"|..."

"Arielle, you don't have to put up a strong front in front of me..." As Vinson spoke, he suddenly realized that he did not sound like himself at all. Hence, he hurriedly added, "Your act doesn't work in front of me. I can see through everyone's pretenses, so you should just save your energy."

Initially, Arielle felt slightly touched by Vinson. However, her expression now turned cold. "Thank you for helping me save my energy, but I'm really not upset."

She never told anyone about her vulnerabilities.

Gazing at her deeply, Vinson felt a strange sense of frustration.

He was about to speak when someone knocked on the door again.

"Shh..." Vinson made a shushing gesture.

Understanding his intention, Arielle hid in the bedroom again.

However, the moment she entered, she heard Vinson. "Come out. He's one of us."

Arielle quickly pushed the door open and returned to the living room. She saw the bespectacled man, whom she had seen in the Jupiters, standing in the living room. He was holding the tissue paper which contained Henrick's hair.

The man sniffed it, scrunched his nose and asked, "Why is there a smell?"

Arielle blushed. As she had hidden it in her shoe, it smelled a little...

Just when she was feeling embarrassed and unsure how to explain, Vinson said calmly, "You're such a clean freak. I have only held it in my hand for a few minutes. If it smells... It's probably the scent of my body."

Arielle was stunned.

When Carter heard that, he did not dwell on it further and shoved the tissue paper into his pocket. Then, his gaze fell onto Arielle and lingered there for a moment. When he glanced at Vinson, who only had a towel wrapped around him, a look of surprise crept into his eyes.

"Are both of you..."

"It's something personal, so we need to hide it from some people."

"Looks like this lady is the one who requires the DNA test." Carter stretched his hand out to her. "Please give me a strand of your hair too."

Arielle immediately plucked out a strand of hair and passed it to Carter.

He grabbed a piece of tissue, wrapped the strand and said to Vinson, "About that dude in the hospital... We've tried all kinds of methods, but none of them works. The doctor said that he has post-traumatic stress disorder, so the treatment's going to be tough. It'll take at least a year."

"A year?" Vinson immediately frowned and said, "We can't wait for so long."

At that moment, Arielle took a step forward and asked, "Post-traumatic stress disorder?"

When she suddenly chimed in, Carter adjusted his spectacles unhappily.

To him, all women were trouble.

However, as Arielle was Vinson's friend, he had more patience for her than for other women.

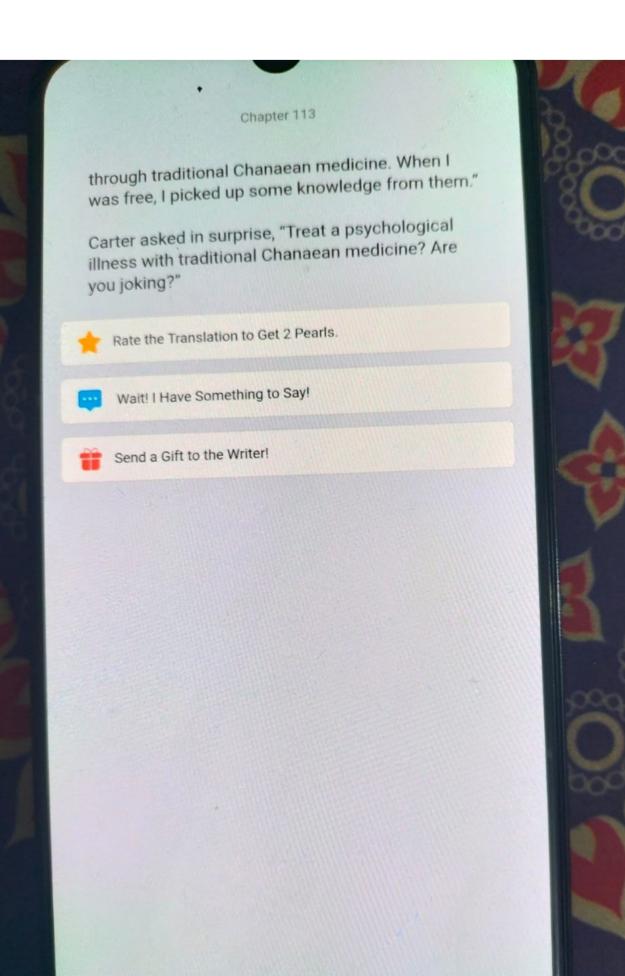
As he had already argued with the other two in the hospital because of Arielle, he was so annoyed that he had a headache. Hence, he was starting to lose his patience with her.

"It's between both of us, so Ms. Moore, you shouldn't..."

Before Carter could finish his sentence, Vinson raised his hand and interrupted him.

Confused, he heard Vinson ask Arielle, "Do you know about post-traumatic stress disorder?"

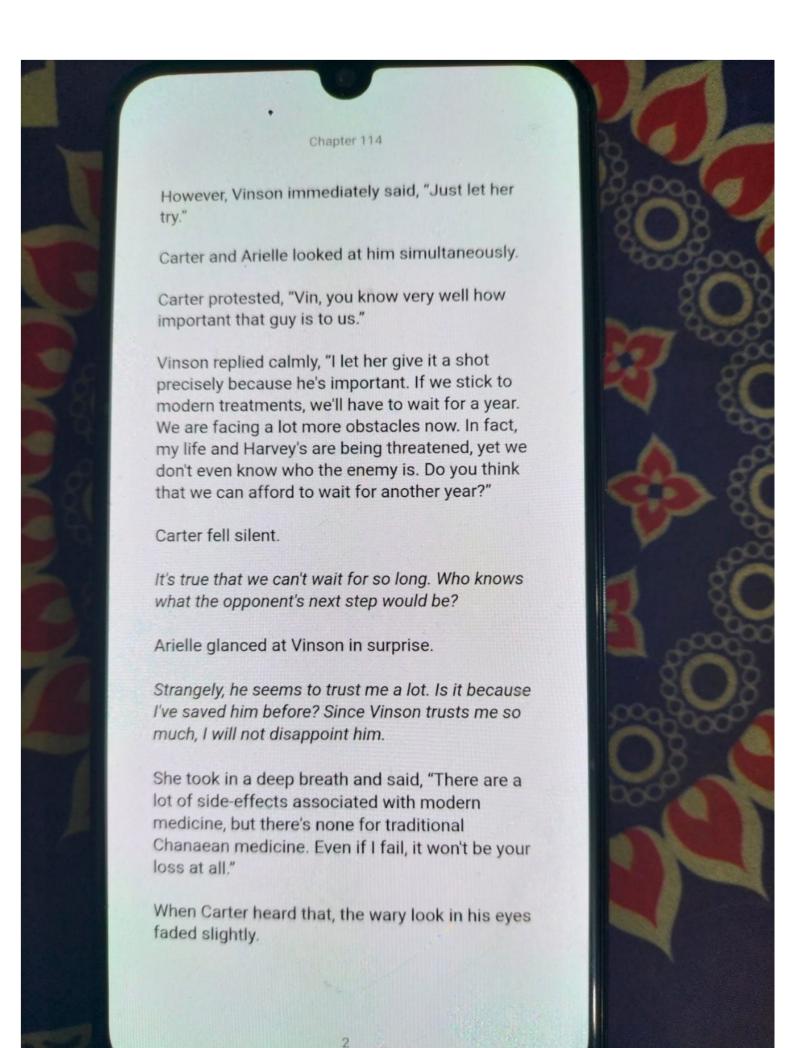
She nodded and said, "The acronym for posttraumatic stress disorder is PTSD. My... My friend from overseas—or to be more specific, a couple is doing research in this area. They aim to cure it



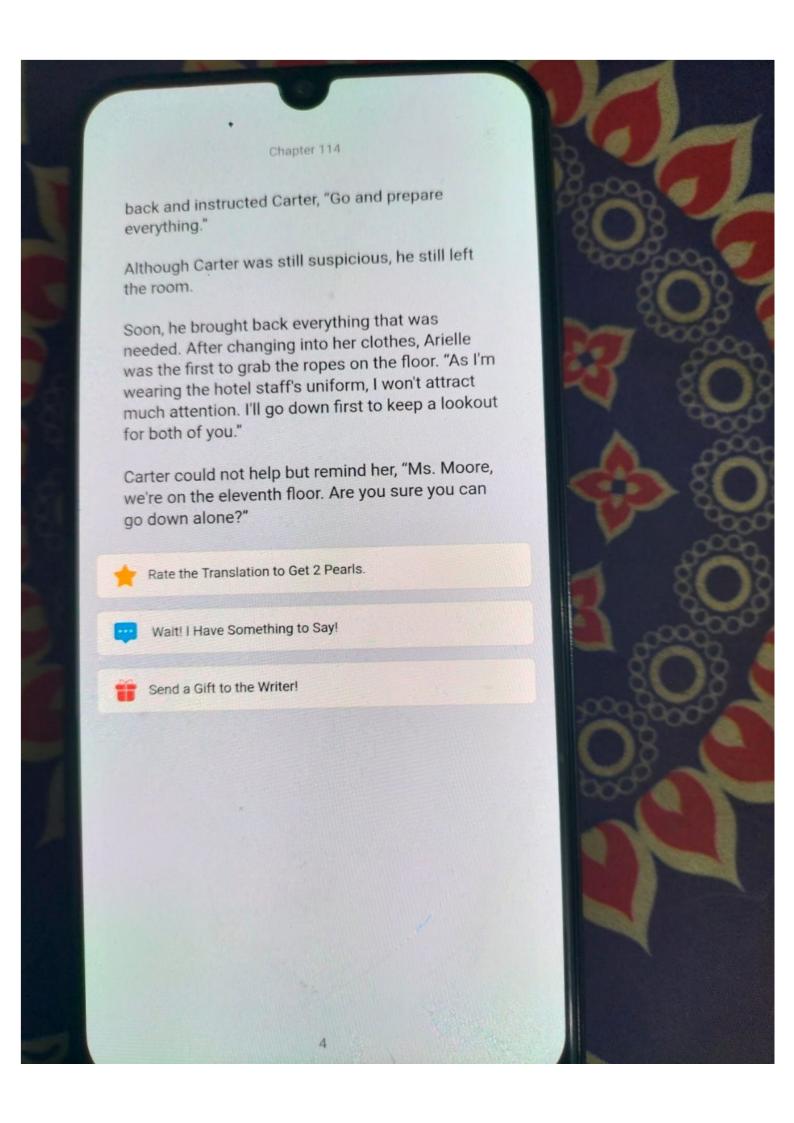
Chapter 114 Arielle's expression became serious. "Traditional Chanaean medicine has been in existence for thousands of years and it is a very profound field of knowledge. Moreover, there are many people learning it now; so how can you look down on it as a Chanaean?" As Carter's family owned a modern medicine hospital, he naturally looked down on traditional Chanaean medicine. Amused, he said, "I'm not saying that traditional Chanaean medicine is useless. It can cure cold and fever, but isn't it ridiculous to suggest that it can treat a psychological illness too?" Arielle frowned. Her adoptive parents were currently doing research on that. After a few experiments, they discovered that it was actually effective. Yet, Carter rejected all of their efforts just like that. She said disapprovingly, "I'm not being ridiculous. If you agree, I can give it a shot." Carter refused without any hesitation. "There's no need for that. If traditional Chanaean medicine's as amazing as you claim it is, you can use it for your DNA test."

"You..."

Arielle was at a loss for words, not knowing how to rebuke him.



Chapter 114 "Fine, then let's give it a shot. Just don't kill the person." "Don't worry, even if I don't cure him, I will not let anything happen to the patient." "Let's go now." Carter headed out. "Wait..." interrupted Arielle embarrassedly. "Can you please prepare a set of clothes for me? Also, I can't leave from the front door. There are countless pairs of eyes staring at this room right now." Vinson said, "Get her a set of clothes and some ropes. If we could not leave from the front door, we'll have to flip through the window." Carter nodded. "When I entered, I could feel that someone is guarding the entrance of the hotel. However, you said in your call that I shouldn't alert others, so I deliberately wore a hotel staff's uniform. I came up while avoiding the watchful eyes. However, this is the eleventh floor. Even if we can climb down, can she? Are you going to carry her down?" Vinson was about to say that he would carry Arielle down, when she interrupted curtly, "You don't have to worry about that. I can climb down myself." The two men stared at her simultaneously. After meeting Arielle's determined gaze, Vinson turned



Chapter 115

"Yeah." Arielle swiftly hooked the safety belt.

Before Vinson and Carter could speak, she walked to the window and propped her arms against the rims. She flipped over and jumped onto the condenser outside swiftly and accurately.

Her actions were so swift that Carter, who initially did not believe that Arielle could not make it, was stunned.

"She..." He asked Vinson in surprise. "Who is she? Isn't she a daughter whom the Southalls found in the countryside? How can a village woman like her know how to flip out of a window and even possess medical knowledge?"

Vinson did not reply to him. Instead, he walked to the window to check if Arielle was fine. He saw her nimbly climbing down the rope, had descended two floors within a few seconds.

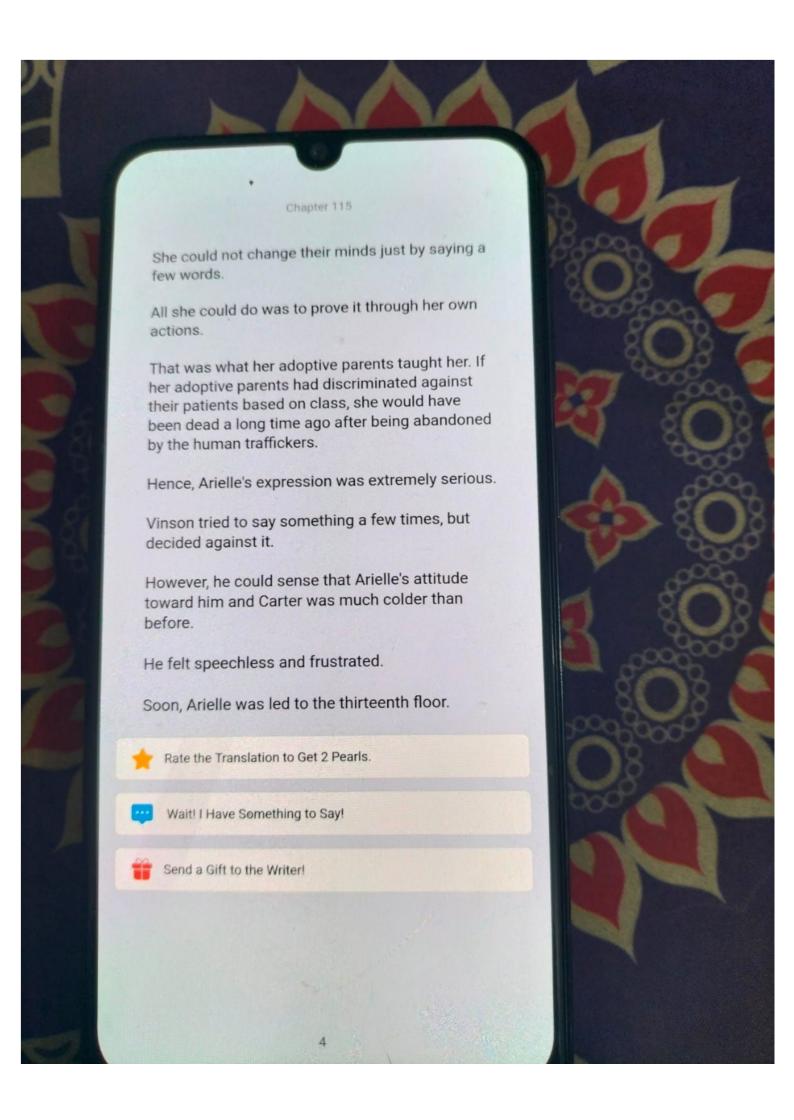
He immediately suppressed his urge to voice out his concern. Turning around, he said to Carter, "Don't look down on women. I'll go down next, and you'll be the last."

Carter went to the window and was utterly stunned after he saw that Arielle was already halfway down.

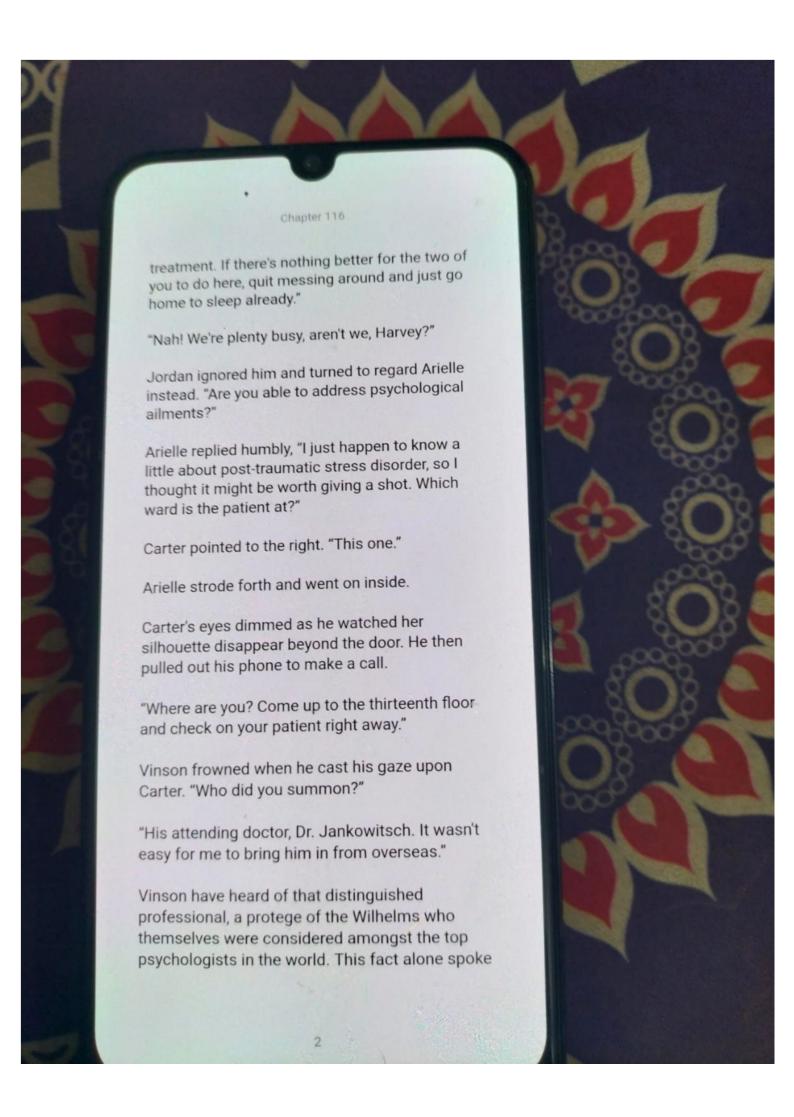
He could not help but exclaim to Vinson, "She's really very impressive. I now understand why Harvey's treating her so differently. He hates weak and fussy heiresses the most. Instead, he has a peculiar liking for a strong woman like her."

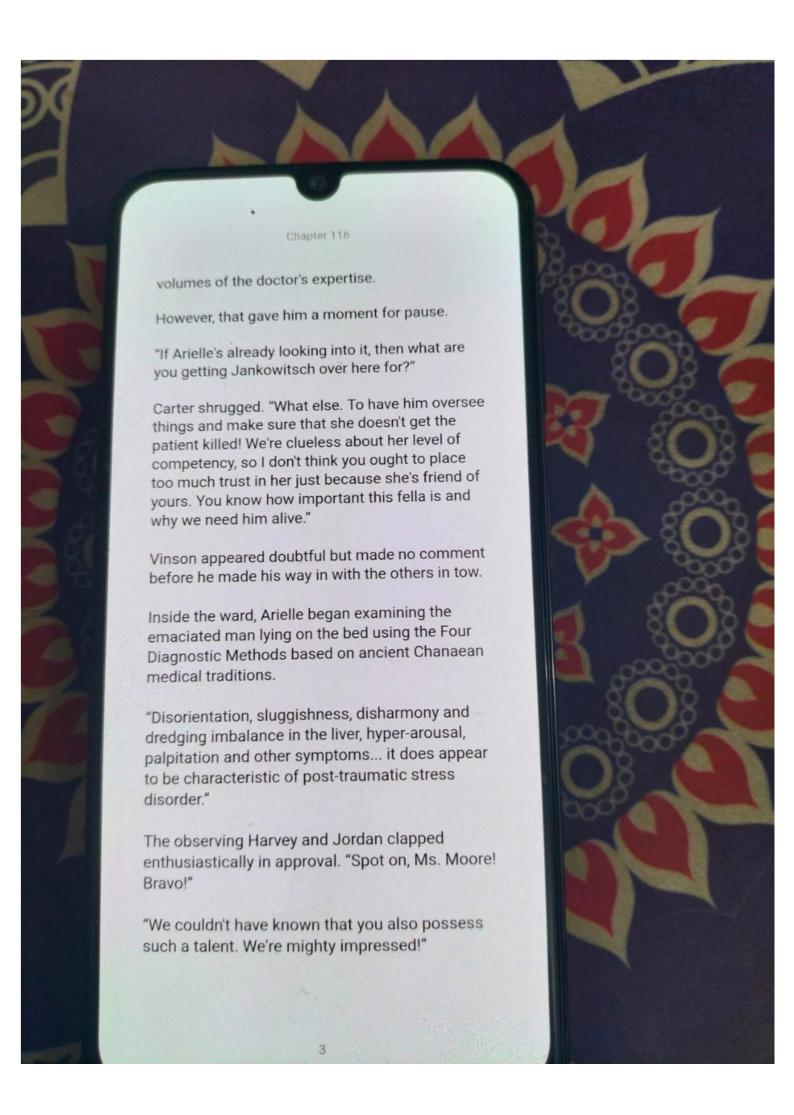
Chapter 115 Annoyed, Vinson glanced at him and said, "Cut the crap and prepare to go down." When he recalled Harvey saying that he fell in love with Arielle at first sight, a sense of agitation surfaced within him. He did not even know what was wrong with him. Within ten minutes, the three of them landed on the ground safely and drove to the Morgans' private hospital. The Morgans had established private hospitals all around the world, with five in Jadeborough alone. The person they intended to treat stayed in the Hillview Hospital, which only accepted special patients. Because of that, the hospital was extremely empty. When Arielle alighted from the car, she did not see anyone else except for the few medical staff on shift. "This way." Carter walked in front to guide them. However, he still did not trust Arielle much. Traditional Chanaean medicine can cure a psychological illness which modern medicine needs one year to treat? I will never believe that! But since she's already here, I'll just let her try.

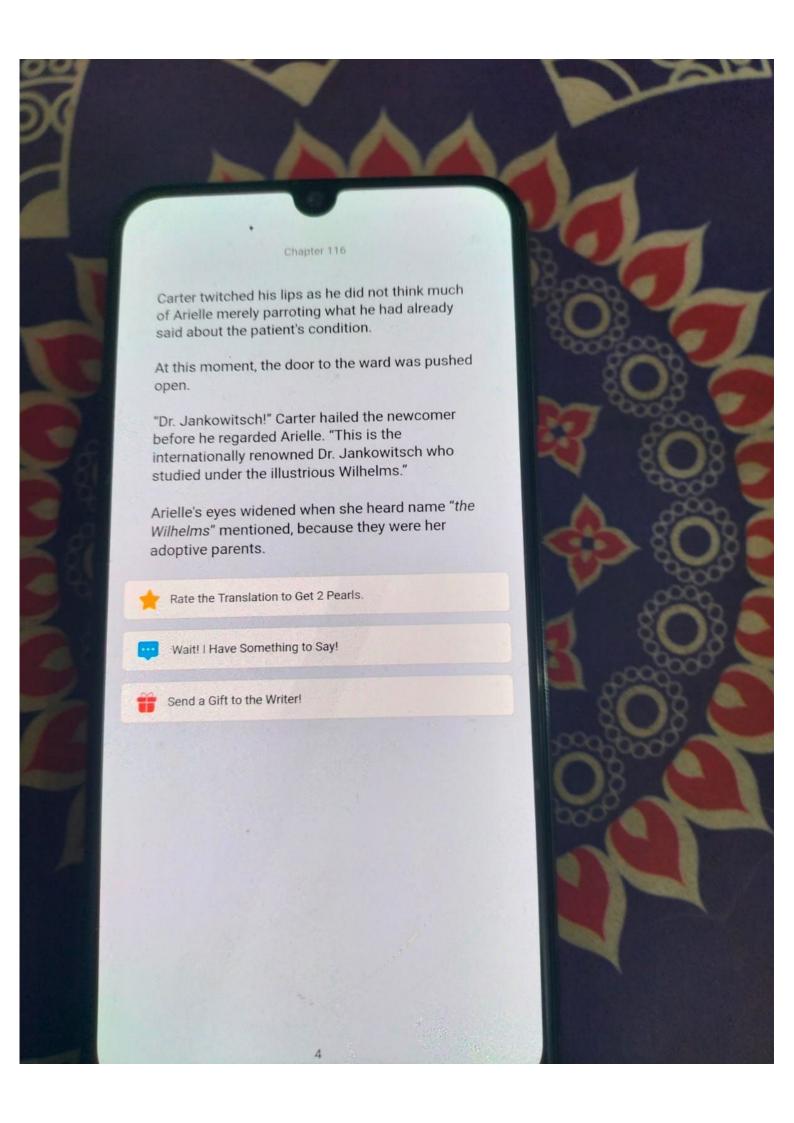
Chapter 115 The three of them walked to the wards located at the last building. There was only one patient in the entire buildingthe person whom they had captured. Walking along the abnormally quiet corridor, Arielle could not help but exclaim, "This is the emptiest hospital I've been to." Hospitals were forever crowded whether they were local or overseas. Carter said proudly, "Not everyone can be admitted to this hospital. Only the rich and powerful can come here." Furthermore, they only took in the richest and most powerful of them. Arielle shook her head in disagreement. "That's not right. The patients' lives are at stake. Hospitals are supposed to treat illnesses and doctors are supposed to save all lives, regardless of status and background. If you refuse to save patients, how is it different from murder? How can you select your patients based on these conditions?" Carter wanted to rebuke her, but gave up eventually. When Arielle saw the conflicted look on his face, she stopped trying to convince him. Such classist ideologies were entrenched in the mindsets of those at the top of the social ladder.

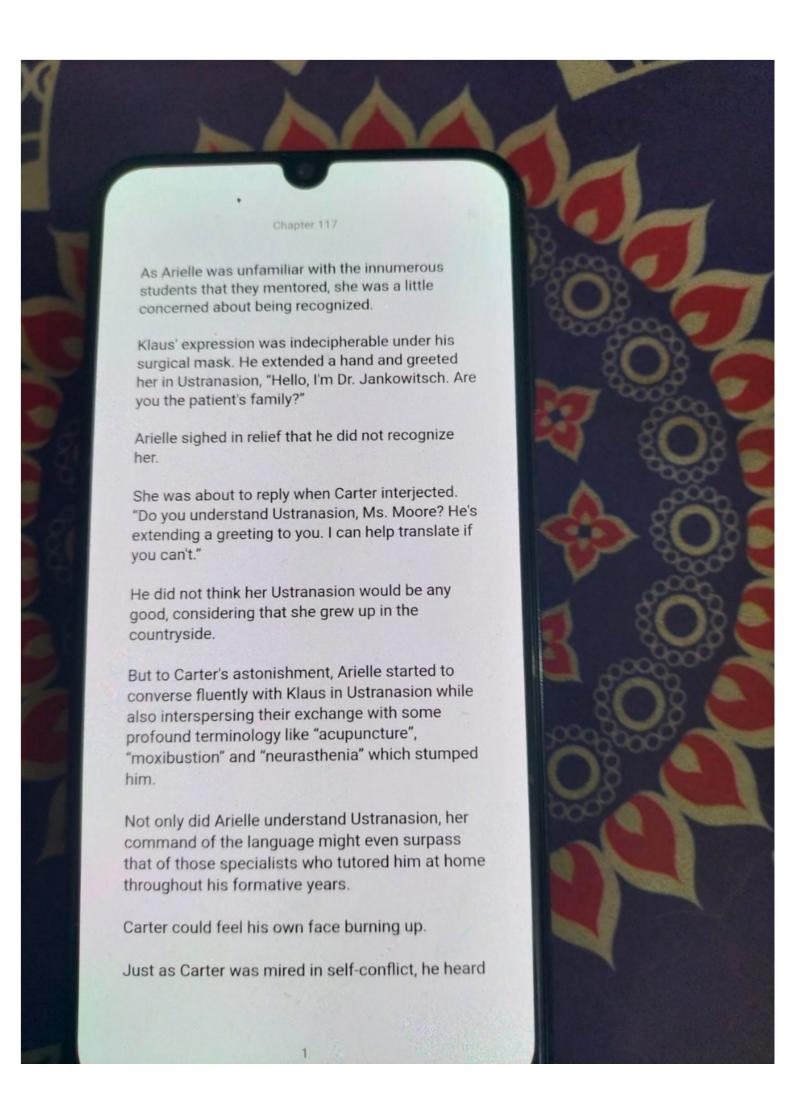


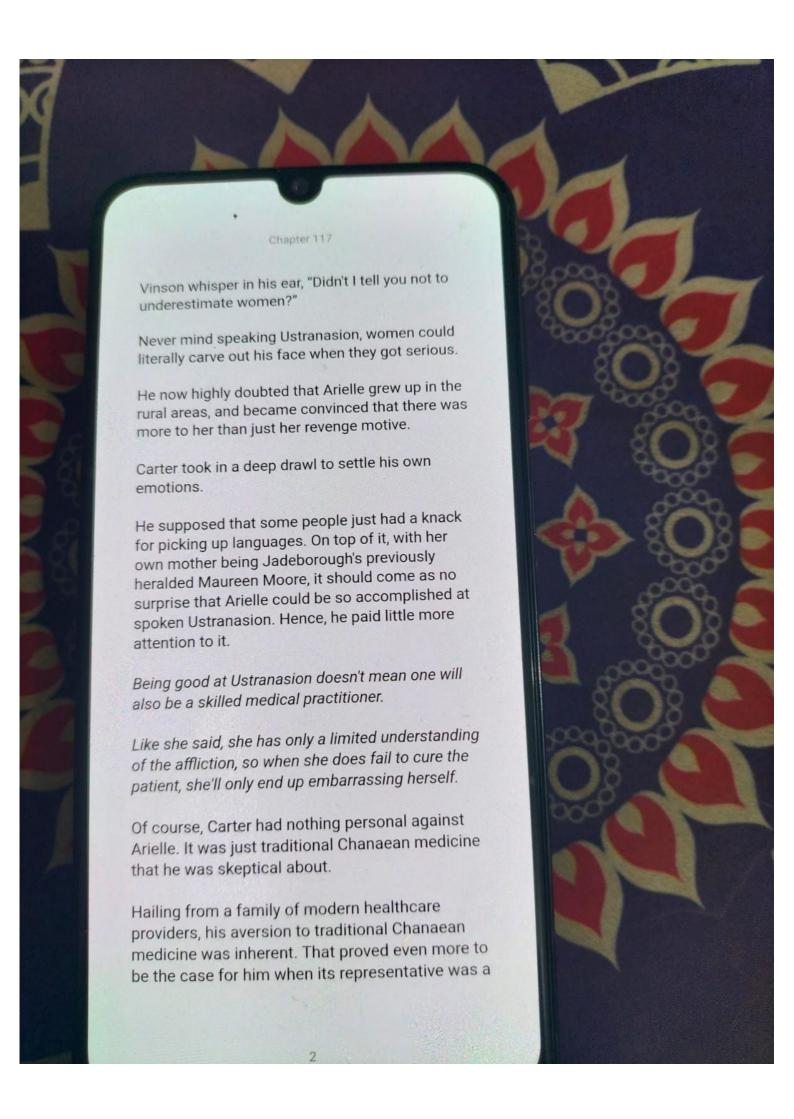
Chapter 116 She had just stepped out of the elevator when she heard Jordan and Harvey bickering. "That's enough from you. Calling that true love? Which one of your exes didn't you consider your true love?" "I've had enough of you myself. What does a lifelong bachelor like you know? And love at first sight? Pfft. Sounds more like hoes before bros to me! I think you should be the one to give her up to me instead!" "Maybe you should ask my fists what they think about that!" "Oh, getting serious here now, are we?" "Damn straight we are!" Unsure as to what the disagreement was about, Arielle intervened immediately upon seeing how close they were to coming to blows. "We're in a hospital, so what the heck do the both of you think you're doing?" The two men were caught off guard and both appeared surprised when they turned and saw Arielle in the lift lobby. "What are you doing here, Arielle?" Harvey was first to approach, with Jordan close behind. Arielle was about to speak when Vinson got in ahead of her. "I brought her over to take a look because she said that she may have an idea for a



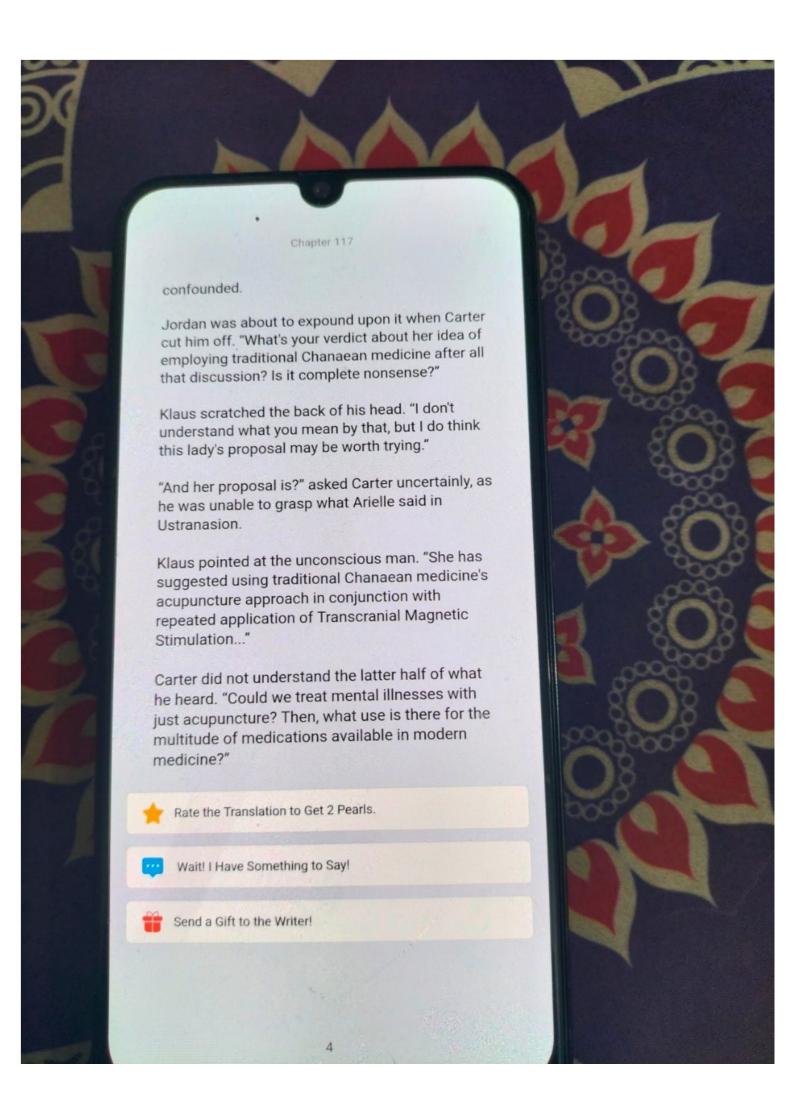


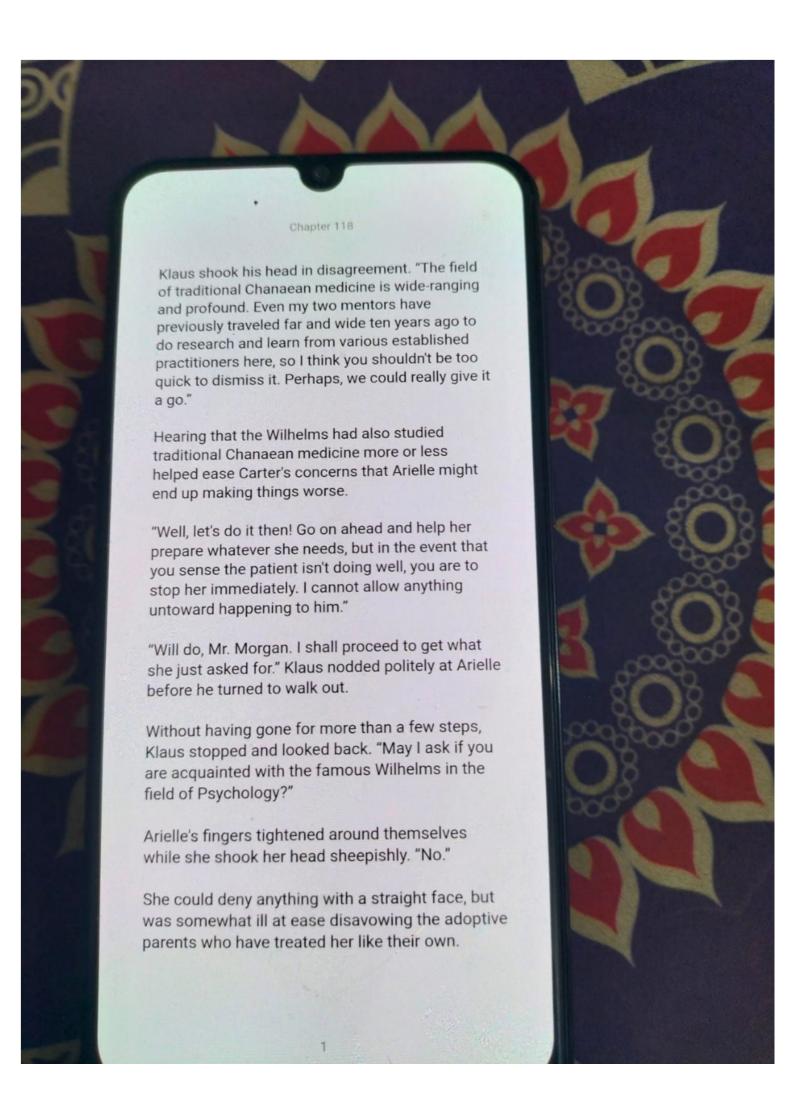


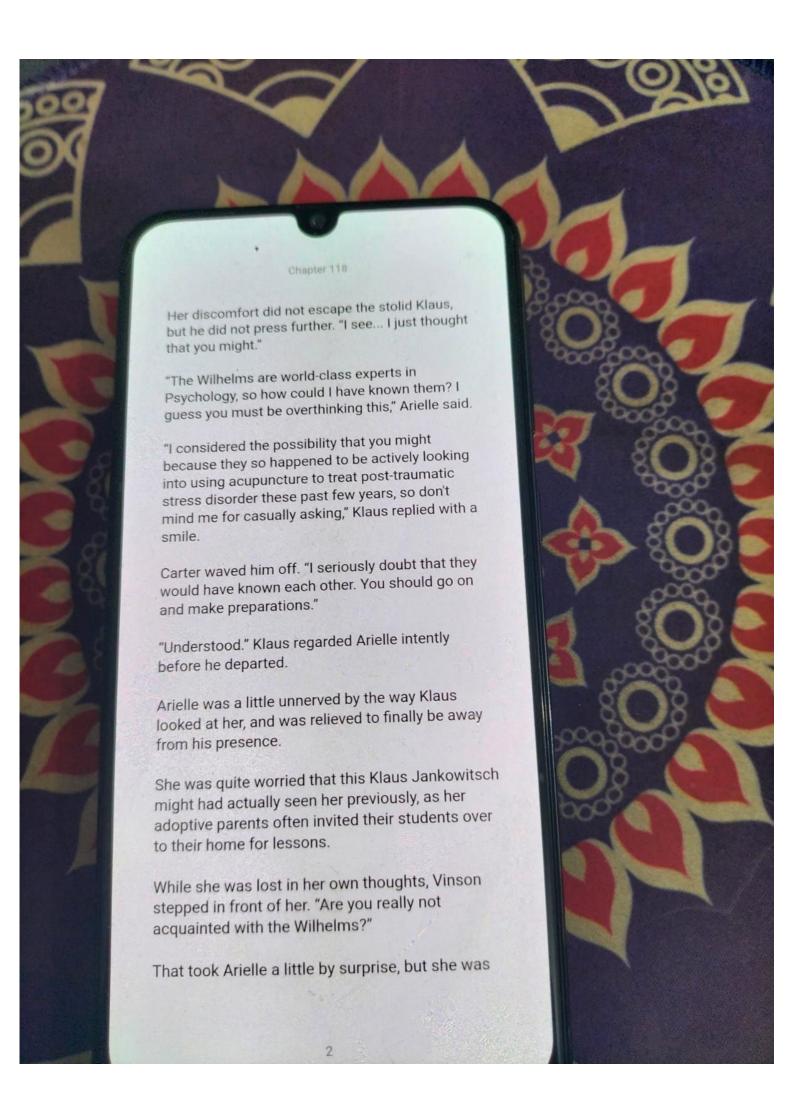


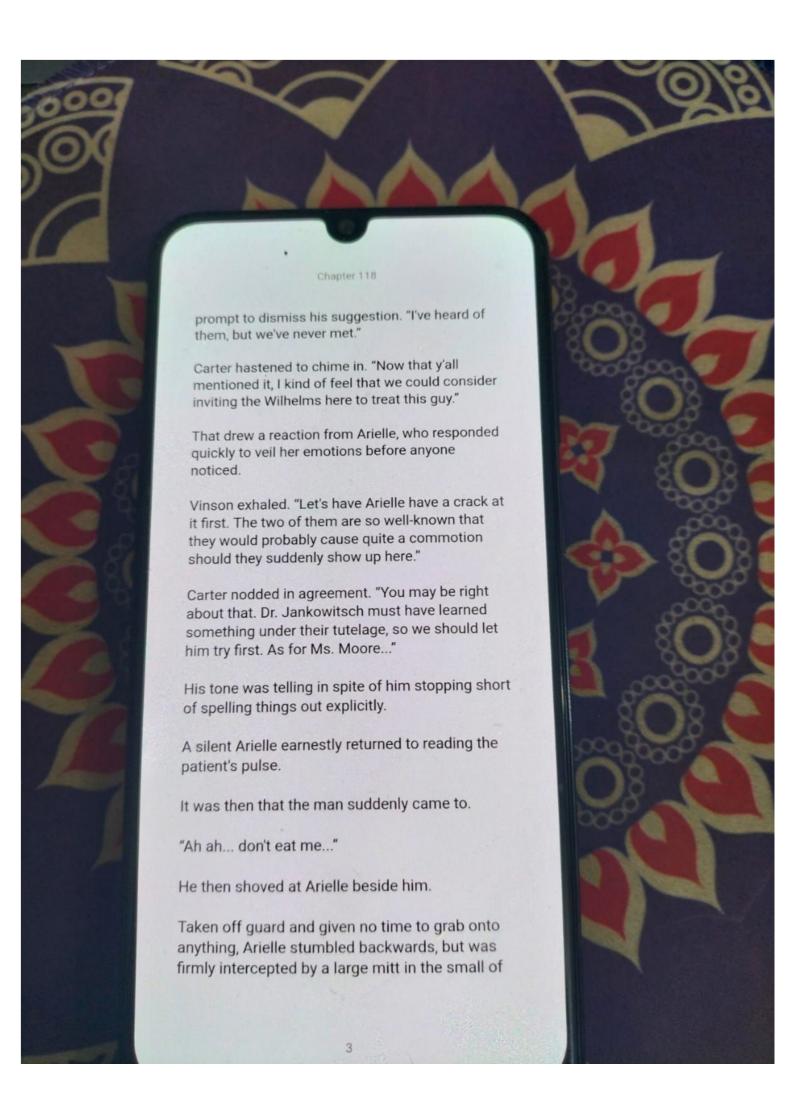


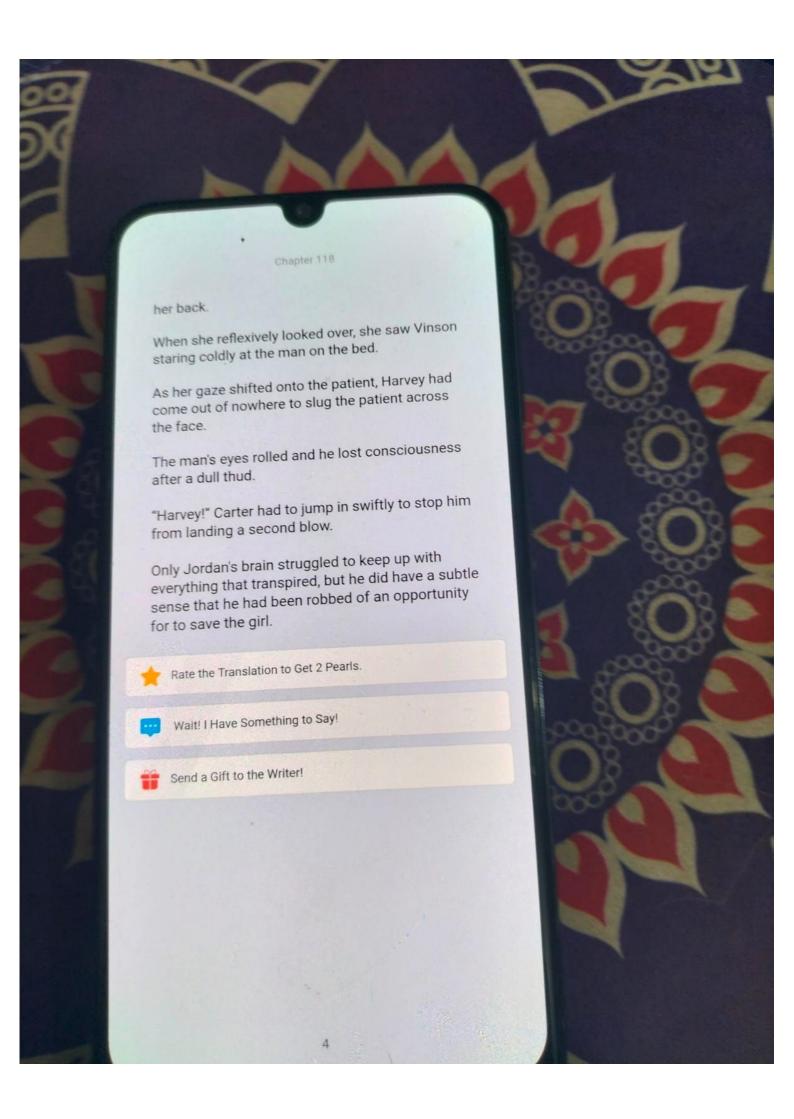
Chapter 117 young country lass, and a very pretty one, at that. Suffice to say, his confidence in her healing skills was practically non-existent. Over the other end, Klaus pulled down his mask and cast a questioning look at Arielle after they concluded their discussion of the patient's prognosis. "Could we have, by any chance, met somewhere before?" Klaus suddenly switched to speaking in Chanaean. Arielle was taken aback, but came to realize that he did not speak to her in Ustranasion because he wanted to make things difficult for her, but because he knew that she had no relation with the patient right from the start. His code switching also conveyed a shift in attitude toward her. "I'm sure that we're meeting here for the first time," Arielle replied. "But I keep having this feeling that I've seen you before..." Klaus was wracking his head trying to sift through his own memories when he felt Jordan bump against his arm. "Man, you'd best be trying something else cause this method of hitting on girls has long gone out of style in our country. But nope. You still have to get in line." "Get in line... to do what?" Klaus asked, quite

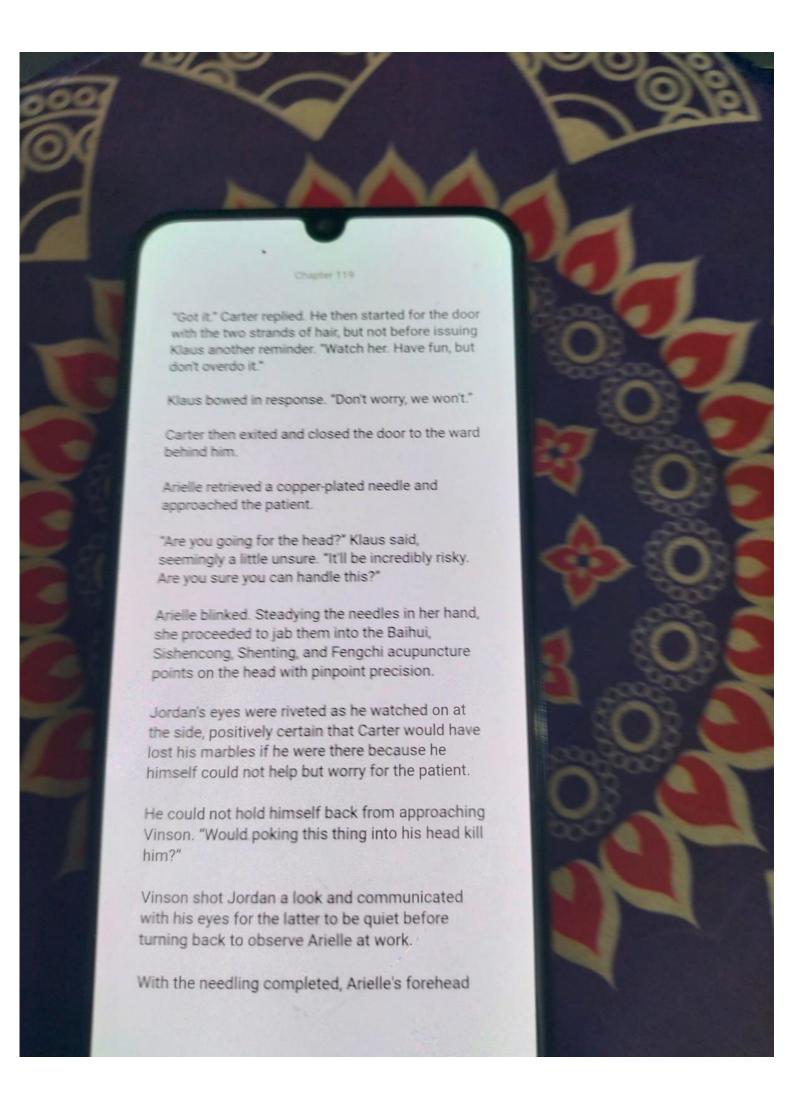


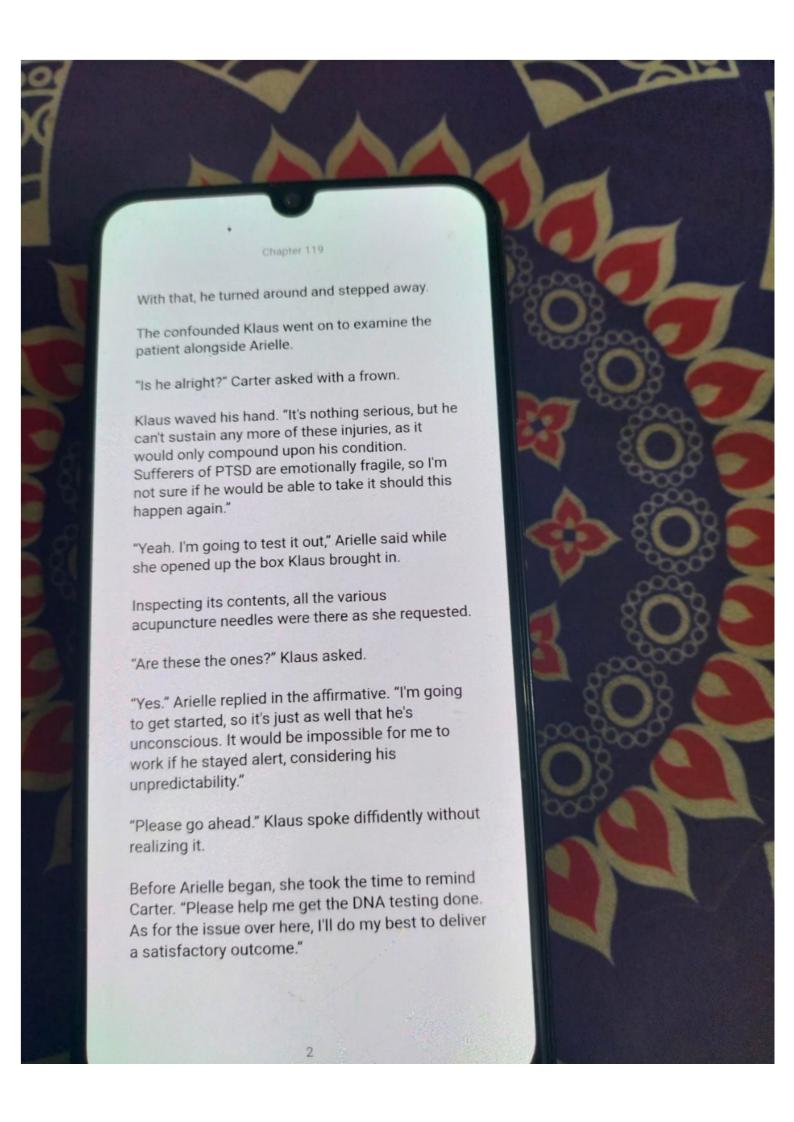


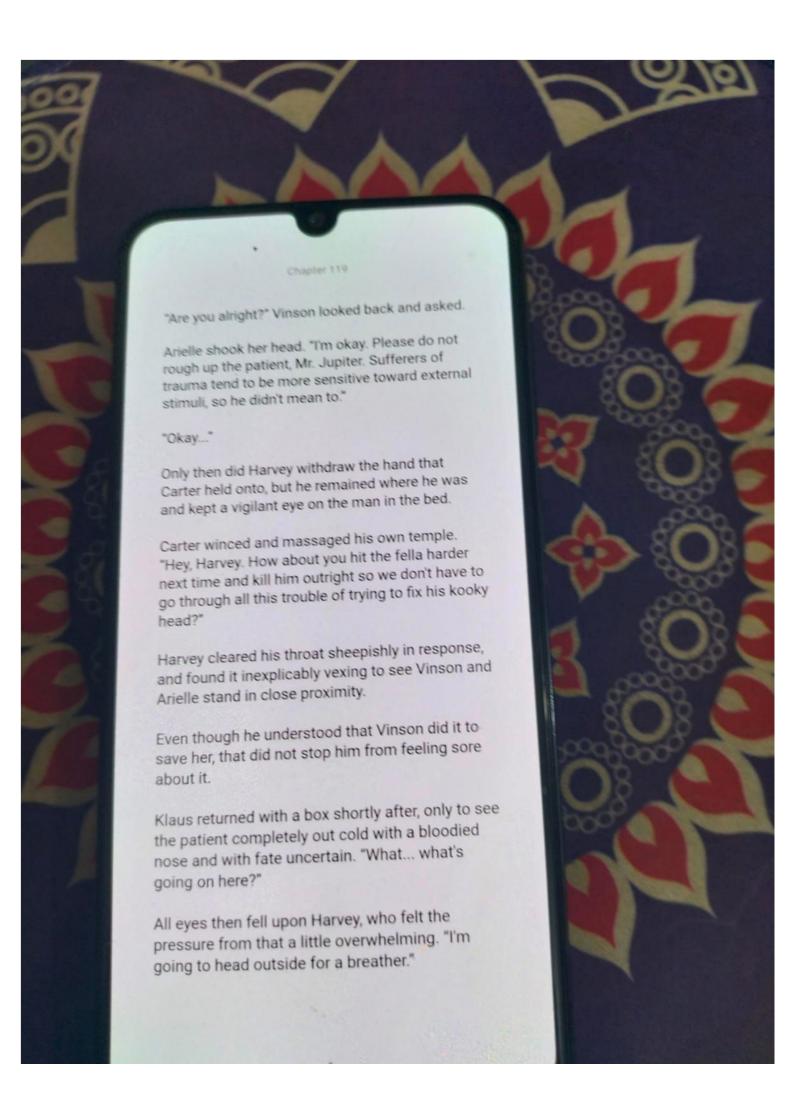


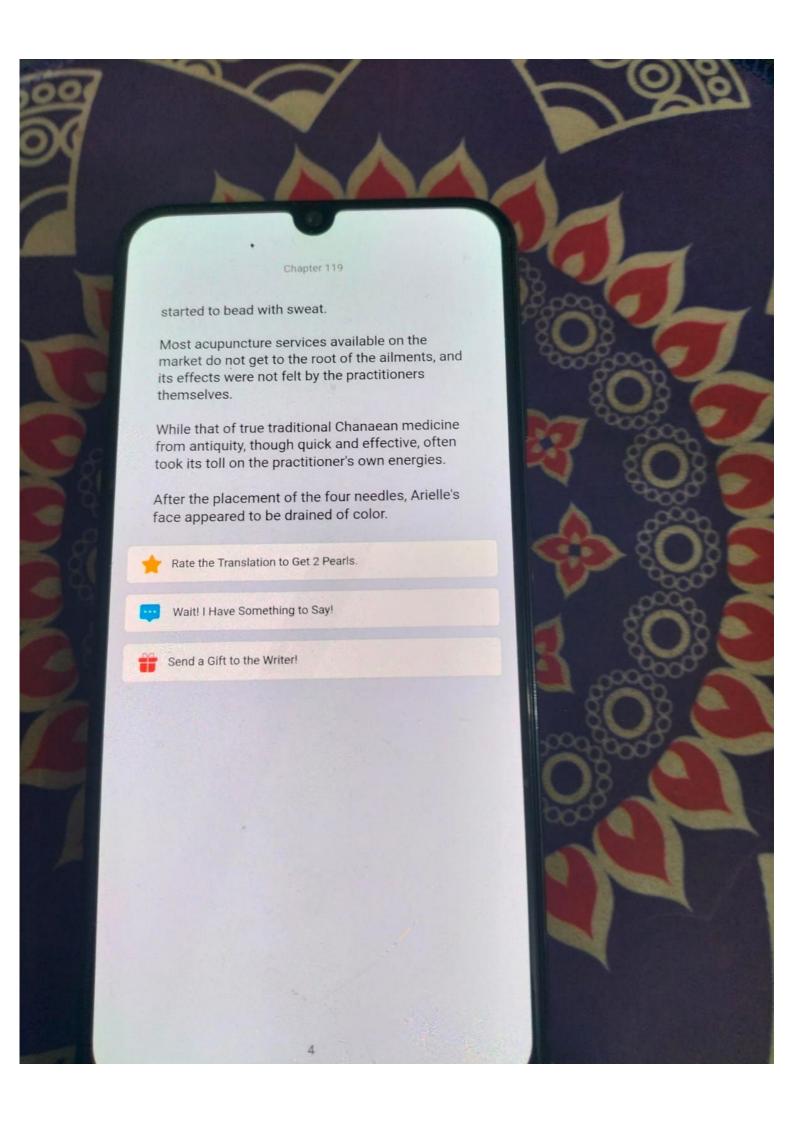


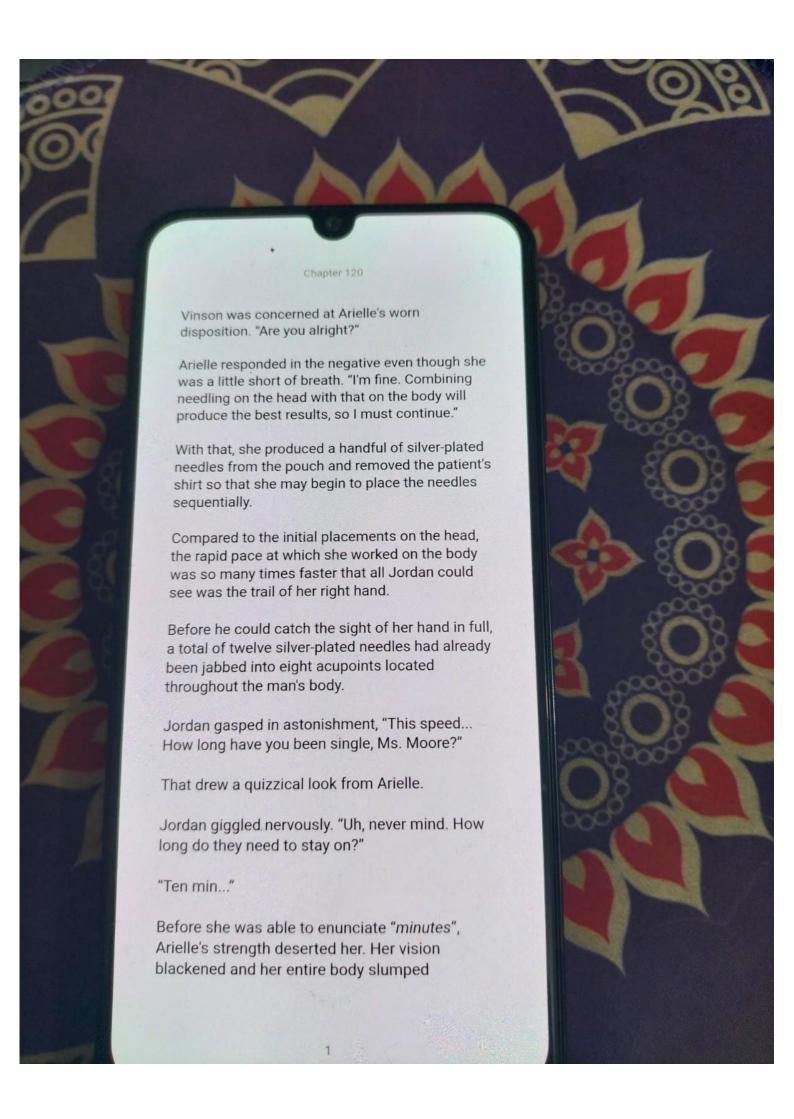


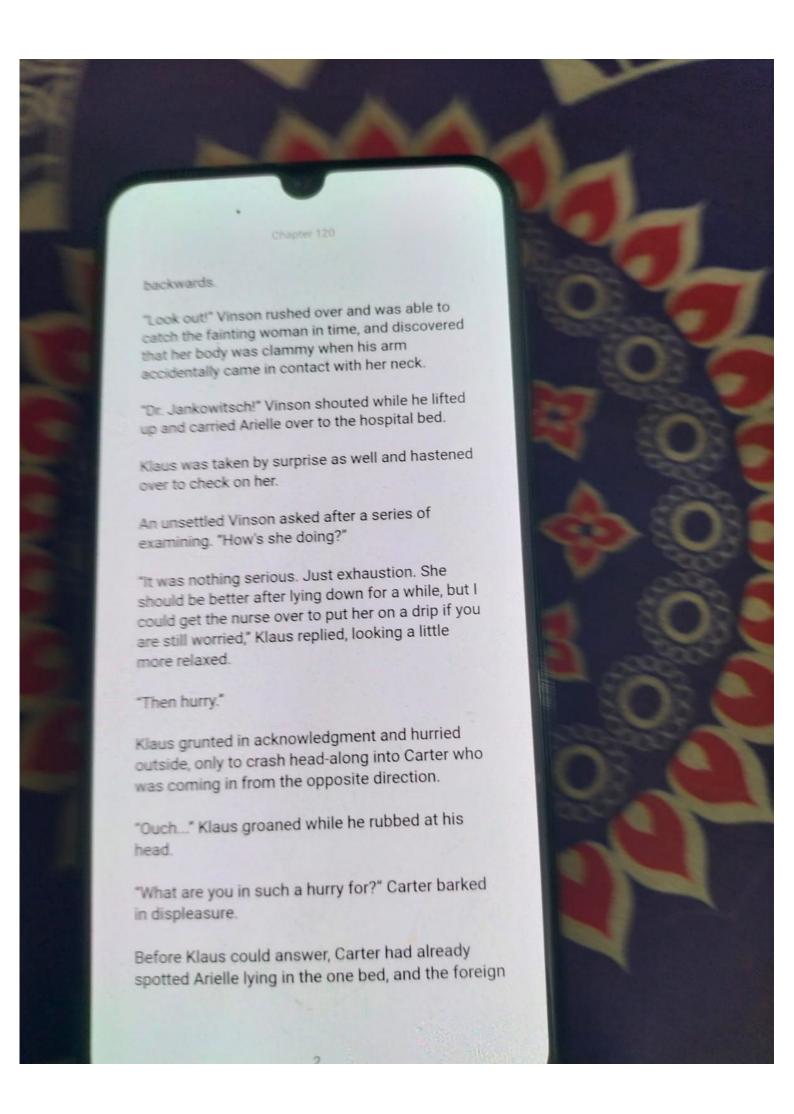




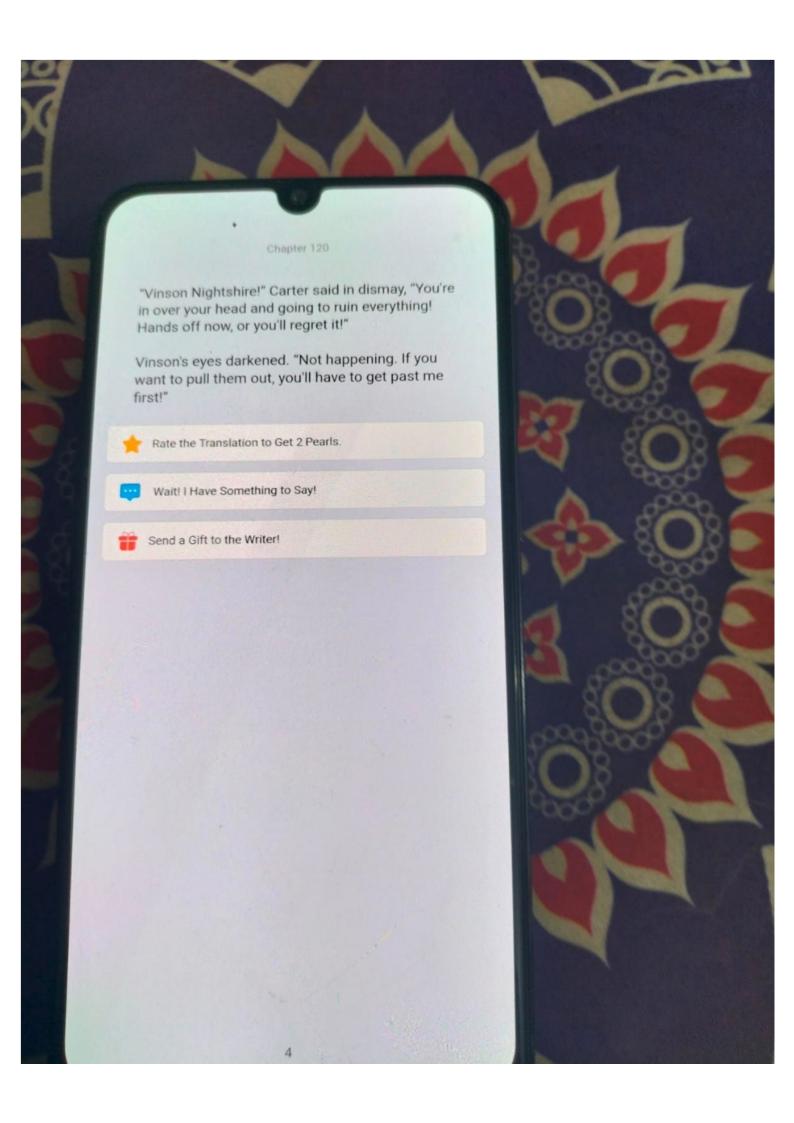


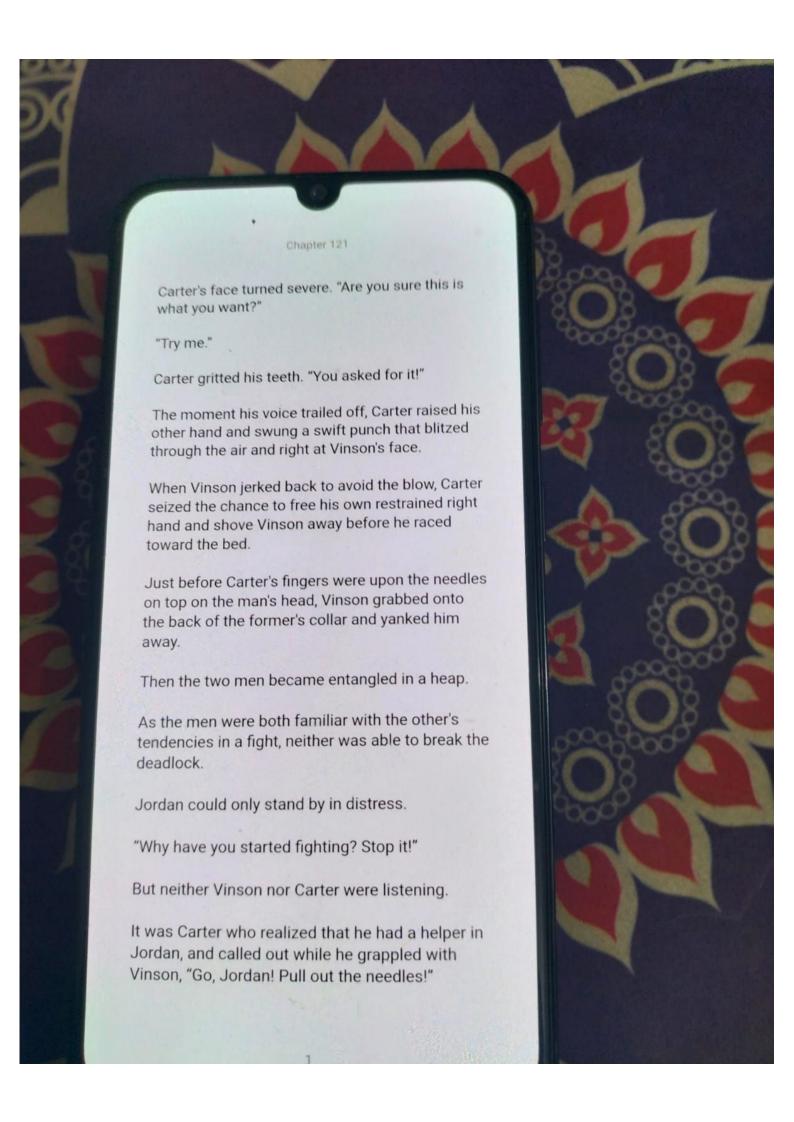






Chapter 120 man with needles in his head on the other. "How could you let her poke needles into that bugger's head?" he fumed with a furrow before he stormed toward the bed with the intention of pulling the needles off.. "Carter!" The eagle-eyed Vinson swiftly seized upon his hand. "What are you trying to do?" "What do you think?" Carter's eyes reddened amidst his own consternation. "As if it's not crazy enough to have needles in body, you had to have them in his head as well? Let go!" Not only did Vinson not relinquish his grip, he went on to hold on ever more firmly. "Arielle said that these need to stay in for half an hour. Dr. Jankowitsch has been keeping watch by the side so it's going to be fine. Don't mess this up." That had Carter scoffing, "Not only was that punk Harvey bewitched, and now you too? This is the human head we're talking about! If this continues and that guy dies, how are we to find those who put him up to it?" The observing Jordan could no longer withhold himself. "Ms. Moore has already passed out, Vin, so I don't think we can count on her to treat the guy any longer. Maybe we should remove the needles as it's kind of creeping me out..." Vinson remained unmoved as he spat, "Heck no!"





"_lordan was in a dilemma. "Set on with It" Carter cried. Jordan bit down and made a dash for the man's tost Unsains attempt to intercept was forced back by Carter's appressive advances. He recovered after straiging only see that Jordan had already reached his target. "I'm som; Ms. Moore. I can't risk it..." Jordan mumbled under his breath before he reached for the charged copper-plated needles. At this instant, a white silhouette drifted past and wrapped itself around Jordan's waist, dragging him away. A startled Jordan turned around to see Klaus' apologetic face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Baker. You can't touch that needle..." "Damn you!" Jordan cussed, "Are you betraying us now? Get your hands off! Doesn't the needles on his head scare you? We can't let anything happen to him, so let go!" Klaus clung onto Jordan as if his life depended on it and refused to budge. Carter had not expected Klaus to turn on him. "Do you understand what you're doing, Dr. Jankowitsch!"

