

## Arabella 681

### Chapter 681

It used to be Hans who was disappointed in her, and now it was Chasel.

If, in the future, her whole family feels disappointed in her, it would be too late for her to regret it.

Martha: "Your parents went to see her at her school first, then to Summerfield College to see you. The order was different, and the gifts they brought were different. Don't you get it? Your status in the Collins family is already in serious jeopardy."

Serena: "Alright, Martha, I get it."

Martha sighed and said no more, just frowned, looking very worried.

Serena: "I'll take you to see around our school. There are a few new restaurants. Let's call my parents and have dinner there."

Seeing Serena's innocent smile, Martha sighed again. Forget it, it's no use persuading her now. Let's wait until she's experienced a few setbacks with Arabella, then try to persuade her.

Who knew what Arabella did to make Serena change so much?

This girl can't stay here any longer.

On the other side.

Arabella got a call from Molly.

"Bella, my three months are up. The HR department wants me to do the handover in the next two days. I don't want to leave you."

With the help of Hans and Arabella, Molly got her house and company back. She wanted to stay with Arabella to learn for three, five, or even ten years.

But Arabella only gave her three months because she felt Molly was smart and had great ideas. Three months was enough for her to lay the foundation and manage her own company.

"I've told you, if you have any problems with the company, just come to me," Arabella said with a smile.

"You're too kind. If I hadn't met you, my life would be totally different. I'd probably be somewhere in a corner, feeling lost."

Molly also asked about her recent school life, and they ended up talking about the competition: "What should I do? The international competition is coming up."

Last time, they participated in the national design competition together and won first place.

The top three winners from each country were eligible to participate in the next round of international design competition.

But this time it's a single competition, only Molly can participate.

Arabella: "Go for it. You can definitely get into the top five."

Arabella recently received the latest design draft from the company at school. Molly's design was eye-catching and had improved a lot from last month.

But there were also several well-known designers in the competition. Their works were very good, and they were Molly's strong competitors.

"Hans will also be a judge," Arabella said.

Molly: "Mr. Collins is going too? That's great!"

Having someone she knew there gave her a bit more confidence.

Otherwise, being in an unfamiliar foreign country can always make people feel anxious.

## Chapter 682

For the next few days, Arabella was still busy in the lab, but the rumors outside were getting more and more intense.

“School's been in session for almost a month, and I heard that the top scorer has only attended a few days of classes. Does she think she can do whatever she wants just because her scores are good?”

“The teachers in her class think highly of her. Apparently, they didn't talk to her in private, and the classmates also respect her a lot.”

“She just got an award during training, and the whole class got a day off. What's so great about that?” Kelly heard these gossips in the restroom and couldn't help but retort, “Yeah, it's not a big deal, but it seems like nobody in your class has done it, right?”

The short-haired girl who was complaining to her friends saw Kelly and couldn't help but say, “I know you You're Arabella's friend. We're talking about Arabella. What does it have to do with you?”

Kelly: “Since you said I'm her friend, then her business is my business. So tell me, what does it matter to you whether Arabella comes to school or not? You're so nosy!”

The short-haired girl was left speechless.

After washing her hands, Kelly was about to leave the restroom. She seemed to think of something and suddenly stopped, saying, “Oh, by the way, Arabella doesn't come to school because she has the privilege. Not everyone needs to sit in a classroom to learn.”

With Arabella's talent, attending classes would be a waste of time.

What really attracted her to Westerly College were the high-value equipment in the laboratory and researching new drug formulas with Grandpa Beck.

After leaving the restroom, Kelly returned to her seat in the cafeteria and said, “There are all kinds of people these days.”

“What happened?” Arabella saw her looking a bit angry, which was rather cute.

Kelly told her what had just happened. Joyce at the side couldn't help but say, “I've also been annoyed by those people recently. Probably because Arabella's grades are too good, everyone's paying attention to her.”

Another roommate said, “Me too. I was going to class 3303 the other day and heard people talking about Bella not attending class. I wanted to ask, What's it to them whether Bella goes to class or not?” Arabella thought for a while. She indeed hadn't gone to class for a long time, so she asked, “What's the next course?”

“Pharmacy.”

This course mainly explained the effects of prescriptions, diagnosis, treatment, etc. Because the theory was the same, the neurology class and the surgery class will attend together.

“Let's go to class then.”

Hearing that Arabella was going to class, Kelly was stunned. “Wait for me.”

The professor teaching pharmacy today was a kind-faced old man, dressed simply and wearing glasses. Because there were too many students in class, he couldn't take attendance one by one but had the class presidents count the number of students. He was somewhat surprised to learn that everyone in the neurology class was present.

“The top scorer is here? Let me see which little girl she is.” The old professor lifted his head, looked at the student through the glasses, and seemed very curious about who the top scorer was.

"Professor Lambert, the top scorer is here!"

"Over here!"

"This is our class's top scorer."

The students of the neurology class were all enthusiastic, eagerly wanting to introduce Arabella to Professor Lambert. However, the students from the surgery class frowned, seemingly uninterested.

Chapter 683

Arabella stood up under Professor Lambert's gaze and politely said, "Hello, Professor Lambert, I'm Arabella."

"So you finally decided to show up." Professor Lambert said it with a chuckle. Arabella was a pretty girl and seemed pretty clever to boot.

The surgery students thought Professor Lambert would give Arabella a piece of his mind, but surprisingly, he laughed and asked, "With your impressive grades, why did you choose to attend Westerly College and pursue a career in medicine?"

Without skipping a beat, Arabella answered, "I want to save lives."

"There are many ways to do that," said Professor Lambert.

"But neurology is challenging."

"Very good, very good. You're a girl with ambition. Please, have a seat." Professor Lambert said with a smile, looking at everyone. "You are from two different classes. Today, we're going to discuss a common disease, and the two different approaches when it comes to treating colds."

He turned to the surgery students and said, "I'd like to ask you guys, how do you usually deal with a cold? Let's start with Audrey."

From the crowd, a short-haired girl stood up. It was the same girl who had been trash-talking Arabella in the bathroom earlier.

"If I catch a cold, I usually drink a sachet of medicine instead of picking and boiling herbs?"

A wave of laughter swept through the surgery students.

The neurology students were seething, but they couldn't refute her claim.

However, Arabella calmly said, "Do you know that the sachet you mentioned is actually traditional herbal medicine?"

Audrey was taken aback, then burst into laughter again. "Did you guys hear that? She says sachets are traditional herbal medicine. In her world, a sachet is a traditional herbal medicine."

The rest of the surgery students joined in the mocking.

"I thought she would be impressive, but she's making such a basic mistake."

"Isn't that common knowledge? And she's supposed to get full score? I'm starting to doubt her grades."

"Looks like she isn't so perfect after all."

"The sachet is indeed traditional herbal medicine," Arabella said calmly. She then rattled off all the components of the sachet medicine Audrey mentioned, which were indeed a variety of herbs.

The neurology students were stunned, their eyes instantly filled with admiration as they looked at Arabella. They didn't expect that Arabella was proficient in herbs, too.

Arabella continued, "In modern medicine, this type of sachet is mainly used for treating diseases like influenza, hepatitis, gastritis, etc."

The surgery students, seeing her confidence, quickly googled it and found that the sachet was indeed traditional herbal medicine!

"Audrey, that sachet is really traditional herbal medicine!" someone whispered to her. "Think of another medicine you could use instead."

"I don't really take that sachet often and I usually take cold capsules." Before Audrey could finish her sentence, Arabella interjected with a smile, "Cold capsules are actually a blend of traditional herbal and modern medicine. It's neither solely traditional nor exclusively modern, but a combination of both." She then listed all the ingredients in the cold capsules, which indeed included both traditional herbs and modern medicine.

Audrey and the rest of the surgery students were stunned.

Arabella continued, "When you have a cold, traditional medicine often offers better solutions since modern medicine usually involves taking cold medicine and antibiotics, which can result in a longer treatment period and potential side effects like antibiotic resistance."

Everyone was intently listening to her explanation.

"Traditional medicine, on the other hand, focuses on treating the root cause of the illness, using herbal medicine for anti-inflammation and detoxification, while also aiming to enhance body functions and boost immunity."

Chapter 684

Arabella went on, "Compared to modern medical treatments, traditional medicine is more clear-cut, more proactive, and without any side effects."

Once she dropped this bomb, the entire class of neurology students broke out in applause. She's too good!

Way to go, Arabella!

Before, they were always getting crushed by the surgery students during class.

Who would've thought that the tide would turn with Arabella's arrival. Now they could hold their heads high too!

Audrey was left speechless by Arabella's words, utterly embarrassed.

"Seems like Arabella's been hitting the books hard on this topic. Yeah, the medicine Arabella mentioned does indeed belong to traditional herbal medicine, and the cold capsules are indeed a mix of two medicines. Well said, Arabella. Audrey, you'll have to step up your game after class. You may sit down now."

Audrey sat down awkwardly, at which point her friend Chloe couldn't help but stand up and say, "Professor Lambert, I have a question for Arabella."

Professor Lambert could clearly see the rivalry brewing between the surgery students and the neurology students, or, to be more precise, their animosity toward Arabella.

"Arabella, you make traditional herbal medicine sound like the bee's knees. I've had a cold for six days now, but why hasn't the traditional herbal medicine worked? Are you misinformed about traditional herbal medicine, exaggerating its effects, or is it just not as effective as modern medicine? After all, you major in neurology, so you are not an expert in the traditional herbal medicine."

This question was clearly a jab, but Arabella simply responded nonchalantly, "Who knows what you've been eating with your meds?"

Taking a pack of medicine every day was one thing; taking it every three days was another. Who knew if she's been eating something that interfered with the medicine?

Chloe laughed out of frustration. "I bet all Arabella can do is talk the talk. When it comes to treating an actual illness, she probably doesn't know jack."

"Do you really need to overthink such a simple issue?" Arabella looked at her with interest and asked, "You want to get better? Come up to the podium."

Chloe froze, as did the rest of the class. What was Arabella up to?

They were all puzzled.

"What, are you scared?" Arabella smirked at her.

"Who said I'm scared?"

Even though she had no idea what Arabella was planning, she figured she wouldn't do anything outrageous in front of everyone.

Seeing the two students approach the podium, Professor Lambert stepped back with interest. He was curious to see how Arabella would handle this.

"Give me your hand," Arabella said casually.

Chloe reached out her hand. Was Arabella going to take Chloe's pulse? Did she even know that?

Arabella placed her hand on Chloe's pulse, then turned to Professor Lambert.

When the bell rang earlier, she saw Professor Lambert bring in an acupuncture kit. Now she asked politely, "Professor Lambert, may I borrow your acupuncture kit?"

Professor Lambert: "Sure, it's on the desk."

Acupuncture? Arabella planned to treat Chloe's cold with acupuncture? Wasn't she majoring in neurology? How can she master the medical skills of other countries?

Had she lost her mind? Was she really a talent?

Chloe quickly pulled her hand away. "Are you a doctor? You are a neurology major. Can anyone just perform acupuncture?"

"You said you wanted to get better, right?" Arabella quickly disinfected a silver needle with alcohol. Seeing Chloe hide her hand behind her, too scared to reach out, Arabella grabbed her hand directly, disinfected a spot on the radial side of her thumb near the nail with an alcohol swab, and promptly inserted the needle.

Chapter 685

"Ah." Chloe let out a startled yelp.

The whole classroom froze, especially Audrey. She was staring wide-eyed, unable to believe Arabella could do such a thing.

"Arabella, have you lost your mind? Professor Lambert, kick her out." Audrey was about to rush onto the stage.

Seeing blood seeping out, Arabella squeezed the wound again to increase the blood flow. After letting out two drops of blood, she covered the wound with a disinfectant cotton ball.

Chloe was about to lose her temper when she suddenly felt a noticeable relief in her throat. She couldn't believe it. Clearing her throat, she was astonished to find that her throat didn't hurt like before. It was freaking magic!

Professor Lambert burst out laughing. "In my decades of teaching, I've never seen a student diagnose so quickly and perform acupuncture so accurately. Arabella, judging by the location of your needles, is Chloe's throat pain due to a cold?"

"Yes." Arabella disinfected the silver needles and put them back in place.

"Chloe, how do you feel? Has it improved?"

Chloe was so shocked that she was speechless. After a while, she managed to nod and say, "Yes, my

throat doesn't hurt anymore. I feel much better."

"This is acupuncture. Arabella did very well."

With that, the entire neurology class broke into applause. Arabella was freaking awesome!

The effects of acupuncture were so fast!

"Did everyone notice that Arabella disinfected the silver needles and put them back in place after she finished? This behavior is worth learning from. Let's give her another round of applause."

This time, even the students from the surgical class joined in the applause.

Audrey didn't expect her classmates to change their stance so quickly, let alone for Arabella to steal the limelight.

"Both of you, please return to your seats." After Professor Lambert had them leave the stage, he continued, "For throat pain caused by a cold, acupuncture and bloodletting can be effective quickly. Arabella just demonstrated the method to you all, and she did it perfectly. No errors."

He added, "Traditional medicine is broad and profound, and it's not superior or inferior to modern medicine. It seems that today's class is irrelevant to your majors, what I want to say is: Whether you want to study traditional or modern medicine, or neurology, or internal medicine, etc., remember that you're here to learn how to save lives in the future. That's what matters, not which type of medicine you choose. There's no need to argue over this."

After few seconds, he continued: "Some students may also be curious about why I brought my acupuncture bag to class. I also want to tell you that medicine knows no national boundaries. After mastering the knowledge of your major, you should also learn from the excellent medical skills of other countries in order to improve your ability."

As long as goals aligned, they were all contributing to society.

After class, many students came to find Arabella.

"Arabella, I've been having a sore neck for days, can you help me with acupuncture?"

"I've had a stuffy nose for days, can you help me with acupuncture?"

"And me, can acupuncture help with athlete's foot?"

Kelly and the other two roommates were almost dizzy from the barrage of questions.

"Sorry, guys. Arabella's a bit busy today, come back next time." Kelly tried to maintain order.

"Yes, next time. Arabella has other plans for today, we're really sorry." Joyce also tried to keep the crowd at bay.

"Bella, we need to get out of here." Mya clung to Arabella's arm and quickly got into the elevator. Once the elevator doors closed, she finally let out a sigh of relief. "This is crazy, they're coming to you with athlete's foot. But speaking of it, can acupuncture really treat athlete's foot?"

"Yes, it can." Arabella answered seriously. She even explained the specific method of acupuncture.

"Really? It can really do that?" Mya looked at her with admiration. "You're so cool. It seems like there's nothing you can't answer."

## Chapter 686

Arabella **had** just stepped **out of** the classroom when she spotted a familiar figure in the distance. What was he doing here?

Mya's gaze met Romeo's. Just a second ago, she had been hugging Arabella. The next second, she let go, stuttering, "I brought **your** girlfriend over Bye." Arabella watched her make a hasty exit, almost tripping over in the process. She couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Arabella, "What brought you here?"

"You should tell me why haven't you been responding to me these past few days? Romeo asked, ignoring the stares from several girls around him. He touched Arabella's face, "You forget all about me when you're doing your experiments."

Arabella thought about it. Recently, she had been busy with her research. Either she hadn't replied to messages in time, or she hadn't picked up calls, or she had even reduced her nightly video chats.

"Come on, I have something to show you." Romeo took her hand and led her away from the campus.

Soon, they arrived at Romeo's recent place.

Arabella followed him up to the third floor, where she was surprised that he had transformed the entire floor into a giant transparent lab.

medical devices purchased by Grandpa Beck at a hefty price and had

more advanced than what

"What is this?"

her into the lab for a tour. "These equipment are for medication research, analysis, production, etc., and everything

eyes swept over the medical equipment. Her heart was pounding.

Grandpa Beck were here, they could start experimenting right away.

I

when she saw him. He couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. Were

"So, isn't it time for you

she immediately started a system, inputting today's data for the system to analyze the pros and results. She had always wanted to buy it

returned to his senses, he saw her inputting strings of data.

more familiar than his phone number.

the screen as if waiting for a result that matched her expectations.

until several minutes later, when the system analyzed a bunch of data, Arabella was overjoyed and couldn't help but pull

"Grandpa Beck, we've got the results of our data. TR1 and VO Fashion3 had a series of reactions. This meant our plan is feasible."

The previous three plans had failed, but the latest one had succeeded. Arabella's voice was filled with excitement.

"Really? I thought we had to wait a week for the results. How did you **find** out so soon?"

“We won’t have to wait a week anymore.”

The medical equipment Romeo had bought could significantly reduce her experiment time.

Grandpa Beck didn’t quite understand what she meant by “won’t have to wait a week”, but when he heard Arabella’s excitement, he felt excited too, “**So**, we can proceed with the next plan.”

“Yes, if everything goes well, it will be completed soon, and then we can apply to the market.”

Arabella was filled with excitement. Once it went on the market, they could save more people.

After hanging up, Arabella’s attention returned to the computer screen. Thinking of her private research on Alzheimer’s, she input another string of data, creating a new file in the system .

Romeo, next to her, was just standing there, speechless.

Chapter **687**

**While it** was quite alluring watching Arabella **engrossed in her** work, he **didn’t want to be stuck in** the lab **all day, feeling like** some **sort of statue**.

**So, he cleared his throat, “Bella.”**

“Hold on.” Arabella was completely absorbed in her screen. Only after a while, she asked, “What’s **up?**”

**Romeo** glanced at the time. It had already been half an hour since Arabella had last acknowledged him.

“**It’s** been half an hour.”

Arabella, “No way?”

Had it really been half an hour?

She was just inputting some data. How did time fly so fast?

Arabella decided to save her work and ask, “Alright, what’s on the

all the equipment he bought for the lab,

want to take you

eyes instantly lit up,

high place in her heart, and he felt a bit down, “Just me,

too.” Arabella’s enthusiasm faded a bit.

Romeo was speechless.

he really couldn’t compete with lab

the house, Arabella looked back somewhat reluctantly, “Pick



only coming for the equipment, which made  
I'll have more time for you" Arabella seemed  
be waiting for you." Romeo knew that  
so passionate about research, he  
arms. Carl, who was driving, yelled out,  
from behind. Romeo tightly held Arabella,  
himself, but if the

They were surrounded by cars on  
both sides. Another car was closely pursuing from behind. Carl glanced at the rear-  
view mirror, then checked the situation on both sides, "Mr. McMillian, Arabella, buckle up."

They had to force their way out now, or else the consequences of being  
surrounded were unpredictable.

This was the outskirts, and this road was a wasteland with only their cars chasing each other.

Carl swerved the steering wheel, hitting the car on the left, then quickly swerved back, hitting the car on  
the right. But the car behind them violently hit them back like it was retaliating.

Just then, a large truck appeared in front, blocking their path.

Carl slammed the brakes.

Four cars surrounded Romeo's car, one in front, one behind, and one on each side. Carl hit the emergen-  
cy button in the car, which connected directly to the head of the security team, sending their real-  
time location.

"I'll deal with this. You stay **in** the car and  
wait for me. Don't get out unless I say so." Romeo looked at Arabella in  
his arms and softly asked, "You got that?"

"Mhm." Arabella nodded slightly, but **in** reality, she hadn't heard a thing. She didn't catch anything Rom-  
eo had just said.

After Carl and Romeo got out of the **car**, the people in the other four cars started to get out individually.

## Chapter 688

The **foreign** guy **leading the pack** was **tall and intimidating**. His **golden hair** was **tied up in a braid** at the  
back of his  
head, and he wore **a mask**. "**I'm just here for the girl in the car,**" **he said**, "nd offense meant earlier, **my  
bad.**"

"What **do you** want with the girl?" Carl **couldn't** help but ask, looking at  
the twenty or so guys. "**Who sent you?**"

“Sorry, we can’t say.” A few guys pulled out weapons, pointing them at Carl.

Romeo stood there, a small smile on his face. “So all these guys are here to snatch my fiancée? Do you think so little of me? Just **this** many guys to snatch my fiancée?” A hint of murderous intent flashed in the foreign guy’s eyes.

“Give you guys some time to call for backup.” Romeo casually glanced at his watch. “Five minutes enough?”

The foreign guy was completely provoked. “**Don’t** think just because you’re Romeo, I won’t dare to touch you!”

Just now, he was being respectful to Romeo, letting him and his assistant leave, but he just had to push it. He’s practically begging for it!

“This city is his turf, no need to cross him, we just want the girl.” someone whispered into the foreign guy’s ear.

The guy cursed under his breath, glaring at Romeo. “Hand over the girl, and I might just spare you.”

Isn’t the girl with you?”

could even turn around, a knife was already at his throat. Arabella

foreign guy just couldn’t believe it. A girl managed to get so close without him noticing. And his goons didn’t even notice her

was

bounty was

wasn’t

him

touch our

your knife.”

mind to their words, simply slashed the foreign guy’s

an eyebrow,

do it. He tried to cover his throat, but Arabella’s knife was already inches

I don’t know who. I took the

Bounty Forum, huh.

must’ve been a new job. If it were posted a few days ago, her guys would’ve

cars surrounded the place. Romeo’s bodyguards had

The foreign guy knew he’d been had and was about to pop a cyanide pill, but Arabella beat him to **it**, knocking him out cold.

“Bella, leave the rest **to** them.” Romeo gestured her over.

Arabella handed the guy over to Carl. The rest were quickly subdued by Romeo’s bodyguards.

Arabella wiped her hands with a disinfectant wipe in the car. Suddenly, she was lifted up and smacked on the butt.

Romeo asked, “Who told you to get out of the car? I can’t believe you’d be so bold, sneaking up on these guys. What if they found you?”

Arabella retorted, “How could they find me? I can’t believe you actually hit me, and you hit me?”

Romeo’s expression turned serious. “Do you have any idea how dangerous that was just now? I told you I would handle this. Don’t you trust me?”

Arabella said, “It’s not that I don’t trust **you**.”

**It’s** just that when those guys were denting the car door earlier, they almost hit him.

Arabella just wanted to help him blow off some steam.

## Chapter 689

“**Why on earth?**” Romeo **held** her tightly, **staring into** her eyes, “Are you worried about **me?** Trying to st and up **for** me? Alright, I **can** tie that guy up **in front of you for you to** vent, but you can’t be like just now.”

Arabella **thought he** was talking **too** much, and it was giving her a headache. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Romeo was **stunned** by her action, and he was kissed for a while before hearing her say, “You’ve got a violent streak.”

Romeo looked perplexed.

Just a light **hit**, and he’s accused **of** being violent?

Arabella, “If you hit me again, you can kiss our intimacy goodbye.” Arabella had never been hit before, especially not in front of so many people. It was **so** embarrassing.

“I’m just worried about you.” Romeo looked into her eyes, his heart softening, “Does it hurt?”

Arabella, “Hurt liked hell.”

“Let me see.” Romeo carried her into the car, trying to lift her skirt.

are you

checking if there’s any

business, was about to get in the car when

be seeing this?

his eyes a bit

just.” Carl was about to turn

take me back

then

hit you. You’re not concerned about your own safety.” Romeo held

didn’t respond, seemingly ignoring him on

a fruit stand on the way, stop and

Romeo

her, “Or do you prefer a cactus?” both

help but crack

lips curling up as well,

the world who dared to

lay

Romeo, “It was my hand acting on its own. I had nothing to do with it.”

Arabella was speechless.

Romeo, “I’ll control it better next time. I won’t hit you again.”

Romeo, “And it wasn’t a hit just now. Can

you not do such dangerous things next time? Romeo still comforted her, “Arabella, when I saw you run behind him, I was really worried.”

Carl thought he was threatened by so many weapons just now, but he didn’t see Romeo worry about him.

“Well.” Romeo hesitated, observing

her expression, and asked cautiously, “Since it was the first offense, can the punishment be canceled?”

Arabella had said that if he hit her again, he could forget about their intimacy.

Arabella snapped back to **reality**, a small smile on her lips, “Depended on your behavior.”

“What kind of behavior will satisfy you? Should I be gentle instead if I can’t use physical force to solve problems?”

Arabella didn’t expect Romeo to start making

a move again, and she raised her eyebrows, “Try misbehaving again, see what happens.”

Romeo immediately behaved himself.

**Chapter 690**

Carl, **who** was driving, couldn't help but ask as he glanced at the rearview mirror, "Mr. Romeo, do we **dr op** Arabella **off** at school first, **or?**"

Romeo, "Home first."

Arabella, "School first"

They both spoke at the same time, then looked at each other,

"We're not sure about the identities and motives of those people yet. If you go to school, **you** might end anger the other students, **said** Romeo seriously. "Stay with me. I'll keep you safe."

Arabella, Huh? Who was protecting whom just now?

"Have our people found any information?" Romeo glanced at Carl, who was in the driver's seat.

they're already in our hands, even if they're mutes, they'll have to spill the

something." Arabella's slender fingers quickly worked on a bounty website, and she soon found the IP address of the person who posted the bounty. "The bounty was posted at 11 p.m. last night on Deer Mountain, with a

didn't expect her virtual identity to be worth this

at the rearview mirror

it out this

had

a minute,

looked at Arabella, surprised by her

degrees, so there's no place for people to set foot on. That's why nobody goes there. There's no surveillance. There are three roads nearby where cars pass by. A total of eleven cars passed by Deer Mountain after 11 p.m. I tracked the routes of these

哈

the screen, zooming in on the surveillance footage. "But look here, out of these eleven

appeared after the truck and the Toyota passed

did this Mercedes come from?

came from the truck? There's something fishy about the truck

route and found out that it drove into a car

She also checked where the Mercedes went next and found out that it disappeared starting from the bridge.

Where did the people in the car go??

Arabella continued her search, and Romeo couldn't help but smile as he looked at her serious profile. She was so beautiful.

"The truck driver is dead. He left a suicide note saying he was in debt and didn't want to live anymore, so he set himself **on** fire. There was no one else in the truck," Arabella shared what she found, "The driver of the Mercedes was drunk. He crashed into a barrier and fell **into** a lake. By the **time** he was pulled out the next day, the car was beyond repair, and he was unfortunately dead. But."

"But what?" Romeo asked.

"The way the Mercedes was driven didn't seem like it was driven by a drunk person." Arabella fell into thought. After a while, she suddenly realized she was missing something and immediately started searching on her phone.

"Did you find a new lead?"

"Yeah, we overlooked the Toyota. If I'm not mistaken, both the truck and the Mercedes were a smokescreen created by the **real** culprit **to** confuse us and lead us a way from the real issue. The focus should be on the Toyota. If I'm not wrong, the person who posted the bounty is in that Toyota!"