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"You mean because of those lab equipment?" The lady tried to persuade, "We also have many unknown devices."

"I'm really sorry"

She chose to stay at Westerly College, fulfilling Grandma Grace's last wish.

The kind old lady had always wanted her to finish her education, get her degree, and give back to society.

Both research societies didn't want to miss out on such a promising talent, but another judge interrupted, "Your dissection skills and suturing techniques are truly admirable. No doubt, you'll carve out a name for yourself in the field of medicine!"

"Thank you, sir."

Arabella bowed politely, taking the opportunity to exit the stage.

The Westerly College team followed her, the applause still on going.

Mya caught up with Arabella, exclaiming, "Bella, you're so amazing! You actually know how to dissect. You're already so skilled.

Why do you still need to go to school??"

Joyce couldn't help but add, "The second cadaver nearly turned my stomach.

If it weren't for respect, I would have thrown up.

Bella, your mental strength is too strong!"

Aside from her dissection and suturing skills, just this mental strength alone was enough to outclass many.

"Did you guys notice the Summerfield College team?

They all turned pale.

hahaha."

"A bunch of cowards, weren't they boasting just now? After being beat by Arabella, they didn't dare to let out a fart."

"Westerly College really made a name for itself today!"

At that moment, they saw Andrew coming towards them, looking pale and weak.

"Arabella, you did great."

As he said this, he remembered the scene just now, and the suppressed nausea came rushing back.

"I'm sorry."

He quickly ran off to vomit again.

Everyone was surprised at Andrew's lack of nerve, teasing him about how he would handle a scalpel in the future.

He was supposed to have practical experience.

"No wonder Arabella said that school is for those who need it. She doesn't. At first, the Summerfield College people thought she was boasting."

"Arabella, well done!"

"Regardless of our results today, Arabella has already brought great honor to our school!"

Everyone chatted and laughed around Arabella, and Arabella smiled and said, "The competition is over. Let's go backstage to pack up and prepare to return to school."

"Arabella, I want to treat you to dinner, I really like you and want to be friends with you."

"Me too. Your words just now really inspired me."

"I don't want to go back to school so soon. If you're not hungry, I'll treat you to coffee or even a milkshake."

"Arabella, you've worked hard leading the team today. Why don't we all treat you to a nice dinner?"

"Sounds good."

Not far away, Andrew had just finished vomiting, weakly looking over, suddenly feeling like he had faded into the background.

It was as if nobody remembered his existence.
But he didn't have any appetite to eat now.

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As Arabella was gathering her belongings, ready to deal with some work issues on her smartphone, her shoulder was abruptly bumped.

A girl dressed in a chic black suit brushed past her, surrounded by a gaggle of other girls.

Knowing full well that she had collided with someone, she held her shoulder and snidely asked, "Are you blind?"

"Well, if it isn't the top of the class? We better steer clear of her, you know, what with her being a surgeon and all. Wouldn't want her to carve us up with her scalpel."

The girls tittered, and Arabella coolly watched them, "Apologize"

"I'm the one who's hurt here, and you want me to apologize?" Lynn unreasonably crossed her arms over her chest, a defiant expression on her face.

The other girls quickly tried to placate the situation.

"She's just showing off because she was noticed by a few professors. Little does she know that no matter how skilled she is as a surgeon, she will still be working nine-to-five at a hospital"

"Yeah, any single piece of Labella's work in your house is worth more than what she'll make in her lifetime."

"You guys are so rich, owning so many pieces of Labella's work."

"Some people will never get to see a real Labella in their entire life. Why don't we be nice and show her?"

Lynn had just finished boasting in front of her friends and was looking for someone else to impress. So, she gladly obliged, her expression saying, 'Fine, I'll indulge you' She unlocked her phone, revealing her wallpaper- a calligraphy piece by Labella.

"Beautiful, isn't it? Such an expensive piece, only fitting for it to hang in your house."

"Kirn, didn't you mention that piece was worth \$500,000? So, if someone makes \$2,000 a month, they would need to save every penny for 21 years to afford just this one piece."

"Kim, you guys really are loaded."

Arabella watched them silently, "Enough chatter, apologize."

"Are you deaf? Do you even know who Kim is? Can you even handle her apology?"

"People who can afford Labella's work aren't just your average folk. I advise you to back off."

"At the end of the day, Kim's shoulder hurts too! And she's not asking you to apologize."

At that point, Mya, who had finished packing, stormed over, irate, "You guys are so shameless! What your family collects has nothing to do with you apologizing. You bumped into her, and you should apologize. If not, I'll report you to Summerfield College for misconduct."

“And what's more, you said you have a piece by Labella. I'm a fan of hers, and that calligraphy is not how Labella writes. That piece you're showing off is not real! I don't know why you're boasting about a fake piece and acting so smug about it.

Arabella looked at Mya, surprised. She could tell the difference.

Arabella had known from the start that Kim's 'Crane' was a fake, but she couldn't be bothered to expose her.

But she didn't expect Mya, a die-hard fan, to be the one to step up.

“You think just because you've seen a few pieces of Labella's work online, you can accuse me of having a fake? That piece was bought by my mother from a very good friend of hers, a gift from Labella to my aunt, whom you surely know, her name Mrs. Elvira.”

Upon hearing that, many were taken aback.

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"So it's the famous director, Elvira."

"Your mom's friend is really something, a big-time film director."

"Elvira would never sell a fake piece to Lynn's mom."

Mya retorted indignantly, "Labella's brushwork is strong and free, encompassing the vastness of the universe, like a frosty forest

without leaves, like a waterfall soaring into the sky.

And that piece you have clearly lacks the essence of her style."

Lynn was somewhat angered by this, "You talk as if you've seen his original work. If you can't provide evidence today, I'll sue you for defamation."

“Even though I haven't seen his original work, I can assure you that is not Labella's handwriting. We can send it for

authentication if you don't believe me!” Mya was quite familiar with Labella's calligraphy style. Such handwriting could never come from Labella's brush.

Labella's brushwork was majestic, like a warrior unsheathing his sword or a dragon and serpent in flight.

“Lynn, there's no need to be angry with her. We believe this calligraphy looks pretty authentic, not like a fake at all!”

“Can a fake reach that level?”

“Some people think that after seeing a few of Labella's works, they can discern the real from the fake. They just end up looking like a joke.”

"This piece was given by Labella to a respected elder. That elder was not Livia"

Arabella's words shocked everyone. How did she know?

Was she just bluffing?

Just then, a cheerful elder walked toward them,

"What are you all discussing?"

Everyone looked toward the voice and quickly greeted, "President Charles."

Charles was the principal of Summerfield College. Upon learning that Arabella brought her team to his school for a competition, he wanted to chat with her and have a cup of tea. But he was told by one of his professors that Arabella was preparing to leave. He rushed backstage and luckily found her still there.

"President Charles, you've come at the right time. With your vast knowledge and experience, you must know Labella's work.

These two students insist that my family's collected work is fake. Please judge for us." Lynn said, her voice tinged with a hint of grievance.

Arabella and Mya were both speechless. It was clearly a fake, yet she considered it a treasure.

"President Charles, you may not know, but that piece was sold to Lynn's family by the famous director, Livia. But our top scorer

here insists that the piece was given by Labella to a respected elder, and that elder wasn't Livia."

"Some people just can't stand others having good things, so they have to say something negative."

"Exactly!"

Mya stomped her foot, anxiously saying, "It's not like that, President Charles.

They bumped into Arabella without apologizing and then flaunted their 'Labella' piece. Labella's brushwork is powerful. It's not at all like what they have. Don't believe me? Take a look: "No need,' President Charles said gently. "There's nothing worth seeing." Mya's heart skipped a beat. Was President Charles going to favor his own students? Upon hearing this, Lynn and the other girls seemed to gain confidence, their expressions becoming more arrogant.

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President Charles always wore a gentle smile, "By a lucky chance, I also possess a piece of art by Labella, personally gifted to me."

At that revelation, everyone was left dumbfounded. Even Mya was taken aback. Could it be that the esteemed elder that Labella gifted the painting to was President Charles?

That was turning into quite a spectacle.

"Labella and I have been acquainted for years. I can recognize her brushwork." President Charles turned his gaze to Lynn, "The original piece is with me. The one you have is definitely a counterfeit."

Lynn was utterly flabbergasted. Nothing could be more humiliating than being publicly called out by the college president.

But how could it be fake? The painting was sold to her mother by Auntie Elvira.

Auntie Elvira had charged her mother fifty thousand dollars!

Lynn's friends were equally shocked. Could it be that Director Elvira had sold a counterfeit to Lynn's mother? Asking fifty thousand dollars right off the bat?

That's outrageous.

Whoever befriends someone like that was just asking for trouble.

"No, it can't be." Lynn shook her head in disbelief.

Her family owns several other paintings by Labella, two of which were sold by Auntie Elvira.

If Auntie Elvira did sell them counterfeits, how much money would her family lose?

But why? Auntie Elvira and her mother have been best friends for years. Why would she do something like that?

"I heard you bumped into Bella and refused to apologize?"

President Charles's words left Lynn in a difficult position, "That's not how it happened."

"Don't even try to say Bella bumped into you first.

There are cameras everywhere. Would you dare to lie in front of your president?"

Mya's words further deepened Lynn's humiliation.

"If you bump into someone, you should apologize. Is that not what Summerfield College teaching you?"

President Charles's tone

held a hint of pressure.

Lynn had no choice but to mumble, "I'm sorry"

"I didn't hear you, speak up." Mya deliberately said.

"You were very loud when you were boasting about owning Labella's artwork,

weren't you?"

Although Lynn was angry, she couldn't find any words to retaliate.

"In front of your president, you can't even sincerely apologize. I wonder why Summerfield College would allow a student like

you?" Mya deliberately stirred the pot.

Lynn bit her lip and finally approached Bella, "I'm sorry for bumping into you earlier. Please forgive me: Bella looked at her coldly, showing no signs of forgiving her.

If it weren't for Grandpa Charles being here, Lynn would never apologize!

"Let's go, Lynn"

"You should call your mom and ask if Director Elvira sold you a fake painting.

If she did, your mom should confront her."

"Yeah, give your mom a call. If necessary, get it appraised by a professional.

The girls offered Lynn a way out.

Lynn looked at President Charles, "Then, President Charles, I'll be leaving now: With that, she was swiftly escorted away by her friends.

Bella didn't bother pursuing her mistake.

"Being envied is an inevitable consequence of having something valuable.

It's no doubt true in your case." President Charles laughed heartily, looking at Bella with affection, "How about, do you have time to come over for a cup of tea.

"I have to lead the team back."

Listening to their conversation, Mya was completely stunned. It seemed that President Charles and Bella knew each other, and their relationship seemed quite deep.

Bella was really amazing. She had so many hidden talents and seemed to know many important people, but she never showed off.

Unlike that Lynn was so ignorant and superficial.

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"Just a moment, it's been a while since we've had a good chat,' President Charles was trying to convince Arabella to stay. It wasn't often he had the chance to catch up with her over a cup of coffee.

Usually, Arabella was too busy with her business to sit down for a chat. It was as rare as a hen's teeth.

"Next time,' Arabella was worried about keeping her classmates waiting. By now, they should have finished packing and ready to return to school.

"All right, I know you're busy." President Charles smiled, not wanting to hold her up. "When you have time, give your grandpa a call."

Mya's eyes widened again. Arabella had President Charles' number? And she called him Grandpa? What was their relationship?

"It sounds like they're close," she thought.

"All right; Arabella smiled and nodded. "I'm leaving now: "Don't get too caught up in random stuff. Take care of yourself;"

President Charles reminded her before she left. It sounded like caring advice from a family member.

As Mya followed Arabella, she couldn't help but whisper, "Bella, do you know

President Charles well? Are you guys close?"

It seemed like President Charles was very fond of Arabella.

"Yes, like family" Arabella admitted.

Mya was surprised, "Then why didn't you choose Summerfield College? Was it just because of Westerly College's lab equipment?"

"Yes." Arabella looked up. "Where are they?"

Why were they taking so long to pack up? There was no sign of them.

"I'll go find them," Mya offered to help.

After a while, Arabella checked the headcount and noticed that Joyce and Mavis were missing.

She took out her phone and tried calling them, but no one answered.

"Let's all go look for them," Mya suggested, leading a few classmates. They searched everywhere backstage but couldn't find the two girls.

"Where did they go after packing?" Arabella asked.

"They seemed to have gone to the restroom together but they couldn't have fallen into the toilet, could they?" someone joked.

"I'll go check the restrooms again."

"They must have gotten peckish and went to the food stalls behind Summerfield College: Arabella nodded and waited.

After a while, Mya returned, holding a keychain.

"This is Joyce's. She always carries it around like a precious treasure. I can't believe it was in the restroom: "I also found Mavis'

shoulder bag. She just bought this Louis Vuitton.

She wouldn't just leave it on the restroom floor"

"Do you think they're in danger?"

"What danger could there be in the restroom of Summerfield College?"

Arabella recalled the guys and realized she might have overlooked something. She rushed to the restroom and pushed the door

open. There was no one inside.

The window was wide open. If someone was taken from here, it wasn't impossible.

Apart from the keychain and the LV bag found earlier, there were no other clues.

"I'll try calling them again"

"I'll send them a WhatsApp message."

"Do you think those jerks from Summerfield College took them because we outshone them today?"

"Should we tell the teachers?"

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Arabella pulled out her phone and hacked into the nearby security cameras, only to find that the footage from the past 15

minutes had been wiped clean. Joyce and Mavis must have been taken during that time.

"Bella, what do we do? Should we call the police?"

Mya anxiously asked.

"What if they're in real danger."

The other classmates were also uneasy. After all, two people had suddenly disappeared. Could it have been those jerks from Summerfield College??

At this point, Arabella noticed a flickering blue dot outside the window. Due to the lighting, the blue dot wasn't very noticeable.

But she realized something and said to the others, "You guys go look around elsewhere."

The less people involved, the better.

Only by splitting them up could Arabella investigate what the blue dot outside was.

"Maybe Mavis just forgot her purse after washing her hands."

"Or perhaps Joyce didn't notice she dropped her keychain."

"Right, let's go look elsewhere. Maybe their phones are dead, or there's no signal where they are. Let's not scare ourselves."

"Or maybe they went to the auditorium to watch the game. Anyway, let's split up and look!"

They quickly decided on their routes and then split up to search.

Once they had left, Arabella easily jumped up to the window ledge and took down the item stuck to the outside. It was a black, crescent-shaped bracelet.

“Wear this. Arrive at the top of North Star Mountain within half an hour.

Otherwise, prepare to collect the bodies of your friends”

Arabella's eyes darkened. "What's the achievement in capturing two defenseless girls?"

“If I hadn't, how else would I have lured you in?” A cold, robotic male voice resonated from the bracelet.

"Those who meddle will

pay the price. If you dare to call for help, for each person you bring along, I'll cut off one of their fingers. I don't mind reducing them to pieces."

Arabella's expression turned grim. She pulled out her phone, and as she was about to unlock the screen, a scream from Mavis

could be heard from the other end of the bracelet.

"Stop!" Arabella commanded sternly.

“I told you no calling for reinforcements. Did you take my words lightly?” the man's voice carried an air of authority.

Only then did Arabella notice that the bracelet must have a camera. She calmly lied, "I was just going to tell my classmates not to

look for them anymore and to return to school. You heard them earlier, and they wanted to call the

police because they couldn't find anyone.

He clearly didn't believe her. "Don't try to play games with me. Wear the device and arrive at the specified location within half an hour"

Arabella had no choice but to put on the bracelet. At that moment, she heard a noise from the entrance of the restroom. She looked up to see a frightened Mya.

"Bella." Mya had gone to look for the others but suddenly remembered that Arabella was still in the restroom. She came back to find Arabella, only to overhear the conversation.

"Kill her.' The man in the bracelet coldly ordered. Mya became even more scared. What had Bella gotten herself into? It sounded terrifying.

"She's just in time." Arabella calmly responded.

"Aren't you worried I'll leak information and call for help? Then let my classmate deliver the message."

Arabella glanced at Mya. "Go tell the others not to look anymore. I'll bring them back. Remember, don't say anything you shouldn't."

"Why should I trust her?" the man in the bracelet questioned coldly. "Who knows if she'll call for reinforcements?"

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"What kind of reinforcements could an average student like her possibly bring? Besides, she wouldn't dare to do anything rash when my life is at stake."

Arabella spoke as she embraced Mya. "Don't worry, I'll make sure they all get back safely. Just go back to school and wait for us there."

Mya was visibly shaken, tears welling up in her eyes. The warm embrace brought her back to reality, and she nodded. "I won't

say a word. Just be careful.

“Okay” Arabella patted her shoulder. "Go on."

“If you dare to play any tricks, everyone around you, including you, will be in danger,’ the man in the bracelet warned again, his voice cold as ice.

“I won't say anything. I always keep my word. I won't call the cops, and I won't tell my classmates. Just don't harm my two classmates, and don't hurt Bella,’ Mya insisted.

“You're not in a position to bargain with me,’ the man in the bracelet retorted before reminding Arabella, "You only have 24 minutes left"

“Just go back first." Arabella waited for Mya to leave before exiting the restroom.

At this moment, Serena was in another restroom, changing into a new dress.

Seeing Arabella, she quickly approached her.

Arabella saw her coming and chose to take another path.

But Serena quickly caught up with her. "I need to talk to you."

"I don't have time to listen."

Seeing Arabella continue to walk away without even a glance at her, Serena couldn't help but run in front of her, blocking her path.

"I need to ask you. Do you have two tickets to the concert?"

"What's it to you?" Arabella was afraid that if she said too much, the man on the other end of the black bracelet would hear.

If he found out about their relationship, it could jeopardize David and the others.

But Serena persisted. "Are you feeling guilty? So, you do have the tickets to the concert. I need them. Can you give them to me?"

A few question marks popped up in Arabella's mind. "Why should I?"

"Just because I always give you the benefit of the doubt. You can go to concerts anytime you want, but my friend is really looking forward to that one. Consider it a good deed and give them to me."

Arabella was speechless. She walked away without giving Serena a second glance.

"Arabella!" Serena called after her. "You already have so much! Can't you even give me two concert tickets?"

Arabella wanted to lash out at her but then remembered that their conversation would definitely be overheard by the man on the other end of the bracelet. So she ignored Serena and continued walking.

“Stop!” Serena was already upset from her encounter with Alma earlier, and seeing Arabella's attitude now only made her angrier.

Why was Arabella, who had grown up as a low-class person in the Murphy family, ignoring her like that? She reached out to grab Arabella's hand.

As Serena approached, Arabella suddenly smelled something foul. She moved away slightly and raised an eyebrow. “Just crawl out of a dumpster”

Serena was taken aback. Was the smell really that strong? She had already changed into a new dress! Was there still a smell?

“Really crawled out of a dumpster?”

Serena sniffed her own arm. There did seem to be a foul smell. It's weird, she had just washed.

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She didn't have the energy to argue with Arabella any longer. The nauseating feeling was rising, and in her frustration, she spun on her heel and stormed off.

At this point, her friends were waiting for her outside the restroom, puzzled.

It seemed like Serena knew Arabella, and they appeared to have some sort of disagreement.

Was it due to the backstage incident that occurred earlier in the day?

"No one bothered to tell me I smell so bad!" Serena retorted, pushing past her friends and heading back into the restroom to freshen up.

Her friends covered their noses, "We didn't smell anything off. Did Arabella say you stank? Don't listen to her nonsense. You don't smell bad at all. Urgh, Not at all."

Despite their reassurances, they kept their distance, merely standing by the entrance of the restroom.

Meanwhile, Arabella left Summerfield College and hailed a cab, heading directly to place.

Mya, still in shock, felt like she was being followed.

She hurried back to her dorm, recalling the moment when Arabella hugged

her and seemingly wrote something on her back with her fingertips.

She was too scared, too tense. She was dazed and had no idea what Arabella had written on her back.

She forced herself to calm down, grabbed a pen and paper, and attempted to recall every stroke Arabella had made. After

several tries, she was shocked to realize that the word was "Romeo"!

Was Arabella trying to send a message to Romeo?

Indeed, Romeo was influential, and there was nothing he couldn't solve. She had met Romeo in the past, but she didn't have his contact information.

What was she to do?

Desperate, she searched online for the company's phone number and dialed it.

Mya listened to the automated message, finally hearing, "For operator assistance, press zero."

She quickly pressed zero, holding her breath in anticipation.

Soon, a sweet voice came from the other end of the line.

“Hello, this is the front desk of McMllian Corporation. How may I assist you?”

“Hello, I have a phone appointment with your CEO. My name is Arabella.

Could you please connect me?” Mya knew that if she gave her real name, the receptionist would not pay her any heed.

Even if the call did reach Romeo, he probably wouldn't remember who she was.

“I'm sorry, but our company does not currently offer phone appointments.

May I ask who you are and when you scheduled a meeting with our CEO?”

“Just put me through to your CEO. It's an urgent matter. If it's delayed, you'll surely be fired! I'm not trying to scare you!”

“Did you say your name is Arabella?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Please hold on. I'll confirm this for you.”

Thankfully, the receptionist didn't give her a hard time. Mya breathed a sigh of relief and waited anxiously for the call to be connected.

At this moment, Romeo sat at the conference table, listening to the Finance Director report on the financial state of the month.

When Carl received the call from the front desk, he quietly said to Romeo, "Ms. Bella is trying to reach you through the company's phone line, claiming she has an appointment with you and it's an urgent matter"

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Although Carl found the call suspicious, he knew Bella was the kind of woman who would never use an expression as dramatic

as "extremely urgent".

And why would she contact him through the company line when she had his personal number? This person was likely an imposter, pretending to be Bella.

But how did she know about Bella's relationship with the boss?

Upon hearing the name "Arabella", Romeo gestured to pause the meeting and took the corporate phone from Carl.

"Hello, is this Mr. McMillian? I'm Bella's friend, Mya. She's in trouble." Mya hurriedly explained the situation to him.

"Alright, I understand." After hanging up, Romeo immediately stood up and left, his presence commanding the room.

The people in the conference room looked at each other in confusion until Carl spoke, "The meeting is adjourned for today."

Seeing Carl about to leave, the director nervously grabbed his hand and whispered, "Carl, did I say something wrong? This month's profit is not as high as last month's because Mr. McMillian invested in several places, and..."

"Mr. McMillian just had an urgent matter to attend to. No need to worry."

Relieved by Carl's words, the director breathed a sigh of relief. He had thought his data or presentation had displeased Mr. McMillian.

Romeo had previously given Bella a black hair clip that could track her location. Now, he opened the tracking app on his phone and saw she was heading towards Mount North. Just as Mya had said, Bella was heading alone to the top of Mount North, probably walking into an ambush.

Although he was worried about Bella's safety, knowing that he was the first person she thought of in a dangerous situation, his heart warmed, and he hurried towards her direction. As soon as Bella reached the top of Mount North, bullets began to rain down on her. She swiftly dodged them and glanced around to see she was surrounded.

Some people were hiding in the trees, others behind rocks, and a large group of masked men were lined up in front of her.

They had mobilized a lot of people to capture her. Bella stood in an open area with no cover, making her an easy target, vulnerable to gunfire.

Despite this, she raised her head and coldly asked, "Where is my friend?"

"You should worry about yourself."

The masked man leading the group spoke through a voice changer, sounding as cold as ice.

They threw several smoke bombs at her. Bella recognized the purple smoke as poisonous. She covered her nose and mouth

and quickly retreated. The bullets fired at her through the smoke missed their target.

When the smoke cleared, Bella was nowhere to be found. As they searched for her, Bella had already sneaked behind them.

She knocked a few out, seized their weapons, and taken one of them hostage.

“Where is my friend?” Bella asked, her eyes cold.

“You do have some skills.” The leader laughed heartily and shot the man Bella was holding hostage.

Bella hadn't expected him to harm his own man.

“Don't worry, your friend will be waiting for you in the hell” The masked man laughed eerily. “If you're smart, you'll come back with us obediently, or else, your friend will die a painful death.”

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Just then, a rattling noise echoed through the sky. Everyone looked up to see a fleet of helicopters hovering above them. The masked man at the front narrowed his eyes, "You dared to call for backup?"

Arabella glanced up at the sky without much surprise. Romeo was quicker than she expected. She had just arrived, and he was already here.

At this moment, Romeo was trying to locate Arabella's position, instructing his men to avoid the red dot on their radar and focus on the others while dropping flashbangs.

The flashbangs fell one after another, obliterating the people below.

"Your backup doesn't seem to care about your life," the masked man smirked coldly. "They're bombing so indiscriminately. Do they intend to send you off to the hell as well?"

"You talk too much" Arabella quickly retaliated, aiming to capture the masked man.

The masked man counterattacked swiftly.

On the helicopter, Romeo noticed the red dot moving. He immediately ordered, "Avoid that area." She must be trying to capture someone.

He had to help her.

"Land"

"Boss, there are still many people down there. If you go down now."

Carl's words were cut off by Romeo's warning gaze. He quickly ordered the emergency landing.

Arabella and the masked man exchanged a few blows. The masked man chuckled, "Not many can withstand my moves. If you would work for our organization, you could achieve great things."

"Who cares." Arabella shot back, landing a direct hit on his shoulder.

As the helicopter touched down, it whipped up a powerful gust of wind.

Arabella landed another blow on the man's stomach, pushing him back a couple of steps. He pulled out his cellphone, seemingly planning to order his men to kill the hostages.

Arabella tried to snatch the phone away. In an instant, the phone was kicked into the air. Both of them reached for it, but it fell into someone else's hands.

Arabella looked up to see Romeo. He had caught the phone and pulled her behind him.

The masked man looked up at the unexpected man, "It's you again."

Were these two a couple?

They did seem well-matched.

But wasn't this girl the woman of the leader of Mafia Flame?

Why was it always the leader of Mafia C who came to her aid when she was in danger?

Arabella and Romeo attacked together, quickly overpowering him and knocking him out.

"Are you hurt?" Romeo gazed at Arabella as he gently tousled her hair.

"I'm fine, give me the phone"

She needed to find out where Joyce and Mavis were.

The masked man's phone was locked. Arabella cracked it and, imitating his tone, sent a message to his subordinates: [Send a

picture over. That girl doesn't believe her friends are safe.]

A picture soon arrived. It was taken by a lake. Joyce and Mavis were tied up with ropes, which were attached to large rocks, indicating they could be thrown into the lake at any moment.

[Bring them here.] Arabella ordered.

The reply came: [Give the code]

Code??

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