

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 851

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Arielle had never thought of herself as a good person.

On the contrary, she'd always make sure to take an eye for an eye. And just because Matthias had a change in attitude didn't mean she'd forgive him for his past actions.

That being said, she still did everything in her power to help reduce his sentence, even though Matthias' crimes were enough to send him away to the Specialized Forces Prison.

"Ten years..." Matthias muttered, his expression virtually unreadable.

"If you can't find a job ten years later, you can come to me," Arielle said, shocking Matthias even more.

He knew right there and then that he could never hold a candle to Arielle.

Matthias choked back his tears and forced a smile. "All right. If I can't find a job upon my release, I'll be sure to ask you for help."

In actuality, Matthias had planned on taking his own life before serving his sentence. After all, what was the point in living without a purpose? However, Arielle's words had instilled him with hope and given him a reason to live on.

Besides, it'd be stupid to sacrifice so m

After leaving the ward with the contracts in hand, Arielle turned toward Vinson. "Feels good to have this sudden windfall. Let's go. I'll buy you a nice meal."

Vinson grinned cheekily as he wrapped his arm around her shoulder. “Okay! Are you also going to take care of me for the rest of your life?”

Even though his tone was languid, there was still an unmistakable hint of mischief in his eyes that made Arielle think she was getting teased.

To make matters worse, Vinson was inching closer, with his unwavering gaze still fixed on her.

“What are you doing? Keep your distance from me!” Arielle snapped as she pushed him away. uch for someone as heartless as Cindy.

Unfortunately, Vinson was too quick and grabbed her wrists in retaliation.

Arielle struggled to break free, but when she miscalculated her strength, her palm got flung right up into Vinson’s face.

Then, a loud smack rang out and echoed throughout the corridor.

The bodyguard who was hiding in the dark widened his eyes in horror, only to quickly look away and pretend he hadn’t seen anything.

Rayson, on the other hand, turned around awkwardly with bated breath.

Oh, my goodness. Even though it’s Arielle, Mr. Nightshire will still lose his temper with her, won’t he? I’ve worked with him for so long, and this is the first time I’ve seen anyone slap him...

Arielle, too, was so taken aback that she spaced out momentarily. “I’m sorry! I’m so, so sorry! I didn’t mean to hit you! I swear I only wanted to draw my hand back.”

I didn’t think Vinson would pick such bad timing to lean in! If it weren’t for that, I wouldn’t have accidentally slapped him!

In any case, Arielle had no intention to hit Vinson, and she could only hope that he'd understand.

Alas, her anxiety was quickly spiraling out of control. And with that came a mixture of regret, frustration, and fear.

Naturally, Arielle was afraid of incurring Vinson's wrath.

After mustering up enough courage to sneak a peek at Vinson, she realized he looked just as stunned as her.

All of a sudden, the corners of Vinson's mouth dropped. He pointed at his reddened cheek and whined, "It hurts. Please rub it."

"Huh? What?"

To answer Arielle's question, Vinson placed her hand on his face.

Thankful that he wasn't mad at her, Arielle finally calmed her racing heart and rubbed Vinson's cheek apologetically.

His face was warm, and she could even feel the stubble on his upper lip.

Vinson's lips gradually curled into a smile. "Let's go. We'll send Teddy and his father home before heading back."

As for the slap, I shall get her to pay me back some other way.

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Arielle nodded meekly and hastily walked toward the elevator.

That's it. I have to be extra careful from now on. I can't be acting so recklessly in front of Vinson!

Frankly, Arielle was terrified of riling Vinson up, which made her all the more cautious about her words and actions.

Instead of keeping up with Arielle, Vinson turned around to face the still quivering Rayson.

"If you tell anyone about this, there will be dire consequences."

Rayson broke out in a cold sweat as he stammered, "N No, I won't. In fact, I didn't see anything at all!"

Wasn't it just playful teasing between a husband and wife? Why am I suffering because of that?

Thankfully, Vinson had no intention to take the matter further and sauntered away after dropping the warning.

Rayson heaved a sigh of relief and quickly followed behind at a distance.

Once in the elevator, he couldn't help but steal glances at Arielle.

So this is how much Mr. Nightshire dotes on Ms. Moore. No matter how much she hits or scolds him, he still wouldn't bat an eyelid. I'd better not offend her in

the future. Otherwise, who knows what'll happen to me?

Arielle felt the weight of Rayson's stare and whipped her head around to him. "Is something wrong?"

"N-Not at all!" Rayson stuttered. "I was just thinking that the two of you should find time to hold the wedding."

Upon hearing that, Arielle tensed up immediately.

"He's right," Vinson chimed in. "Other than him, no one else knows that we've gotten married. We should find an opportunity to announce it to the world."

Moreover, a marriage doesn't feel as complete when there aren't witnesses. As my wife, Arielle deserves the most extravagant wedding ever!

"W-We'll see..."

Arielle still had many things to accomplish, but most importantly, she had to gain Susanne's approval.

However, now that Henrick was serving his sentence, she no longer needed to hide her identity.

In other words, it was time to shed the masks that she had been hiding behind.

When the elevator doors opened, Arielle marched out without hesitation while Vinson walked beside Rayson. "Look up all the wedding resources and send me a collated list," Vinson said in a hushed tone.

"Understood!" Rayson replied, all fired up. It looks like I had hit the bullseye with my spur-of-the-moment remark!

That said, Rayson was aware it wouldn't be an easy task. Not only did he have to gather all the information, but he also had to filter out only the ones worthy of

Vinson's consideration. If he wanted to do a good job, he'd have to spend a considerable amount of time and effort on it.

Having made up his mind, Rayson wasted no time in calling up the secretary's office.

"I need the secretary's office to take over my duties for the next few days. I have something important to work

**on."**

Naturally, everyone was puzzled.

"Why? What work is so important that you need a few days off? The projects you're currently handling are all just as important."

"Ha!" Rayson replied with an enigmatic smile. "Trust me, this task I have is far more important than any of those projects!"

With that, Rayson ended the call before anyone from the secretary's office could turn him down.

What a joke. What else could be more important than planning for Mr. Nightshire's wedding?

Meanwhile, Arielle had returned to Josee's ward to fetch Nigel and Teddy.

Even though Josee was alone, Nigel knew she'd be in the good hands of the nurses and caregivers, so it didn't bother him as much to leave her.

Ever the eagle-eyed boy that he was, it didn't take long for Teddy to notice the red marks on Vinson's face. "Vinnie, who hit you?"

Rayson, who had just entered the ward, froze in his tracks.

Oh, my goodness! Of all the things to say, he had to bring that up?

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Arielle was just as nervous as she stared awkwardly at Vinson.

To her surprise, he grinned and replied, “Nobody. A kitten accidentally scratched me, that’s all.”

“Kitten? Is there a kitten in the hospital?” Teddy exclaimed as his eyes twinkled with excitement.

Fortunately, Nigel was observant enough to stop his son from probing any further. “All right, that’s enough questions. Say goodbye to your mother.”

“Oh, okay,” Teddy replied with a quick nod before doing as instructed.

Seeing that they had moved on from the topic, Arielle breathed a sigh of relief.

After a long day out, it was evening when Arielle and Vinson finally returned to Maple Mansion.

It was a breathtaking sight as the sun began to set, bathing the skies in a red and purple glow.

In a bid to make up for the slap from earlier, Arielle went straight into the kitchen and whipped up a most delectable meal for Vinson.

No words could describe how happy and contented Vinson was when he saw the spread on the table.

As he savored Arielle’s food, Maureen’s Kitchen suddenly came to mind. “By the way, I’ve applied for a



trademark for Maureen's Kitchen, but we've yet to design a logo. You can decide on one when the designs are out. Better act fast before someone else snatches it."

Because of its excellent reputation and operations, Maureen's Kitchen had had a steady increase in customer base. With business improving day by day, Vinson had to ensure that everything ran smoothly.

"Can I design the logo myself?" Arielle asked.

"Of course. Hand it to me when you're done."

Arielle nodded enthusiastically, having already decided on the logo design.

When they had finished their dinner, Arielle was about to start on her sketch when Vinson grabbed her wrist.

"What's the matter?"

A charming yet suggestive smile appeared on Vinson's face as he answered, "It's just the two of us now. After what happened at the hospital, don't you think we should settle our score?"

"How do you want me to make it up to you then?"

As soon as she said that, Arielle had a light-bulb moment. "Oh, I know! I bought quite a lot of herbs from Silverbirch Hospital, Why don't I brew something up for you?"

Vinson doesn't need any financial compensation

anyway. What choice do I have other than to feed him some medicine?

All of a sudden, Vinson looped an arm around Arielle's waist and picked her up effortlessly.

With everything happening so abruptly, Arielle yelped and instinctively held onto Vinson's neck for support.

His neck felt so warm to the touch that Arielle could almost feel her arms burning up.

"Vinson Nightshire! What are you doing?" she shouted. "Let me down!"

"Didn't you say you were going to brew some medicine for me?"

"Yes... But how am I supposed to do it if you don't let me down?"

"You don't have to do anything. The medicine's all prepared."

Arielle went wide-eyed as Vinson leaned in and pecked her on the forehead.

"You're my medicine."

The next second, Arielle had turned crimson with embarrassment as her heart hammered in her chest.

Vinson continued to stare into her eyes. "Can I have my medicine today?"

Can I have my medicine? Can I have her?

No matter how oblivious Arielle was, even she was starting to understand what Vinson meant.

Her mind went blank as she stared back, speechless.

Vinson once again leaned into Arielle's ear and whispered, "Can I?"

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Left with no choice, she hurriedly hugged Vinson's neck again to steady herself.

"I'll take your silence as consent, doctor," Vinson said with a chuckle.

With that, he held a very anxious Arielle tightly in his arms and went upstairs.

In the blink of an eye, Arielle found herself on the bed in Vinson's room.

Since Vinson had the master bedroom, he had a much larger bed, and the combination of dark and light colors made for a strong contrast.

Arielle sank into the impeccably soft bed as soon as he laid her on it

"I'm going to take a shower," Vinson said as he planted a kiss on Arielle's lips.  
"Give me two minutes."

Arielle bit her lips and nodded.

She was nervous, and understandably so.

Any woman in her situation would be just as terrified, so why would Arielle be an exception?

Once Vinson stepped into the bathroom, Arielle quickly pulled the blanket tightly around her.

She stared at the steamy bathroom as her anxiety spiraled out of control.

What now? What do I have to prepare?

Arielle racked her brain for an answer but to no avail. How could she have one when she knew nothing about being intimate?

Damn it! I'm such an idiot when it comes to romance!

Just as Arielle continued to berate herself, the sound of running water in the bathroom stopped.

What? Has Vinson finished his shower?

Knowing there was no way out, she steeled herself for the inevitable.

I'll follow Vinson's lead since I'm clueless. Surely he knows what he's doing. After all, men are supposed to be better at these things.

Arielle sighed and closed her eyes, her eyelashes fluttering ever so slightly.

She could hear Vinson walking toward her and stopping beside the bed.

Unbeknownst to Arielle, Vinson, too, was a bundle of **nerves**.

He was so anxious that he even mistook his shampoo for body wash.

After all, this was his first time.

Arielle was his first woman, and she would also be his last.

As he let his thoughts wander, so did his gaze.

Even though Arielle was hiding under the blanket, there was no hiding her svelte figure from Vinson's eyes.

With her long legs, slender waist, and fair skin, Arielle was the perfect woman that men lusted after.

Only the top of Arielle's head poked out from under the blanket as a sheen of sweat formed on her forehead.

Vinson could only imagine how hot it must be as he saw beads of sweat rolling down her face and into the pillowcase.

Damn it. I know it's just sweat, but it's driving me crazy.

Unable to control his urges any longer, Vinson slowly crawled into bed and straddled Arielle.

"Sannie?" he rasped as he leaned into her face. "Don't you feel hot under the blanket?"

"Hot..." Arielle mumbled, surprised that her voice was just as raspy.

"Haha. Take the blanket off if it's hot."

Right after that, Vinson yanked the blanket off and plopped himself down beside Arielle.

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Arielle only felt the bed sink beside her, and before she could react, she found herself rolling toward Vinson.

“Ahh!”

When she opened her eyes again, she realized she had rolled into his arms.

“You’re an eager one, huh?” Vinson teased.

Arielle’s eyes blazed with anger. “Y–You! You did this on purpose!”

No wonder he chose to lay down beside me. He’s had it all planned!

“You jerk!”

Vinson quickly placed his finger on Arielle’s lips and shook his head. “No, no. It’s the bed that’s a jerk. How naughty of it.”

I’m so glad I got an expensive bed. It sure is worth the price tag!

Immediately after, Vinson removed his finger and greedily locked lips with her.

Arielle’s heart pounded in her chest as her breathing hastened. Within seconds, she had almost been stripped naked to the waist.

Vinson had come out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his lower body, but alas, it slipped off

during the passionate kiss.

As such, Arielle could feel all the changes happening to his body through the thin material of her skirt.

However, the change happened so fast that it jolted Arielle out of her daze.

“Vinson, you—”

“Shh, don’t talk. You can hold onto me if you’re scared.”

Arielle shakily nodded and did as instructed, snaking her arms around Vinson’s waist.

To her surprise, his waist muscles were so strong and toned that Arielle didn’t hate it one bit.

Just like that, any apprehension that she felt previously was quickly replaced with anticipation, making her heart race even more than before.

Vinson’s gaze was tender as he pressed his lips against Arielle’s.

It was yet another long and passionate kiss, and Arielle, who hadn’t quite mastered how to come up for air, was completely red in the face.

Vinson pulled away for a moment, only to duck down again to smother her with kisses.

His kisses trailed down, and his hand gently caressed Arielle’s abdomen, sending bolts of delicious sensations

through her body.

Arielle shuddered from the touch as she instinctively grabbed Vinson’s hand. Unfortunately, he was too strong, and she was at his mercy.

Vinson's hand continued to creep toward her chest when all of a sudden, his phone rang.

"P-Phone..." Arielle mumbled.

"Ignore it."

Finally, Vinson got what he wanted.

With a smirk, he remarked, "Mmm, it feels better than it looks."

Arielle's face turned a deeper shade of red as she glared at Vinson.

"Oh come on, behave normally!"

"How am I supposed to be normal at a time like this?"

Before either of them could say anything else, Vinson's phone rang again.

He was determined not to answer it, but Arielle had had enough with the ringing. It felt almost as if someone was trying to eavesdrop on them.

"You should answer the phone. What if it's an emergency?"

When Vinson still showed no intention of doing it, Arielle gripped his wrists and demanded, "Answer the phone!"

"Damn it!"

Vinson cursed under his breath and reluctantly picked up his phone under Arielle's watchful eye.

"Hello?" he snapped, his gaze cold with fury.



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Vinson glanced at the caller display, only to realize it was Jordan who had interrupted his romantic night with Arielle.

So much for being my friend! It's bad enough that he doesn't help me, but now he even has to ruin the fun for me?

"This better be important. Otherwise, I won't forgive you."

Jordan was momentarily stunned by Vinson's tone and hurriedly replied, "Vin, it's bad. Harvey's back."

"Huh? What's so bad about that?"

In fact, Vinson had been meaning to call Harvey back for the longest time. Even though having him as an undercover would help them identify the bomber faster, the job was just far too dangerous. As such, Vinson was more than happy to get Harvey home.

"No... He's badly injured. I'm now on my way to the hospital."

Vinson's muscles went rigid as all the desires he had for Arielle disappeared in a blink of an eye.

"How did he get injured?"

"I'm not sure either, but Carter's already at the hospital. It was his men who happened to find Harvey along the borders."

"I'm going over too. Which hospital is it?" Vinson said through gritted teeth.

“Rocher Private Hospital.”

“Got it. I’ll be right there.”

“Wait!” Jordan exclaimed. “Can you bring Boss along? If it turns out that those doctors can’t treat him, Boss might still be able to help.”

“Okay.”

After observing the change in Vinson’s demeanor, it was clear to Arielle that something serious must have happened.

“What happened?” she asked concernedly.

“It’s Harvey. Something’s happened.”

“What?” Arielle shouted as she gathered her clothes. “Where is he? I’m going with you.”

“Yes, we might really need to trouble you to help.”

“It’s no trouble at all. Harvey’s my friend. I won’t let anything happen to him!”

Upon hearing her words, Vinson was overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

However, he quickly cleared his throat and started to get dressed.

Their night of passion had taken a drastic turn, but neither Arielle nor Vinson was in the mood to talk about

As the car sped toward the hospital, Vinson couldn’t help but ask, “Did you know that Harvey likes you?”

Arielle hadn’t expected Vinson to bring that up and bit her lip nervously. “Yes. He has confessed to me.”

This time, Vinson was the one left dumbfounded.

I can't believe Harvey confessed his feelings to Arielle before me. Damn!

All of a sudden, he recalled something else.

"Actually... Harvey gave Carter a letter and wanted me to pass it to you."

Arielle stared in bewilderment. "Why is this the first time I'm hearing about a letter?"

"Because it's with me," Vinson admitted uncomfortably.

"You didn't give it to me?"

"Yeah..."

Arielle was at a loss for words, wondering if she should chew Vinson out or not.

Then again, it doesn't seem right to blame him for this.

Eventually, she calmed herself down and replied, "All right, I understand. Where's the letter now?"

"It's in the center console."

True enough, Arielle found Harvey's letter stashed away in the center console in just a matter of seconds.

When she saw how neatly written the letter was, she knew Harvey must have put a lot of effort into it.

As Arielle quietly read through with trembling hands, pin-drop silence filled the car.

The more she read, the more she realized it was more like a suicide note.

Arielle, this is Harvey. By the time you read this letter, I'd already have left Jadeborough to go undercover someplace else.

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Initially, we planned on sending one of the subordinates, but I couldn't risk having the cruise incident happen to you again

At that point, it became clear to Arielle that Harvey volunteered for the mission because she had almost died from the bombing incident. As foolish as that was, she knew his intentions were good.

The chances of me surviving this mission are slim to none, but it's a risk that I must take. I have to find out who's behind it. If I get the chance to end him, that'd be even better. However, if my identity gets exposed, please bury my ashes in Lightspring. That place means a lot to me because it's where I first met you.

A wave of sadness washed over Arielle as she continued reading: You may think it sounds ridiculous, but if I hadn't met you that day, I'd have died in Lightspring. In the beginning, what I had for you was nothing more than gratitude. But when I couldn't find you, I felt like I had lost my soul. Only when I met you for the second time in Chanaea did I realize that I had fallen in love with you. If something does happen to me, please don't feel guilty about it. After all, I owe you my life.

By now, tears had welled up in Arielle's eyes.

Going undercover had always been dangerous, but she never expected Harvey to take on the mission without the intention of coming back alive.

Then, she came to the last line of the letter: I like you,

Arielle. I truly do. If I manage to make it back in one piece, will you give me a chance to woo you?

Arielle's hands stiffened when she read that.

Yes, there were many things she could promise Harvey, especially since he did risk his life for her.

However, love was not one of those.

After all, it was impossible to control one's feelings when it came to love.

"We're here," Vinson suddenly said, bringing Arielle out of her daze.

She was about to get out of the car when Vinson's hand shot out and grabbed her wrist.

Arielle turned around in astonishment, only to see his face contorted in an apologetic grimace. "I'm sorry..."

"Why are you apologizing?"

"Because of that letter..." Vinson mumbled. "I'm sorry I didn't hand it to you as soon as I got it. I did think about withholding the letter, but eventually, I decided against it. It was just that a lot had happened after, and it slipped my mind."

Indeed, everything that Vinson had said was the truth. As much as he didn't want Harvey to get ahead of him, he still decided to hand the letter to Arielle after much hesitation.

Unfortunately, he got so busy with other matters that he genuinely forgot about doing so.

"It's all right," Arielle said as she shook her head. "I don't blame you."

“But I’m still in the wrong. If something untoward happens to Harvey, I’ll never be able to forgive myself for this.”

Arielle lightly patted Vinson’s shoulders and reassured, “Don’t worry, I’m here. I won’t let anything happen to him.”

Vinson nodded before alighting the car with Arielle and rushing into the hospital.

Meanwhile, inside the emergency room, Queenie and a team of doctors were trying their best to save Harvey.

Carter, who had gotten tired of waiting outside, promptly changed into scrubs and joined them in the emergency room.

“Mr. Morgan,” Queenie greeted when she saw him walking in.

Her gloves were stained with blood while Harvey remained pale and motionless on the surgical bed, looking very much like he was on the brink of death.

Carter couldn’t bear to look on as he turned to Queenie. “What’s the situation now?”

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As the best general surgeon in Rocher Private Hospital, Queenie was appointed the lead surgeon of Harvey's operation.

Initially, Queenie had refused to operate after seeing the severity of Harvey's injuries. The risks were far too high, and she did not wish to mar her perfect record.

After finding out that the patient was Harvey Jupiter, however, Queenie changed her mind and agreed to lead the operation.

Despite the risks, success would surely propel Queenie into a lucrative promotion.

Queenie regretted her enthusiasm once she found herself in the operating theater.

Harvey's injuries were far more severe than she had imagined. He had six bullet wounds, one of which had punctured the right side of his heart. If he had arrived at the hospital just half an hour later, he would have died.

Damn it, why did I bite off more than I could chew?

Meanwhile, Carter was anxiously awaiting Queenie's reply. He frowned at her prolonged silence and asked, "I asked you a question. Did you not hear me?"

Queenie snapped out of her trance and uttered apologetically, "I'm sorry, Mr. Morgan. Mr. Jupiter's injuries are so serious that I—I might not be able to save him."

"What the heck are you saying? Didn't you guarantee that you would save him?"



A vein throbbed angrily on Carter's forehead. I would've punched the lights out of her right now if she was a man!

Queenie was taken aback at his uncharacteristic outburst.

Paling, she stammered, "I-I'm sorry, Mr. Morgan. I didn't have the CT scan results back then, so I didn't know there was a bullet in his heart. I must say, though, that Mr. Jupiter has a strong fighting spirit. The average patient would've died."

"Shut up!" Carter cut in. "I don't care what the hell you need to do, but you better save his life!"

Queenie could only swallow her protests and turn to the other doctors to discuss their next steps.

She took a deep breath and declared, "We'll remove the bullet first."

Harrison and Jared had arrived at the hospital in the meantime,

Jared's eyes welled with tears as he stared at the red light above the doors to the operating theater.

He had just learned from Carter that Harvey had been

working as a spy this whole time.

While he was not privy to the specifics of Harvey's job, he naturally associated the word "spy" with danger.

"Damn it! You idiot!" Jared pounded the door in frustration. "You're always calling me stupid, but what about you? Why put yourself in the path of danger? Did you think there were too many Jupiters around? There are millions of people in the world! Why must you be the spy? Idiot! If anything happens to you, I'll never forgive you!"

Amid Jared's venting, he suddenly heard someone call out, "Old Mr. Jupiter!"

He whipped around immediately, only to see Harrison falling backward.

"Grandpa!"

Jared ran toward his grandfather, just as one of the Jupiter family's bodyguards supported Harrison before he collapsed to the ground.

"Grandpa!" Jared asked in concern once he was at Harrison's side. "How are you feeling? Are you okay?"

Thankfully, Harrison only faltered for a brief moment due to extreme stress, and he was already regaining his consciousness.

He waved off their concern and said, "I'm fine. Get the doctors to open the door! I want to see Harvey."

"Grandpa, you should take care of yourself. Harvey's a strong young man, and he'll be okay. If anything were to happen to you once he's awake, he'd bite my head off!"

"Enough!" Harrison added determinedly, "I said I'm fine! Now let me in!"

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### Chapter 859 Heart Failure

Used to being in a position of authority, Harrison did not take no for an answer.

Jared was, unfortunately, well-aware of this fact, and he resorted to calling Carter for help.

Carter answered his call from the emergency room. After hearing out Jared's request, he replied hesitantly, "All right, the two of you can come in, but you'll need to put on scrubs. They're performing an open-chest surgery on him, and it's vital to keep the environment sterile."

"I know." With that, Jared hung up and explained the situation to Harrison.

His grandfather was more than aware of the risks of the need for stringent hygienic requirements during surgeries, having had his fair share of wounds and injuries in the army.

The two of them sanitized themselves and put on scrubs before entering the emergency room.

Jared and Harrison were struck silent upon seeing Harvey on the surgical table.

Queenie was getting ready to perform the open-chest surgery, and the sight of someone as high-profile as Harrison observing the surgery peaked her anxiety.

His murderous aura was palpable and impossible to ignore, a consequence of his years of experience commanding the battlefield.

"Are you the lead surgeon on Harvey's operation?" Harrison fixed his piercing gaze on Queenie.

He was at least two meters away from Queenie, but her hands could not help but fidget nervously at his question.

Even her voice shook as she replied, “Y-Yes, t-that’s me.”

“She looks too young to be a lead surgeon. Are you sure she’s the best pick?” Harrison glanced at Queenie before questioning Carter.

Carter nodded firmly. “She’s the best surgeon in our hospital with a flawless track record. I’ll make sure that she has our hospital’s entire resources at her disposal.”

His words seemed to reassure Harrison, who then stared coldly at Queenie and barked, “You better perform the best damn surgery of your life, or I’ll shoot you dead!”

Queenie broke out into a cold sweat.

Such an operation already had a low chance of success. Coupled with the bullet in his heart, they had no idea if Harvey’s would be even worse than expected after cutting open his chest.

Harrison’s threat had Queenie deciding then and there that she could not agree to lead the operation.

I’d rather lose my chance at promotion than take the risk of offending the Jupiters. They’re military men, for God’s sake! I can’t afford to become enemies with men who tumble around with guns like child’s play.

Her mind made up, Queenie stared at Carter and said determinedly, “Mr. Morgan, I-”

“Carter!” A voice rang out, interrupting her speech.

Queenie stiffened the moment she heard the familiar voice. She stared at the entrance to the emergency room in befuddlement.

A slender woman stood there, masked up and dressed in scrubs.

Only her eyes were exposed, but it was more than enough to identify the mysterious arrival.

Arielle.

Carter and Jared recognized her at first glance as well.

Carter brightened up immediately and rushed forward to greet her. “Chief, you made it! I had Jordan contact you and Vin.”

Arielle nodded and replied, “I asked them to modify something in the hospital supply room while I came over to evaluate his condition.”

“Modification? On what?”

“A pacemaker.” Arielle continued, “I took a look at Harvey’s file once I reached the hospital. If my preliminary evaluation is accurate, Harvey’s heart is not going to make it.”

Harrison immediately roared, “What do you mean? Not going to make it? Explain yourself, young lady!”

Confused by his outburst, Arielle looked at him and asked, “And you are?”

Jared hastily introduced Harrison to her. “This is my grandpa.”

Arielle finally understood his anxiety and said, “Everything I’ve said is the truth. Harvey’s heart will not survive this operation.”

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### Chapter 860 Ask For Trouble

Arielle emphasized again that Harvey's heart was failing. Harrison fell out with her, casting a ferocious look at her.

"What did you say?"

He raised his walking stick and was about to swing it toward Arielle.

Arielle stood still, without any trace of fear.

Meanwhile, Carter and Jared panicked as they immediately stood between Harrison and Arielle.

In the end, Jared was the one who got beaten by the stick.

Despite the pain, he still grabbed Harrison's hand and pleaded, "Grandpa, please stop. She's Arielle!"

"I don't care who she is. I'll kill anyone who dares to curse my grandson!"

Carter also helped to ease the situation. "Old Mr. Jupiter, Arielle is good in medical. Please let her finish. I believe there's something more she wants to say."

Upon saying that, Carter turned to Arielle. "Right?"

If not, it would be the end for Harvey's life.

"Yes." Arielle nodded slightly, and Carter's eyes lit up with anticipation.

So, there's still hope for him! Thank God!

Harrison questioned Arielle coldly, “What else do you want to say?”

Arielle started to explain. “His heart has been damaged terribly, so it will take time to recover. Thus, we’ll have to install a robotic pacemaker before his heart loses its function completely. And after his heart resumes to function normally, we can take off the robotic pacemaker.”

Harrison was stunned momentarily upon hearing that. “Do you mean the robotic pacemaker that Sann Group is selling?”

Arielle nodded firmly. Yes, that’s my masterpiece in Sann Group.

With that, Harrison furrowed his brows slightly. “I’ve seen the information about it. But I remember it is used for hearts with diseases. Could it be used to replace a heart’s function?”

Arielle shook her head slightly and then nodded again. “Initially, it couldn’t. But I’ve asked Vinson to modify it according to my instruction. It should be done at any minute now. That’s why I have to begin the open-chest surgery now. As soon as the robotic pacemaker is completed, I’ll install it into him right away.”

“A-Are you sure you can do it?” Harrison stared at Arielle skeptically.

She seems younger than the lead surgeon.

Arielle nodded. “I’ll do my best.”

Right then, Carter also nodded fervently. “Old Mr. Jupiter, you can count on her. She’s the best doctor I’ve ever seen.”

Upon hearing that, only then did Harrison heave a sigh of relief.

But still, he let out a warning. “If you fail the surgery, I’ll kill you!”

That was indeed his catch-phrase which Queenie also got intimidated before.

Queenie's heart skipped a beat as she heard him say it again.

She would not dare to conduct the surgery if she were Arielle.

And what modification is she talking about? I've never heard the robotic pacemaker can be used to replace a real heart. It's merely a supporting aid. If she fails, Old Mr. Jupiter would never let her off. Fine. Maybe I should let her bear the responsibility since she volunteers for it. It won't be my fault if anything happens.

With that in mind, Queenie walked over to Harrison. "Old Mr. Jupiter, I'm confident in this surgery too. But since Ms. Moore's skills are better than mine, I'll let her conduct it."