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Chapter 221 Miracle Doctor, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Yvette wanted to grab Arielle's hair and hit her head against the wall. But before Yvette could lay a hand on Arielle, the latter grabbed Yvette's arm instead and pinned her facedown. Thud! Yvette was forced to kneel. "Ah!" Yvette let out an ear-splitting scream. "You murderer! How dare you hurt me? Help! Help!" Before the bodyguards realized it, Arielle had already forced Yvette to get on her knees. They finally came back to their senses and rushed ahead to save Yvette. The others started hurling accusations, too. "I can't believe I trusted that vicious woman!

Beat her up! Kill her!" Suddenly, a voice rang out. "Stop!" It was a weak voice, but everyone immediately stopped in their tracks and whirled around in disbelief. Russell, who had been unconscious in his own puddle of blood moments ago, had regained consciousness. He opened his eyes and was trying to sit up. Yvette was stunned as she blurted out, "Dad?" After losing so much blood, Dad didn't die? He is still alive?

What's going on? Arielle glanced at Russell and let out a sigh of relief. She immediately released her grip on Yvette. After regaining freedom, Yvette scurried over to Russell and wailed, "Dad! Dad, you're okay?" "Why? Do you want something to happen to me?" Russell glared at Yvette.

His gaze was no longer gentle and adoring. Everyone was afraid of dying. Russell had regained consciousness a while ago, but he couldn't open his eyes yet. Hence, he overheard the entire exchange. If Clara hadn't blocked the entrance, Yvette would've rushed in to stop the young lady from saving him.

There was a possibility that he might die in the middle of the treatment, so his affection for Yvette disappeared into thin air. A chill ran down Yvette's spine. Russell's frosty glare seemed to insinuate that he had seen through her trick. She gulped and asked guiltily, "Dad, why are you staring at me like that?" Russell's voice was icy. "If you had entered earlier, I would've died on the spot! This young lady had saved my life. How could you call her a murderer?"

Are you even my daughter?" Yvette had guessed that Arielle was the one who saved Russell's life. Still, when she heard it from Russell's own lips, her mind went blank. Arielle saved dad. Our family now owes her a favor. Then, what am I now? Everyone else began murmuring in wonder when they heard it was Arielle who saved Russell's life.

"She drained out that much blood to treat him. I've never seen such a bizarre treatment. "She's a miracle doctor!" "I wonder which family she is from. My son is single." "What a coincidence. My son is also single. He's a handsome bachelor!"

They were all planning on introducing Arielle to their sons! However, Arielle ignored the flattery and went to Russell. "Mr. Actonward, how are you feeling?" Upon seeing Arielle, Russell shoved his daughter away and gestured for the former to come to him.

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He took Arielle's hand and expressed his heartfelt gratitude. "I'm fine now. I even feel much better. Miracle doctor, can I know your name?" Arielle took Russell's pulse and introduced herself. "My name is Arielle Moore. Henrick Moore's my father." Russell's eyes lit up excitedly. "Oh, you're my cousin's daughter! That's great news!"

Upon hearing that the miracle doctor was Russell's first cousin once removed, the crowd grew increasingly envious. They might be rich, but money couldn't buy health. Russell was lucky today for the miracle doctor was here to save his life. At once, everyone in the Actonward family came to strike up a conversation with Arielle warmly. As Arielle had stolen the limelight, Yvette was burning in jealousy. Her jealousy overwhelmed her entire being until she didn't even feel happy that her father was still alive.

She gave Arielle a menacing glare and spoke. "Dad, do you know she's from the countryside? I have no idea where she learned the crazy treatment. Perhaps it was a coincidence that you could regain consciousness. The doctor is here, so you should let him examine you." She refused to believe that it was Arielle who saved her father. It must be a coincidence! However, Arielle merely smirked upon hearing her words. Clearly, she was confident in herself.

She was worried that people would think of Russell's recovery as a coincidence, so Yvette's suggestion came just in time to dispel everyone's doubts. At the same time, Yvette promptly regretted her suggestion when she saw the smirk playing on Arielle's lips. It was too late, as Russell's private doctor, Ford Jangler, and a specialist had arrived at the scene. They were taken aback to see the blood in the room.

Ford immediately asked, "W-Why is there so much blood? Didn't Mr. Actonward lose consciousness from severe shock?" The other guests hurriedly chimed in, "The miracle doctor, Ms. Moore, did it!" "Yes! Ms. Moore is a miracle doctor. She saved Mr. Actonward's life!" "That's right. We've never heard of the bloodletting treatment. It was really fascinating!" Ford's expression darkened. "Nonsense! Only uneducated witches would resort to pseudoscientific treatments like this!"

Yvette's expression brightened. She rushed over to agree to Ford's statement. "You're right, Dr. Jangler! Yvette is from the countryside. She didn't save my dad. It must be a pure coincidence that my dad regained consciousness!" Ford nodded in agreement. "Yes, it's just a coincidence.

Bloodletting is a dangerous practice. You're a person of influence in Jadeborough. How could you believe in that sorcery? You must've gone crazy." Yvette was thrilled for she finally found someone who sided with her. "Dad!" She turned to Russell. "Did you hear what Dr. Jangler said?"

Arielle isn't your savior." She refused to regard Arielle as her father's savior. The more she thought about it, the more she felt disgusted. Still, Russell didn't believe Ford's words as he trusted his own intuition.

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After waking up, he felt slightly weak, but his body felt stronger than before. He shook his head and stated firmly, "Dr. Jangler, you've got it all wrong. It was indeed my niece who saved me. I can feel it myself." Ford stepped ahead. "Mr. Actonward, you must be still muddled after your narrow escape from death to believe in the pseudoscientific treatment!

Let me examine you. The modern medical equipment won't lie." Hearing that, Russell glanced at Arielle doubtfully. Nevertheless, a smile flitted across Arielle's lips as she gave a firm nod. "Traditional Chanaean medicine might be complex, but I believe the modern medical equipment will provide a more accurate diagnosis.

You're Dr. Jangler, right? Please give Mr. Actonward a thorough examination." Ford didn't even bother looking at the miracle doctor everyone was praising earlier. He thought it would be an old witch, but to his surprise, it was a young woman. The disdain on Ford's face heightened. Several prominent families hired him to be their private doctor, as he was highly educated and experienced. He snorted and said, "Oh, so the 'miracle doctor' is just a young lady.

I thought it would be some nonsensical witch!" Arielle frowned. "I don't understand why you have to resort to personal attacks, Dr. Jangler. So what if I'm a young lady? Can't I have medical skills?" Ford's contempt was clear. "I'm not. It's the truth. You're young, so you don't have experience. Female doctors usually treat general illnesses. It's rare to see accomplished female doctors in this field." Ford had always looked down on female doctors, as he felt they couldn't be good doctors.

Arielle glared at him and responded, "Since you don't trust me, let the medical equipment do its job." As soon as she said that, Ford gave her a mocking look and remarked, "You just won't give up, huh?" With that, he ordered his staff to bring the medical equipment from the ambulance into the room. Soon, various types of medical equipment were hauled into the room. It did not take long for the results to appear.

Yvette glanced at the report in Ford's hand impatiently and asked, "Dr. Jangler, what is it? Arielle wasn't the one who cured Dad, right?" Similarly, Russell and the other guests perked their ears up earnestly to hear Ford's answer. They were curious as to whether Arielle was a miracle doctor. Only Arielle stood there unbothered like the whole thing had nothing to do with her. At that moment, Ford was staring at the report in shock.

He didn't even hear Yvette's question. An impatient Yvette grabbed the report from Ford and scanned it swiftly. Alas, she couldn't understand the data on the paper. She tugged at Ford and demanded, "Dr. Jangler, speak! What does the data mean?" Ford was shaking his head in disbelief.

"Impossible. That's impossible." Yvette's brows knitted up. "What is impossible?" Ford's gaze then swept across Yvette and landed on Arielle. A few seconds later, he scurried ahead and fell on his knees in front of Arielle to everyone's shock.

Yvette and the guests parted their lips at the revelation. Meanwhile, Arielle was asking calmly, "Dr. Jangler, what are you doing?" Ford seemed shy about expressing his thoughts. After a brief deliberation, he gave himself a slap on the face.

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Slap! After giving himself a crisp slap, Ford lowered his head. "I was too arrogant and ignorant. Please forgive me for being young and cocky. Would you take me as your apprentice?"

When Ford's assistant heard him admitting himself to be "young and cocky," the corners of his lips twitched in disbelief. Young and cocky? Pfft, more like old and clumsy! Besides the assistant, no one else heard how Ford describing himself as "young and cocky."

Instead, they focused on how Ford had asked Arielle to take him as her apprentice. Yvette tugged on Ford's arm furiously and exclaimed, "Dr. Jangler, what is this? Explain yourself!" Take him as her apprentice? Why did he say that all of a sudden? Did Arielle cure Dad for real? No, that's impossible! "Hurry up and make yourself clear!" Yvette stomped and urged. Then, Ford gazed at Yvette and took the report from her.

He pointed at a string of numbers and explained, "The data shows that Mr. Actonward had suffered from a stroke. No stroke patient will be able to recover themselves." Yvette's eyes went wide in aghast. I can't believe Arielle was the one who cured Dad! Russell scrambled up from his bed and fell to his knees before Arielle. "Arielle, you saved my life! The Actonward family owes you one!" He then proceeded to bow to Arielle.

Many people had knelt before Arielle today, but none of them had bowed to her. She took Russell's arm and pulled him up. "Mr. Actonward, you don't have to do that. I'm only doing my job." Yvette's expression contorted in anger when she saw her father kneeling to the person she hated the most. Quickly, she pulled Russell away. "Dad, what are you doing? She knows first aid care, so it's perfectly normal for her to save you.

"It's just a coincidence!" Right then, Ford, who had the report in his hand, spoke up. "No!" Everyone turned to him instinctively. Are things about to take a turn? Yvette reacted swiftly. She thought Ford had misread the report and queried immediately, "Dr. Jangler, you got it wrong, right? Dad didn't suffer from a stroke. He only fainted in a fit of anger, right?" Ford shook his head and turned the report over so everyone could see it clearly.

He pointed at another string of numbers and explained, "These indicators should be in red. Mr. Actonward had been suffering from cardiovascular disease for a long time. I hadn't been able to cure him. In fact, I daresay no doctor can cure him as of now. But, take a look. The indicators are all green now."

He was saying that Arielle had cured Russell's chronic disease that no doctors could cure. Yvette was appalled at the turn of events. Right then, everyone else's gazes turned respectful. As Arielle managed to cure Russell's stroke, she was an exceptional doctor. If Russell was sent to the hospital on time, he could recover from his stroke as it wasn't deadly.

However, they found Arielle's treatment strange as they had never seen it before. Now, even the medical expert was saying that Arielle cured a chronic disease that he and other doctors couldn't cure.

Clearly, Arielle was a miracle doctor and not just a normal medical expert. A miracle doctor was in a different range than a medical expert.

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The guests were jealous. "Mr. Actonward, you're so lucky to have met a miracle doctor who's your niece!" "Dr. Moore, if there's a medical emergency in my house one day, please help me out!" "Yes, Dr. Moore. If you need our help, let us know as well!" The guests couldn't hide their respect for Arielle. No one would want to cross a miracle doctor, as they might need her expertise one day. Though everyone was clearly flattering her, Arielle remained humble. "Thank you, everyone. I'm planning on opening a traditional Chanaan medicine hospital soon. When my hospital is open for business, you're welcome to see me. Of course, I hope I won't see you there as I hope you will all be healthy." Arielle's words successfully pleased the crowd.

They might've called her a miracle doctor, but she was still young. Hence, they were charmed by her wishes. "Ms. Moore, you're indeed cultured and educated. If you need any sort of investment or help to open your hospital, let us know!" "Yes, you might've grown up in the countryside, but you're as capable as Ms. Maureen Moore.

The new is constantly replacing the old, huh?" "That's right! By the way, your mother used to be very influential in Jadeborough." Arielle flashed a faint smile and said nothing else. She knew her boundaries well. Meanwhile, Yvette was certain that Arielle was a disgusting sham. Yet, she couldn't express her displeasure for everyone would only scoff at her in return. Russell felt better after getting some rest. He smoothed his shirt and announced, "I'm sorry for ruining the mood of the party.

I'll ask my housekeeper to prepare some gifts for everyone. Please return to the party." Initially, Russell wasn't interested in the birthday party, but after he survived and got his chronic illness cured, he couldn't conceal his delight. He decided to make the party a grand event. "Dad!" Yvette didn't want to see Arielle any longer. She parted her lips to persuade Russell. "You've just woken up, so you need to rest. Let's call off the party, shall we?"

I won't let the guests I invited flatter Arielle at my own birthday party! To her astonishment, Russell furrowed his brows. "Of course not. I haven't thanked those who helped me today! This isn't just your birthday party. Starting now, it's also my thank you party!" After saying that, he ignored Yvette's protests and led the guests back to the hall before heading up to change his clothes. Right then, Arielle took his arm to give him a reminder.

"Mr. Actonward—" Russell cut in warmly. "Why are you still calling me Mr. Actonward? I'm your Uncle Russell." Arielle obliged with a nod. The Actonwards weren't as distinguished as the four most prominent families, but they were wealthy enough. As the Actonwards' company sold medical instruments, she needed Russell's help.

"Uncle Russell!" she greeted with a smile before going straight to the topic. "Your chronic illness is hard to cure, but it wasn't serious enough to cause a stroke. I was here late, so I didn't know why you suddenly fainted." Russell was too excited and had forgotten the reason he got mad in the first place.

At Arielle's reminder, he finally recalled the young lady dressed in black as his expression turned grim. Yvette paled visibly and changed the topic. "Dad, that isn't important. Look, your shirt is stained. You should go and wash up. I shall handle everything else."

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In the past, Russell would've left the situation to Yvette. However, he no longer trusted Yvette. "This is an important matter. I nearly died because of that young lady, so I need to get to the bottom of it. Edmund, bring that young lady in black to me now!" Russell declared. All color on Yvette's face paled to a chalky white as panic rose in her heart. She glared at Arielle furiously. In return, Arielle shrugged and responded, "My darling cousin, that young lady in black isn't me. Why are you glaring at me?" Russell turned to look at his daughter, who hurriedly offered a smile. "Arielle, you must be mistaken. I'm wearing a pair of black contact lens which might be scary when I look at someone. If you dislike it, I shall not look at you." Arielle shook her head.

"I must've been mistaken, then." Yvette was raging inwardly, but she had no choice but to force out a smile. *Ugh, this is terribly frustrating!* Right then, a tied-up Shandie was brought in by the bodyguards. There was a towel stuffed in her mouth. Upon seeing Yvette, she started struggling and yelling, but her voice was muffled. It was right at this moment that fear crept into Yvette's heart. She had prepared the evening gown for Arielle.

After all, she could pin the blame on Arielle and silence her once and for all, but unexpectedly it was Shandie who ended up wearing the black dress. *It's Arielle! She saw through my plan and gave the dress to Shandie! What a scary woman!* Sweat formed on Yvette's forehead as she lowered her gaze fearfully. She stared at her feet and prayed that her scheme wouldn't be revealed.

At the sight of Shandie's predicament, Arielle pretended to ask in astonishment, "Shandie, it's you? How could you show up in this dress? Don't you know Uncle Russell hates the color black?" Shandie was furious and humiliated, but her mouth was stuffed, and she could only wail in desperation. Russell immediately felt dizzy at the sight of Shandie's dress.

The butler immediately grabbed a white towel to cover Shandie up so Russell could calm down. Still, he couldn't hold back his fury. "Shandie Southall! Are you here to upset me?" Shandie shook her head hastily. *No! I know nothing! I didn't even know Uncle Russell is back!* Russell frowned and ordered, "Remove the cloth from her mouth and let her explain herself. I want to know why she wants me dead." "Yes!" Edmund stretched his hand out to remove the cloth from Shandie's mouth. Before he could do so, Yvette stopped him anxiously and said, "Dad, the truth is out. You don't have to question her. I think we should send her back to the Southalls, so her father can discipline her!" Her plan had gone off the rail, so she had to sacrifice Shandie! *Shandie's a fool, so there's no harm in sacrificing her.* "Mm, mm!" Shandie's muffled voice rang out.

She initially thought it was Arielle's plan, but since Yvette was trying to stop her from saying anything, it was clear the latter was the mastermind. *It was Yvette who did this to me! That b*tch!*

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She couldn't understand why Yvette tried to harm her. Have I ever offended Yvette? On the other hand, Arielle was waiting to see them turning against each other. She put on a concerned look and said, "Yvette, you can't say that. Shandie and I aren't that close, but I know she isn't that evil. Besides, there's no bad blood between her and Uncle Russell. Why would she harm him? This must be a misunderstanding.

You need to give her a chance to explain herself." Shandie nodded vehemently. Yes! I want to explain. I shall reveal Yvette's evil deed! Yvette gritted her teeth in anger. "Arielle, stay out of our family's business. There's nothing to explain!" Russell shook his head. "Arielle's right. She's our relative, so we should give her a chance to explain herself. Edmund, remove the cloth in her mouth so she can talk."

Before Yvette could stop Edmund, he had already removed the cloth from Shandie's mouth. Immediately, Shandie yelled out, "Uncle Russell! It was Yvette who set me up! My father locked me up in a monastery, so I knew nothing about your return. Yvette gave me the dress. She set me up and tried to kill you!" "What did you say?" Russell's question was directed at Shandie, but his furious gaze had landed on Yvette.

Yvette felt like her blood had frozen in her veins. She took a step back instinctively. "Dad..." "Don't call me Dad!" Russell declared icily. "Is Shandie telling the truth? Were you the one who prepared the dress?" Yvette shook her head in terror. This was the first time she had ever seen Russell this mad. He looks like he's questioning a criminal.

No! I can't admit to that mistake. She forced herself to calm down and pinched her thigh without anyone realizing it. The pain caused tears to stream down her cheeks. "Dad, don't you trust your daughter? Shandie is just an adopted daughter. Even if she's your niece, you shouldn't side with her and doubt your daughter!" In response, Shandie clenched her teeth and exclaimed, "I'm not adopted! I'm my dad's biological daughter!"

Her sudden revelation shocked both Yvette and Russell into silence. Arielle, who was usually calm, couldn't stop herself from arching a brow in surprise. Huh. I can't believe Shandie revealed Henrick and Cindy's biggest secret in public. It was, indeed, a big scandal. By claiming she was Henrick's biological daughter, Shandie was announcing that Henrick had cheated on Maureen with Cindy before Maureen's death.

Arielle snickered silently. Shandie didn't inherit Cindy's IQ, but she inherited Henrick's rashness. Ha! I get to kill two birds with one stone tonight. Pausing for a while, Arielle pretended not to believe Shandie's announcement and responded, "Shandie, what are you talking about?"

You're adopted by Aunt Cindy. How could you claim to be Dad's biological daughter?" "I am!" Shandie stuck her chin up and insisted. "We can take a DNA test if you don't trust me!"

Right then, Arielle could barely hold in her laughter. Isn't the main point about the dress? Why is she insisting she's Henrick's biological daughter now? In the end, Shandie's foolishness turned out to be a great help to Arielle.

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Arielle grew excited. There were plenty of guests here, so this piece of news would spread quickly in their circle. I wonder how Henrick will react after finding out about it? Her expression remained doubtful. "Shandie, this isn't the time to spout nonsense. Hurry, tell us about the dress," she reminded Shandie grimly. Realization dawned on Shandie as she turned to Russell and divulged, "Uncle Russell, I'm telling the truth!

I had been in the monastery all along and only got to return today. I have plenty of witnesses! If you investigate about it, you'll find out where the dress came from!" Russell couldn't quite catch up with the turn of events. He remained silent for a while before announcing, "I shall get to the bottom of this."

"Dad!" Yvette stomped her feet and came up with a lie. "I did send Ari... Shandie a dress, but I swear on Guzzur's name that it was a white dress instead of this one. Someone must've exchanged it to frame me!" Yvette's gaze landed on Arielle once she said that. Nevertheless, Russell trusted Arielle and didn't connect the matter to her.

"That's enough! I'll investigate the matter and get to the bottom of it. Shandie, change your clothes and go back home. Yvette, you... Forget it. Before I find out the truth, we shall stop talking about this matter!" In the end, Russell chose not to trust Shandie's declaration for Yvette was his daughter, after all.

There was no way he'd believe his daughter tried to kill him just because of what Shandie said. Still, he made up his mind to get to the bottom of it. Yvette could heave a sigh of relief for now. She still had time to cover up her mistake and get a scapegoat to take the blame. In the meantime, Shandie was also relieved, as she was no longer accused of being a murderer.

Still, she didn't stop to think of the consequences of her previous statement and only thought that she had gotten out of trouble. Edmund released Shandie and led her out of the back door. The party went on as usual. As expected, the housekeeper in the room quickly spread the juicy gossip around. Soon, everyone at the party started discussing the gossip happily. Arielle bribed the Actonwards' housekeeper to spread the word that Yvette was the one who sent the dress to Shandie.

The guests at the birthday party were extremely excited as they talked about tonight's events. As the star of the party, Yvette was ignored by everyone.

What was worse was that she even heard the guests gossiping and criticizing her. She had no choice but to pretend not to hear them. Otherwise, the guests might spread a new rumor about her. After that, Yvette couldn't bring herself to mill around the hall as though nothing had happened, so she stepped out of the house for a breather when no one else was noticing.

At the door, a man clad in a black tuxedo and black top hat stood in her way. Yvette glared at him with a frown marring her face, prompting him to explain why he was blocking her way. The man lifted his hat and revealed his eyes.

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Yvette did not recognize this man and wanted to walk past him. I can't bear to stay here any longer. This is no longer my birthday party, but Arielle's party to shine. The man stretched out his hand to block her path. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Actonward." He grinned. Yvette was stunned when she heard his voice. "You're the guy who contacted me on behalf of Cindy!" she exclaimed in surprise. She instinctively looked around the hall and noticed Arielle chatting happily with someone else.

Yvette sighed in relief when she knew Arielle didn't notice the mysterious man. She then turned to him and said, "Let's head to the garden." Then, she headed toward the backyard as the man followed closely behind her. The both of them quickly disappear as they reached the entrance. At the same time, Arielle's eyes fell upon them as soon as they turned and headed to the backyard. If I'm not mistaken, that's Matthias.

Arielle narrowed her eyes as the corner of her lips curled into an unnoticeable smile. "Ms. Moore? Ms. Moore?" someone called as he followed her gaze. "What're you looking at?" he asked. "Nothing." Arielle turned back to face the guest and smiled. "I have a feeling it's going to rain." "Rain?" The guest was confused. "The weather today seemed rather nice. How could it possibly rain?" Arielle smiled. "Because there aren't any stars."

"That's true. There are no stars tonight." The guest nodded. Nonetheless, Jadeborough was decorated with bright lights, so it would make sense if one could not spot any stars. As the night went by, the backyard was rather dim as only a few lamps were situated around while the stars hid in the clouds.

Therefore, it was a perfect place to talk in private. The man took off his hat, revealing his handsome appearance. Although he was on the older side, one could tell that he was an extremely good-looking man in his younger days. Yet,

there was big scar on his face. The man smiled and greeted, "Hello, Ms. Actonward. My name is Matthias.

"I'm Cindy's assistant, and I was sent here to help you." Yvette had experienced an embarrassing moment moments ago, yet she was still as arrogant as ever. She grunted and said harshly, "You want to help me? Even Cindy had been sent to the monastery. What can an assistant like you do? I'd rather do things myself! The reason I asked you over was merely to avoid suspicion and nothing else. Hence, you may leave!"

Matthias looked at her and replied, "Ms. Actonward, I saw what happened earlier. If you went with the plan, things wouldn't have turned out this way." "That was an accident! Who knew Shandie would end up wearing that dress? That stupid b*tch! She's always getting in the way of my plans!" she quickly explained. Matthias loved Cindy very much; hence he loved Shandie as well. So of course, his expression darkened when he heard those words.

"Ms. Actonward, did you really think that it was an accident? Perhaps it was a coincidence that Shandie wore your dress to the birthday party as soon as she left the monastery?" Yvette frowned as she pondered for a moment. "What're you trying to say?"

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"It seems that you have underestimated your enemy, Ms. Actonward. It was all part of Arielle's plan. She knew that the dress you've provided her was a setup," Matthias answered coldly. Yvette bit her lip. Well, I, too, thought it could be Arielle's plan. Yet, I hate to admit that I was outsmarted by her. I feel so embarrassed now that Matthias had revealed it so directly. "Okay, fine. It's my fault that I underestimated her! So what?"

Mark my words—I will get my revenge one day!" she said angrily. Matthias shook his head and said, "If I'm not mistaken, your father has grown suspicious of you. If you don't handle things diligently in the future, I'm afraid you would be in deep trouble before you can deal with Arielle." Upon that, Yvette clenched her fists, and her eyebrows creased in worry. She then bit her lip harder this time and glanced at him.

"Then tell me what you have in mind?" Matthias met her glance with a cold look and responded, "Why don't go with our original plan of taking her out. It'll solve all our problems at once." "But today... She became the center of attention while everyone claimed her as a miracle doctor." Yvette hesitated. "So?"

Matthias lifted his chin. "One who stands at the highest point would only suffer a greater fall. You can't hesitate any longer, Ms. Actonward. This is your best chance to take action." Even so, Yvette didn't budge. "But Mason's reputation

would be affected.” Matthias laughed. “It wouldn’t hurt for a man to have a few dating scandals. In contrast, it might add some spice to his life. Haven’t you noticed that the way Mason looks at Arielle is very different?”

Ever since he couldn’t get rid of her and things backfired terribly, he’s been waiting for a chance to strike. Are you sure you want the both of you to miss this golden opportunity?” Yvette could no longer contain the irritable feeling in her heart and said, “Alright! Let’s go with the plan! Where’s the stuff that you’ve mentioned during our phone call? Give it to me!” Matthias took out an aroma diffuser from his bag and handed it to her.

“Light it at the place where we’ve discussed.” With a sneer, Yvette held the aroma diffuser in her hands and asked, “This is it? How is an aroma diffuser going to help me? Didn’t you say you were going to hand me a drug that would arouse her sexual desires?” Matthias raised an eyebrow. “Yes, we were planning to pass you that. However, Arielle has a medical background, and she would have seen through our tricks.

Besides, I coincidentally came across something more subtle yet effective when I was abroad—which is what I’ve given you. It is colorless and tasteless, so most people wouldn’t be able to spot anything. Even if they did, it would be too late. Besides, no one else besides the one who developed this aroma diffuser knows the secret to its cure.” Yvette began to shift uncomfortably with the aroma diffuser in her hand.

“Don’t be afraid, Ms. Actonward. It would only work once it’s lit.” Matthias let out a laugh. Yvette instantly relaxed. “So you’re saying it would be as effective as the hormone-inducing drug, right?” she asked in curiosity. Matthias shook his head. “No, it’s different. Not only would this aroma diffuser induce sexual desires, but it also causes one to hallucinate and picture anyone to be their loved ones. Once the drug takes its effect, the rest is history.

The most important thing about this aroma diffuser is, the drug is placed in the wick. Hence, it would be an empty aroma diffuser once it’s used up. No professional laboratory or institutions would be able to find any traces of the drug.” That means no one would suspect me!

That’s the last thing I want right now! She was relieved when she heard Matthias’ explanation. Matthias then gave her a pill and said, “This is the cure for Mason.” “I know what I need to do now. Don’t worry, Arielle’s not going to know what hit her this time! I’m going to place a screen and broadcast it live! Just wait and see what the world has to say about her when it happens!”