, but starting from the sixth page onward, all the pages had a line of words at the bottom-Rhine Ustranasion Machine Translation.

Chapter 716

Under the line, Rhine Ustranasion Machine Translation was the address of the Ustranasion website. The copyright notice was the reason that Thomas had realized the lesson plan had not been translated by Wendy.

When Wendy saw those words, her eyes widened to the point they nearly popped out of their sockets.

Machine translation?

How could she have used machine translation for this?

The grimace was apparent on Arthur's face as he continued, "We've given you the opportunity to translate this is because we were hoping you would be able to learn from this as well as letting you have a chance to contribute to both the school and Maxwell University. Is this all you have to give to us?"

"Professor Sleight, I..." Wendy's face went pale, and she was panicking. "I don't know what happened. Professor Sleight, I..."

"Stop it," Arthur interrupted before turning to cast Thomas an apologetic look.

"Professor Harlem, my sincerest apologies. We're too lenient on our students. It's our fault to have let her give you a shoddy work like

this."

Thomas frowned. "Using a translation tool is not the main issue here. The main issue is that we're planning to use this lesson plan for our research. Most of the terms translated by a machine aren't accurate, so this lesson

plan would not be of any use to us.”

At that, Arthur bit his lips before he proposed, “Please give us another day. We’ll definitely translate a new copy for you.”

However, Thomas waved his hand dismissively and said, “I don’t have that much time. At most, I can only give you three hours.”

“Three hours?” Arthur shrieked out before realizing he had lost control of his emotions. With an apologetic smile, he then said, “Professor Harlem, are you cracking a joke? Three hours? Even if we gathered all our Ustranasion teachers, we still won’t be able to make it within three hours.”

Not only did they need to translate the original text, but they also needed to organize the information in the lesson plan.

It would have been easier if it was a lesson plan of languages or other subjects, but the lesson plan they were translating was advanced mathematics. It was ten times harder than any other subject.

Three hours was certainly a time too short for them.

Nevertheless, Thomas shook his head. “This is the most I can give you. I need to attend an important meeting back at my side. If you can’t do this, then I’ll be taking my leave right away. However, I’m afraid I won’t be able to give you Maxwell University’s lesson plan. This has been an exchange, but if you can’t uphold your end

of the deal, I’d have to go back on my words.”

Arthur bit down hard on his lower lip before he finally agreed, “Okay. Give us another three hours. After three hours, we’ll definitely hand over the translated lesson plan to you.”

Thomas nodded. "I'll give you another chance, then. I'll be going out for a meal now. When I'm back, I hope you'd be almost done."

"Enjoy your meal." Arthur gestured politely toward the doorway. With another nod, Thomas left.

The moment Thomas stepped out of the meeting room, Arthur called Marcus and informed him about the matter.

Instantly, Marcus snapped, "How could she have used machine translation? It took me so long to get Maxwell University to agree to exchange lesson plans with us! You're a bunch of fools too. How could you possibly assign such an important task to a student without any supervision?"

"This is indeed our fault, but Wendy had been extremely sure that she would be able to succeed in the task. We thought she really could do it, so that's why we..."

"Stop explaining. What we should be prioritizing right now is translating the lesson plan in three hours. I'll inform all Ustranasian teachers and advanced mathematics teachers to gather at the meeting room to

assist in the translation. As for Wendy... Once everything is over, she'll have to hand over a letter of denunciation of three thousand words."

"I understand, Mr. Brown."

After the call ended, Arthur turned to Wendy. "Did you hear that?"

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Chapter 717

The call had been on speakers earlier, so Wendy heard everything. She bit her lip as she regretted taking on the task.

If she had not volunteered for it, the one who would be reprimanded would have been Arielle instead of her.

Darn it!

No wonder Arielle doesn't want to do this. She must have known that things would turn out this way.

She's nothing but a scheming b*tch!

Nevertheless, Wendy did not have the courage to voice that out loud to Arthur. She could only stand quietly and endured the displeased glares from all the other teachers.

When Arthur saw the look on Wendy's face, he said, "It seems like you've heard it. Take a pen and paper and finish the letter of denunciation before leaving."

At that, Wendy stopped biting on her pale lip and nodded. "Professor Sleight, this is my fault. I shouldn't have used machine translation just because I was in a rush. I'll work on the report right away."

Noticing the pitiful look on Wendy's face, the anger in Arthur dissipated slightly. He hummed in response before saying, "Contact Arielle and ask her to come and lend us a hand."

Those words made Wendy stiffen before fury shot up from the soles of her feet to the top of her head.

She then blurted out, "Professor Sleight, Arielle has rejected you before. She knows that she can't complete the task either."

"Stop that," Arthur cut her off. "I'm her teacher. I know her capabilities better than you do. It's best for you to finish the report quickly instead. I'll contact Arielle myself."

With that said, Arthur ignored Wendy and turned around to call Arielle instead.

However, Arielle did not pick up his call. Left without a choice, Arthur could only leave to translate the lesson plan with the other teachers.

Jealousy was a green-eyed monster that took over Wendy. Gritting her teeth, she then walked out of the meeting room toward the lecturers' block. When she arrived at her destination, she called the translator.

The call soon went through, and almost immediately, Wendy questioned, "What's the matter with you? Why did you use machine translation after a few pages? Haven't I told you I wanted a thorough translation?"

What came through the speakers was the translator's confused voice, "Ms. Greene, I did translate it all myself. How could I not have done as you asked?"

"Then why did the printed copy have the copyright notice of some machine translating site at the bottom of

the page?"

“How could that be? Ms. Greene, have you printed the wrong documents?”

At that, Wendy began spiraling down a hole of confusion.

The translator that her mother had hired should not be any less than a professional.

So what’s going on?

“Hold on. Let me send the file to you. Take a look at it yourself.” With that, she ended the call and sent her the file.”

The translator soon called back. “Ms. Greene, this isn’t the file you’ve sent me. I don’t know what this file is.”

“What?” Wendy let out a loud gasp. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. I can send you the translated file I have. Once you check the email, you’ll know that I’m telling you the truth.”

When Wendy checked her email and compared the two files, she then realized the translator was right—the two files were different.

Who did this?

Absolutely livid, Wendy nearly crushed her teeth from the grinding

However, in the next second, Wendy came up with someone’s name—Arielle.

It must be her!

She must have wanted to mess with me. That’s why she hired someone to hack into my email and swap the files.

No one else would have done this but Arielle!

“B*tch! What a b*tch!” Wendy shrieked, her screams echoing in the room like a banshee.

Chapter 718

On the other end, Arielle was checking the monthly report at Maureen's Kitchen.

To her surprise, the normal-sized restaurant actually had an operating cash flow of three hundred thousand.

Although three hundred thousand was not a lot to her, it was a hefty sum for an ordinary restaurant.

"Thank you for your hard work. I've seen the report, and it looks fine." Arielle handed the report back to the manager.

At that, the manager let out a relieved sigh. "Mr. Nightshire has asked me to manage this restaurant well. I'm glad that you're all right with the report."

When Arielle heard that, she was silent for a moment before flashing the manager a smile. "Have you ever thought of making the restaurant a chain store?"

"A chain store?" The manager shook his head. "I have never thought of that."

"Maybe you should think about it. I'm thinking of making Maureen's Kitchen into a restaurant chain across the country. If things go well, perhaps we can make it a restaurant chain across the globe."

The manager's eyes lit up instantly. "Really?"

Arielle nodded. "This restaurant means a lot to me, and I hope to expand its business. However, you'd have to communicate with the chef to come up with more

signature dishes before anything else.”

The manager patted his chest in glee.

“Don’t worry. I’ll tell our head chef later. I’m sure he’ll be as happy as I am to hear this.”

Just then, a server entered and informed them, “There’s a foreigner outside who can’t read our menu. However, we can’t speak Ustranasion either, do you think that...”

“I’ll go.” After taking a few steps, Arielle turned to the manager and added, “If we’re going to make it big, then we’ll have to revamp the menu. From now on, we’ll have both Chanaean and Ustranasion on the menu. It’s best for us to have pictures as well.”

“Sure, you can leave this to me!”

Arielle nodded before following the server out to the dining area.

“Over there.” The server pointed in a direction.

Right as Arielle turned to look, the customer excitedly rushed over to greet her, “San? Is that you? Oh my god! I never thought it’d be you!”

Arielle’s mind blanked out for a second before it registered Thomas’ wrinkly, bearded face.

“P-Professor Harlem.”

Thomas enthusiastically grabbed her hand tightly—it

was as if he was afraid she would flee the scene. Then, he asked in a trembling voice, “Be honest with me. Was it you that I saw at Jadeborough University?”

“Professor Harlem, please let go of my hand first...”

“If you don’t admit to it, I won’t let you go.”

Arielle had witnessed first-hand how stubborn Thomas could be, for it had been numerous times when he had bugged her for days just to solve a question.

Thus, she had no other option but to say, “Yes, it’s me. Could you please let me go now?”

Thomas finally let her go as he curiously asked, “Why are you at Jadeborough University? When did you come back to Chanaea?”

“It’s been a few months. I’m back to deal with some private matters. Are you here to eat? This is my restaurant, actually. Why don’t I treat you to a meal? I’d like to ask a favor from you.”

“What is it?”

“Could you please keep my identity a secret?”

“Of course! Still, you have to tell me what you’re doing at Jadeborough University. You can’t have been hired as a tutor by them, right? I’m telling you now. I was first to invite you to become a tutor at Maxwell University. You can’t just start working for Jadeborough University!”

A weak smile appeared on Arielle’s face at that. Soon, the two were eating and chatting away at a table. She briefly told him about how she was at Jadeborough University to look for someone, but she also added that she could not tell him why she was keeping her identity a secret.

Nevertheless, Thomas was quick to promise. “No problems. I’ll just say that I’ve come across a student who speaks Lightspring Ustranasion well. However, I have to say that Jadeborough University really isn’t as good as Maxwell University.”

With that, Thomas began telling Arielle about Wendy's incident.

Arielle was surprised; she never thought Wendy would make a lowly mistake like that.

Still fuming, Thomas said, "If she's not capable enough to do the translation, she can just keep learning. However, it's a completely different matter to not be honest. A student like her would never be accepted by Maxwell University."

Chapter 719

Thomas was still furious about Wendy's incident.

“Honestly, I didn't like her from the moment she started talking. As it turns out, I was a good judge of character. What's funny is that the teachers in your school still think that she's some kind of precious treasure they've attained to have recommended her to be my interpreter.”

Arielle only smiled in response.

Right then, Arielle noticed that Arthur was calling her.

She had muted her phone a while ago, so it was only then she saw the call from Arthur.

“Professor Harlem, I'll need to pick up a call.”

“Go ahead. The food in your restaurant is just too delicious. I'm going to continue enjoying it.”

“All right,” Arielle said with a grin before leaving to answer the call.

The second she accepted it, Arthur's anxious voice traveled into her ear. “Arielle, where are you? We need your help. You're fluent in Lightspring Ustranasion, and Maxwell University is located in Lightspring. You'll be doing our school a huge favor if you can come here and help us translate a document into Lightspring Ustranasion.”

Lightspring Ustranasion had different pronunciations of words, unlike Ustranasion in general. Moreover, the sentence structure and words were slightly different; it

was leaning more toward the older form of Ustranasion.

If she could translate the lesson plan into Lightspring Ustranasion, then the quality of the translation would be of a much higher standard.

Recalling what Thomas had said about Wendy earlier, Arielle asked, “Is it about translating an advanced mathematics’ lesson plan?”

“Yes. That’s the one.”

Arielle fell silent for a brief second before answering, “All right. I’ll come back as soon as possible.”

“That’s great! We’ll be waiting for you in the second floor’s meeting room at the lecturers’ block.”

“Okay.” After Arielle ended the call, she returned to the restaurant and told Thomas about the lesson plan translation.

Thomas shook his head. “Asking you to do it would be overkill. Still, they seem rather sincere, so maybe it’ll be good if you lend them a helping hand. Since I’m done with my meal, I’ll head back to the school with you.”

Arielle then reminded, “Please don’t forget that you have to keep my identity a secret.”

“Leave it to me. Although I’m old now, my mind is still like a young lad’s. Your name isn’t San but Arielle, right?”

“That’s right. What a smart man!”

At that, Thomas froze. Does she think of me as a child who needs praise?

The two chatted merrily on their way to Jadeborough University. Soon, they were right in front of the meeting room.

Wendy was still writing her report, and when she raised her head, she spotted Arielle with Thomas. Immediately, a variety of emotions flashed past her face.

Professor Sleight has actually asked Arielle to come!

Does he really think that Arielle will be able to do what I can't?

Stop trying to pull my leg!

Getting Arielle here will only make Professor Harlem furious again. The school will only suffer yet another bout of embarrassment.

However, in the next second, she saw a scene that blew her mind. Thomas, who barely paid any attention to her even on a good day, was happily gesturing for Arielle to enter the room.

What's going on?

Why is Professor Harlem acting like this with Arielle?

Wendy was not the only one confused; Arthur and the other teachers were equally baffled.

In the end, Arthur was the one who took a step forward and asked, "Professor Harlem, do you know this student?"

Thomas was about to nod when he noticed Arielle staring at him. Hastily, he shook his head and said, "Not really. This student used Lightspring Ustranasion to introduce some of the dishes on the menu when I was out for a meal. As it turns out, she's a student in your school who's rushing here to translate the lesson plan, so I followed her back."

"What a coincidence." Arthur did not dwell on it. Turning to Arielle, he then said, "Arielle, we don't have much time left. Do come over and organize the translations with us."

Arielle nodded. “By the way, Professor Sleight, typing out the translation would be far too slow. I know of a good speech recognition software. Hand over the lesson plan to me, and I’ll translate the text verbally and let the software come up with the written copy.”

At that, everyone froze.

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 720

Chapter 720

Wendy nearly burst out laughing.

Direct Interpretation? What kind of joke are they trying to make?

Arielle hasn't seen the lesson plan before, has she? Does she think that she'll be translating day-to-day conversations?

The content of the lesson plan is tough to comprehend even in its original language, Chanaean, let alone translating it into Ustranasion on the spot. She's certainly thinking too highly of herself!

Isn't she afraid of falling from the great heights she has climbed to?

Well, I'll be clapping when she falls. When that happens, Professor Sleight won't be dwelling on my minor mistake.

With that thought in mind, Wendy said, "Speech recognition software is quite accurate nowadays. If Arielle is capable of interpreting it on the spot, we'll be done with the lesson plan in less than an hour."

However, the other teachers were still worried.

After all, Arielle had never seen the lesson plan before. If she were to fail in translating after actually seeing the lesson plan, the school would be embarrassing itself in front of Thomas again.

Thus, they whispered to Arthur, “Can she really do this?”

Wendy was accepted into the university because she ranked first in the exams. Wendy had used machine translation for the lesson plan. I really don’t think this student will be able to excel in this.”

If Arielle could not complete the task, then it would be a humiliating moment for all of them.

Arthur was as anxious as them. However, he knew that Arielle had good grades in Ustranasion; he had actually heard from Donovan that her grades in other subjects were terrible.

Therefore, he wondered if Arielle could succeed in translating a lesson plan on advanced mathematics.

At that thought, Arthur took in a deep breath and said to Arielle, “You should have a look at our lesson plan first.”

Arielle did not reject him, and she followed him toward the table to have a look at the lesson plan.

“How is it?” Arthur tentatively asked. “Do you think you can do it?”

“It should be fine. I’ll be able to complete this in half an hour.”

“Half an hour?” Arthur howled out, his voice cracking at the end.

Even the other teachers had similar looks of shock on their faces when they heard it.

Arielle smiled and calmly uttered, “Professor Sleight, trust me. The school can always depend on all of you if I fail, right?”

Somehow, when Arthur looked at Arielle's calm and collected demeanor, he began to calm down.

"You're right. We'll still pull it through if you can't make it. Go ahead and give it a try then."

"Okay, please switch on the projector. If I make a mistake in the translation, the other teachers will be able to spot it in time."

"Are you sure?" Arthur lowered his voice and asked. "If you turn on the projector, Professor Harlem will be seeing the mistakes as well."

"That's even better. I'm sure he'll know when I'm making an error in my translations. That way, it'll help us correct it in time."

Arielle was not at all anxious.

That attitude she had was something Arthur knew he did not possess.

"All right then since you insist."

With that said, Arthur connected the computer screen to the meeting room's screen and logged into the speech recognition software.

In the meantime, Wendy was grinning maliciously as

she watched Arthur working on the devices.

I thought how smart Arielle could be, but as it turns out, she's casting aside her rationality for the sake of showing off.

Projecting it to everyone else means that Arielle is burning her own bridge.

At that moment, a thought entered Wendy's mind. She unlocked her phone and logged in to Jadeborough University's forum before turning on the livestream function and starting a livestream of Arielle doing the translation.

The title of the livestream was: Arielle From Preparatory Class Is About To Translate A Tough Advanced Mathematics Lesson Plan Live. Come Watch Her!

Wendy even spent money to make sure her channel would be pinned at the top. That way, the students in the forum would be able to spot it the moment they logged into the forum

As Wendy had expected, in less than five seconds, over a hundred students were watching the livestream.