

Arabella 711

Chapter 711

Penny on stage was quickly nabbed by the police.

"You have no evidence that I did this. Let me go." Penny struggled on stage, shouting out loud, "I can sue you."

"HN2C can't come into direct contact with the skin, or it will get infected with toxicity. If you want to poison someone, this stuff has to be kept in a container." Arabella's voice spread throughout the venue through the microphone on her collar, "HN2C usually exists in liquid form."

Everyone turned to look at her and found her to be very calm, very awesome indeed.

Then, the big screen on stage suddenly switched to the surveillance footage. Before everyone could react, they saw Penny indeed passing by that box filled with silver diamonds.

The box was labeled as number 1, clearly meant for contestant number 1, Molly.

Who had zoomed in on the surveillance? The cops looked at each other. Who was controlling the surveillance?

After manipulating the surveillance on her phone, Arabella noticed that as Penny passed by the box of silver diamonds, her right hand, hidden in her long sleeve, seemed to pour something liquid onto the box.

Zooming in further, they could vaguely see that in her hand was a small white bottle.

Soon, the police rummaged through Penny's belongings but found no useful information. Then, they checked the trash can and found a bottle of Vitamin C that Penny had recently discarded. Upon opening it, they indeed found traces of the HN2C liquid, which, if not looked closely, could have been mistaken for water.

With such concrete evidence, Penny on stage was so scared that her legs turned to jelly, and she collapsed on the ground.

Why was she found out so quickly?

Who exactly was Queen Abby, and how did she know so much?

"So it was you." Isabella pointed to Penny, "You just misled everyone, saying that I had a grudge against Molly. You are really scary."

Arabella looked at the girl on stage, who was shaking her head desperately.

"No, it's not like that, let me explain."

The police slapped cuffs on her, obviously not giving her a chance to explain.

"No, I haven't finished the competition. I haven't gotten the rank."

All the way, Penny was still rambling.

"I just didn't want to lose, and I didn't mean to do bad things. She would only be in pain for three days, and this poison wouldn't take her life. Let me go, and the judges haven't scored yet. I was manipulated, poisoning wasn't my intention."

As Penny was led away by the police, the venue fell silent, with many people looking at Arabella. They didn't expect that at such a young age, she first diagnosed what poison Molly had been given and then helped the police catch the culprit.

The key was that she remained very calm from beginning to end, showing no panic.

She had excellent mental strength, arguably the best in the field.

"If I remember correctly, there was only one minute left till the end of the competition." Arabella calmly

said.

At that time on stage, all the contestants had completed their work, only Molly was too slow due to the pain and only managed to modify the hem part of her dress.

She had sewn many fluttering butterflies on the hem; the last butterfly was just sewn, but she didn't have time to tie the knot.

Chapter 712

While it looked good overall, it didn't manage to snag the first place.

Arabella announced her scores, and the other judges snapped back to reality and started scoring too. Because Hans left early and couldn't score, only nine judges gave scores.

Isabella was shocked to find that she was the champ after calculating the total score of the three rounds.

The runner-up was a contestant from Dawnstar, Anna.

The third place went to Molly.

But everyone there knew that if it weren't for Molly passing out all of a sudden, she would have been the overall winner, especially considering she got a high score just for modifying the skirt part in this round.

As Arabella presented Isabella with her award, Isabella felt heavy-hearted because she knew better than anyone that this championship wasn't meant to be hers.

"It's not fair to contestant number one." Isabella suddenly said.

Whatever the reason, everyone had to accept the outcome.

"I believe contestant number one is looking forward to seeing you in the next competition." Arabella comforted Isabella.

Isabella saw encouragement and affirmation in Arabella's eyes, and she could hardly believe it. When she looked again, Arabella presented the award to the next contestant.

After the award ceremony, Arabella addressed everyone, "All of you competing today are outstanding talents from various countries. Just being on this stage proves your exceptional ability. You're way ahead of most designers in this industry. Although many of you didn't get to take a trophy home, losing is not disgraceful. Those who caused trouble backstage and were taken away by the police, they are the ones who really disgraced their countries."

Arabella's words were firm and powerful, "As long as you have the talent, you'll be noticed and recognized someday. Those who think they could win the trophy, we'll see you in the next competition."

The whole place erupted in applause.

Arabella left the stage and didn't go to the hospital to visit Molly until the competition was over.

Meanwhile, Hans was by the hospital bed, waiting for the person on the bed to open her eyes.

"Where is this?" Molly's mind was still foggy.

"You're in the hospital." Hans saw her wake up and asked softly, "Do you feel better?"

"Why am I in the hospital?" Molly's mind was chaotic. After a while, she suddenly realized something, "I was still in the competition."

She tried to get out of bed but felt weak and fell into Hans's arms.

Luckily, Hans caught her in time. Otherwise, she would fall off the bed.

"It hurts." Molly tugged at the needle in her hand and gasped in pain.

"Are you okay?" Hans looked down at the girl in his arms, realized they were too close, and quickly let go

of her, allowing her steady herself, "The competition is over."

"It's over? What about me?" Molly tried hard to remember, and she seemed to not to have finished her work.

The last butterfly, she didn't even finish.

"How did it end so quickly? Did I place?" Molly saw Hans didn't answer, and she wanted to pull out the needle from her hand.

"You can't pull it out." Just as Hans spoke, Molly had already reached to tear off the medical tape on her hand.

Chapter 713

Hans quickly grabbed her hand, saying, "You're going to bleed."

Yanking the needle out like that, she was not only going to bleed, but might also cause a blood clot, block blood vessels, make it harder to get another needle in, and the pain's going to be through the roof.

"Mr. Collins, I need to get back to the competition." Molly said frantically, her face and voice filled with urgency.

She had been looking forward to and preparing for this international competition for three whole months, and there was no way she was going to end it all in haste.

"Ranking isn't everything." Hans tried to comfort her.

"It IS!" Molly quickly corrected him, "I'm here representing Solterra today. I can't just quit halfway like this!"

Seeing her hesitate, Hans couldn't help but ask softly, "What else?"

Molly couldn't hide the disappointment and sadness in her eyes, and she was on the verge of tears.

"I'm about to officially take over the family business. If I could win this, at least most people would accept my leadership. But now."

It was all over.

How can the family's clothing company accept a loser who can't even rank to manage it?

She was still so young, and there must be quite a few board members who disagreed.

She wasn't Arabella. Winning was the only solution she could think of.

Tears welled up in Molly's eyes, "Mr. Collins, is the competition really over?"

"Yeah." Hans pointed to the clock on the wall, "It's been half an hour."

At that, all the light left Molly's eyes.

Hans said, "You should get some rest."

Molly didn't know how she got back to bed, she was heartbroken, she couldn't believe she had worked so hard for three months, only to end up like this.

Two tears silently slid down her cheeks.

For the first time, Hans saw a girl cry without making a sound, her long eyelashes drooping, the two crystal tears falling, no sound, but the sadness was so clear, it made him feel sorry for her.

"Are you okay?" Hans didn't know how to comfort her, and he could only hand her a tissue.

Suddenly, Molly burst into tears, giving Hans quite a jolt.

"Why would my stomach hurt?" Molly sobbed, "Why did it have to be then? Why did I faint? I'm so useless."

Seeing her drastic mood swings, Hans could only comfort her, "It's not your fault."

Molly, "I could've held on. Why am I so weak."

Seeing her cry so hard, Hans could only say, "Someone poisoned you."

"Poisoned?" Molly's tears stopped in their tracks. She instantly grabbed Hans' arms, "What poison? Who poisoned me? Are you saying my stomachache was someone trying to harm me?"

Hans, "Yes."

Molly, "Who? Why would they harm me?"

"We're not sure yet." Hans looked at her, gripping his arms. It wasn't convenient to break free, he tried to back away quietly, but she held on tight, "Bella is on it, she'll find out."

"That's too much." Molly suddenly hugged him, sobbing uncontrollably, "It's too much. Why would they poison me? Couldn't they wait until after the competition?"

Chapter 714

Hans found her train of thought rather peculiar and couldn't help but ask, "So you mean to poison yourself after the competition?"

"Exactly, I'd rather suffer unbearable pain or even pass out after the competition than make a fool of myself during it." Molly sobbed, her cheeks rubbing against his clothes.

After rubbing her face on his clothes, she choked up, "Your clothes smell so good."

Then, she suddenly froze. Wait, was she crying on Hans, wiping her tears on his clothes?

At that moment, Arabella pushed the door open and walked in, a smirk tugging at the corner of her mouth upon seeing the scene.

Molly, "It's not what you think."

Molly hadn't expected to do something so out of line, so she quickly let go and hurriedly explained to Hans, "I'm sorry, Mr. Collins, really sorry, I didn't mean to. You can take off your clothes, and I'll wash them for you when we get back."

Hans, "That's not necessary."

Molly tried to tug his clothes off but couldn't, and it was tremendously embarrassing. She wiped her tears off his clothes with her hands, "I really didn't mean to."

Her voice gradually lowered, and she murmured, "And I didn't mean to hug you just now."

Leaning against the door, Arabella casually asked, "Should I hold onto your trophy?"

Trophy??

Molly wanted to dash over and grab it.

"Careful." Hans quickly caught her hand, which still had the IV needle in it. She would definitely pull on the needle if she rushed over like that.

Molly realized what was happening, her cheeks instantly turning red.

Hans hurriedly let go of her hand, and he had unintentionally grabbed it in his panic.

Arabella watched the scene with interest, casually sauntering over, effectively breaking the awkward tension.

Arabella, "Guess what this is?"

"Third place???" Molly's eyes immediately lit up, "Bella, is this some special treatment for me? I passed out, yet still managed third place."

Arabella, "You only tweaked the hemline in the third round, but the overall look was still good, plus your high scores in the first two rounds."

So, getting third place was within reason.

"Really? No special treatment? Really?" Molly excitedly hugged Arabella. Arabella glanced at her hand, thankfully, the needle hadn't been pulled. "Yes, the other judges have scored too. The scores are legit." Arabella felt her cheek pressed against Molly's, and she could barely say, "Easy there, you're choking me." "Bella, I love you." Molly hugged her tightly, like an affectionate kitten. She hadn't won the championship, but she was more than satisfied with third place. Molly, "It's just I didn't get to receive the trophy from you on stage." "So take it now." Arabella handed her the trophy, formally stating, "Contestant No.1, Molly, congratulations on winning third place." Molly giggled happily, then bowed deeply, excitedly, and respectfully, accepting, "Thank you, Queen Abby, thank you for personally presenting this to me." "This is my autograph." Arabella handed her a stack of photos, shots of her judging Molly during the competition. There were more than ten in total. "Ah." Molly's eyes sparkled, and she excitedly grabbed the photos, "Who took these? They're so good."

Chapter 715

The key point here was that each photo had Queen Abby's autograph on the back. "How about a selfie?" Arabella suggested with a smile. "Sure! Sure!" Molly nodded excitedly, holding the trophy in one hand, a photo in the other, and clutching Arabella's arm. She didn't just want a selfie, and she wanted a bunch. Arabella whipped out her phone, and Molly saw an extra face in frame as they posed for the camera. "Sorry, Mr. Collins, could you move over a bit." she said a bit awkwardly. Hans didn't think he'd become the third wheel so quickly. He stepped aside, watching as the two girls snuggled up together. Molly faced the camera with a beaming smile, Arabella also grinning. Hans found women to be such fickle creatures. One moment weeping, the next laughing like a kid. Arabella had only taken a few shots when her phone started to vibrate. She glanced at the caller ID and said in a low voice, "I need to take this call." "Okay," Molly replied, the trophy in her hand reflecting the joy on her face. Upon answering, a man's voice quickly came from the other end. "Boss, did you save someone at the race today?" Arabella moved to the balcony of the hospital room and replied nonchalantly, "No." "Did you diagnose someone's condition? Most people wouldn't know about the HN2C poison. The race was broadcast globally, your diagnosis caught a lot of attention. You should return home quickly. I worry." "You worry that I can't return?" "Boss, the situation is grave. Even Skull and Bones is keeping tabs on you!"

Skull and Bones was a terrifying secret society. Some said they've managed to manipulate the politics of a major country for over a hundred years; others said many of the world's biggest events were orchestrated by them.

In short, this group was much more dangerous than Arabella's Mafia Flame and of a completely different nature.

"Also, Hell Base is watching you." The man on the phone seemed anxious. "And T3 Research Institute is

looking for you."

T3 Research Institute was a terrifying medical organization that researched frightening viruses and conducts experiments on older people and children. Those who attracted their attention either work for them or get killed. Over the years, no one who had caught their attention has managed to escape.

"I'll be careful," Arabella replied, her attention suddenly drawn to a group of hurried individuals downstairs who didn't look friendly.

"Boss, let me bring a few people and escort you home. We can't guarantee your safety, but at least we can take a bullet for you."

After all, those who were eyeing the Boss now were all big trouble, like sticky mud that won't shake off. Arabella, "No need, I have some matters to handle. I'm hanging up now."

"Huh? Boss."

Before the man could finish, Arabella hung up the call. She walked back into the hospital room. Molly perked up immediately. "Bella, are you off the phone? Let's take a few more photos."

Arabella, "I have something to handle now. We'll take more photos later. Hans, take Molly back to our country now."

"Now?" Hans was a bit puzzled. Molly still had two bottles of IV fluids to go. Why was she in such a hurry to leave? Had something happened?

"Yes, the fastest way is by private jet. I have some things to do, so I'm leaving first."

"Hold on, aren't we going to visit our company?" Hans asked quietly.

"We'll go next time," Arabella replied, then left the hospital room without a second thought.

Chapter 716

A bunch of strangers took the elevator to the third floor, and as soon as they stepped out, they spotted this girl in the neighboring elevator, which had already closed. That was exactly who they were looking for!

One of them said, "She's going down. Chase her!"

Arabella bolted out of the hospital as fast as she could, not wanting to endanger the people inside.

Standing by the window, Hans watched his sister hastily disappear into the crowd. Were there a dozen or so people tailing her? Was she in some kind of trouble?

Just then, a car pulled up in front of Arabella. Upon closer inspection, it was Romeo.

Wasn't he supposed to be at a meeting at the Dawnstar branch?

Why was he here all of a sudden?

Romeo opened the car door for her, saying, "Get in." Arabella hopped in without a second thought.

The strangers also jumped into their cars, still hot on her trail, seemingly hell-bent on catching her.

Arabella glanced at the rearview mirror and asked Romeo, "How did you know I'd be here?"

"I saw it on the live broadcast," he replied.

If anything happened to Molly, Arabella would go to the hospital to see her. And the closest hospital to the competition venue was this one.

Just a quick diagnosis, and Arabella knew Molly was infected with HN2C.

A medical genius like her would draw attention.

But the people who came today were clearly up to no good, and it would be tough for Arabella to shake them off.

"If they find out you're Dr. Bell, we might be in trouble. I remember a couple of years ago, people were

saying that Dr. Bell had a medication that could bring people back from the dead," Romeo mentioned, giving Arabella a glance.

She didn't deny it but simply replied, "There was a patient who was on the brink of death. His family was desperate to find me, so they spread the news everywhere. Soon, everyone was looking for me, hoping to get their hands on this magical drug. As a result, a few who were mistaken for Dr. Bell ended up dead."

Because these fake Dr. Bells didn't have the medicine they wanted.

"If I really had such a thing, I would have used it on Grannie Grace a long time ago," Arabella smiled faintly. Although there was a hint of sadness in her smile, it faded quickly. "But they still won't give up on finding me."

She'd been good at hiding all these years.

But after today's incident on the stage, people might start questioning her identity.

Just then, Romeo's phone started buzzing. He hit the answer button on the steering wheel. "Hans."

Hans's voice came through, sounding a bit anxious. "Romeo, my sister seems to be in trouble."

"I know, she's with me," Romeo replied as he watched the traffic. "Don't worry, Hans. I'll take care of her."

"Good. I'll feel better with you there," Hans sighed in relief but couldn't help asking, "Who are those people tailing her?"

Romeo, "Just some people who appreciate her talent and want her to treat them."

Hearing this, a weight lifted off Hans's heart. "The way they acted, I thought they were out for revenge. You take care of her, and she told me to make sure Molly gets back home safe. I'll take care of that first."

Romeo, "Alright, we'll meet when we return to the country."

After hanging up, Romeo glanced at Arabella, "Hans is really worried about you."

Arabella, "I know."

Like at the competition today, he was more than willing to share all the delicious food with her.

Chapter 717

Who would've thought that Hans actually figured out she was in danger.

She thought she had it all under wraps.

Soon, like a swarm of bees, a dozen black cars appeared from all directions and blocked off the escape route of the crowd, allowing Romeo's car to slip away safely.

Arabella was caught off guard. She had no idea Romeo had so many people at the disposal in Dawnstar. Was there something about his identity she didn't know?

"I've got some people on my payroll, and they came in handy today," Romeo explained, seemingly catching on to her confusion as they arrived at a barren piece of land.

There sat a private jet with about seven or eight armed guards around it. They all showed great respect when they saw Romeo.

Romeo nodded, tossed the car keys to one of them, and led Arabella up the stairs to the plane.

"We're heading back to meet with Hans," he said.

"Alright." Arabella was led by him, suddenly remembering something one of her subordinates had mentioned. Romeo apparently had another organization on the side, separate from the Triangular Zone. This organization had people spread across different countries and seemed to have some political ties.

But in front of her, this man was just a big kid. Who would've thought.

As Romeo stepped upon the last stair, his phone buzzed. He received a picture of a wrecked car with a dead body.

It was one of his men. Both the man and the car were gone.

Seemed like the people who came today had some tricks up their sleeves.

In another private jet, Molly sat on the couch while Hans attended to her IV.

"Mr. Collins, is something wrong?" Molly couldn't help but ask. "Bella considers me a friend, and she wouldn't rush me back home before my IV was finished. Did she run into some trouble? Or is it me who's in trouble?"

"No." Hans finished setting up the IV as the nurse instructed, then said in a soft voice, "There's a medication that's not available overseas."

Molly was skeptical. "Then why didn't Bella come back with us?"

Hans, "She's staying with Romeo."

"Oh." Molly had an aha moment. Romeo was admittedly pretty clingy. Maybe the two of them were planning to have some fun in Dawnstar.

"You rest up. Call me if you need anything," Hans said, sitting across from her and flipping through some reports. He hadn't had a chance to go over them yet.

Seeing him so engrossed in his work, Molly couldn't help but say, "Mr. Collins. It seems like you're always working. Don't you have a life outside of work?"

Hans looked up. What else would there be?

"I thought successful people like you would take some time off, go sightseeing, enjoy the beautiful scenery of different countries, spend time with family. Like my dad used to."

As she said this, the image of her kind and loving father came to mind, bringing a lump to her throat.

Her father was a successful man who would take her and her mother out for fun whenever he had free time.

But those days were over.

After her father's death, her uncle took over the company and managed to reduce her mother's assets. Eventually, he kicked them out of their home.

None of their relatives stepped in to help.

Hans seemed to understand what she was thinking and comforted her softly, "If your father knew that you won third place today, he'd be proud of you."

Molly smiled, tears welling in her eyes, "Mr. Collins, I never thought you'd be the comforting type."

She always considered Hans a cold-hearted CEO, hardly daring to look at him directly.

Chapter 718

Hans, "Am I usually a hard-nosed guy?"

"Well. not exactly. But you do have a strong aura that puts pressure on people when they're around you," Molly replied, glancing at Hans, "But you're not bad right now. At least you're a bit more approachable."

She drew a tiny circle in the air with her finger, laughing, looking cute as a button.

Hans softened his voice, "Seems like there's still room for me to improve."

"No, you're already perfect. You have great self-control and ambition and can manage your schedule and emotions well. You handle any problem with a cool head. Many people in the company admire you,

thinking you're flawless."

"And some think I'm a workaholic robot, cold and boring."

"That's not true. In my opinion, you're a gentleman who leads by example, a fair boss, and someone who's overly protective of his sister."

Overly protective of his sister?

Molly, "Overall, I think you're a good person, very gentle."

Hans had never been praised like this by a girl before. In school, girls only had one word for him - handsome. At work, people found him stringent. And Molly was the first person to compliment him in every way.

Hans's gaze softened even more, "Take a break, and I'll call you when it's time."

Molly, "Okay."

Although Molly wanted to rest, having her boss sit before her, reading documents, gave her some pressure.

She closed her eyes, images of the competition scene flooding her mind. It was such a pity, that the butterfly knot wasn't tied properly, and the top part of the dress wasn't altered well.

After a while, she suddenly opened her eyes, looking at Hans, "Mr. Collins, can I borrow some paper and a pen?"

She was currently receiving an IV drip on someone else's plane.

"Sure, I'll go get them." Hans stood up and quickly found her some paper and a pen.

Ideas started to flow in Molly's head. She quickly sketched a few dress designs on the paper, all with butterfly-style skirts but completely different top designs.

Hans watched her intently, drawing, images of her on stage today, holding an umbrella, slowly coming out from a small bridge over a stream, looking into the distance...

Her retro hairstyle, slim figure, wearing a well-fitted red dress, with Solterra women's unique elegance and nobility.

"Mr. Collins, what do you think?" Molly waved her free hand in front of Hans, "Mr. Collins? Did you hear me?"

Hans snapped back to reality.

Only a few minutes had passed, and Molly had already drawn seven or eight designs.

Hans took the sketches, surprised to find each of them unique.

"What do you think?" Molly held her breath, waiting for her boss's evaluation.

Hans nodded, "Very good."

"Really?"

"You'll be the next Queen Abby."

Such high praise?

It was coming from Queen Abby's own brother.

Molly was surprised but more excited.

"Under your leadership, the company will definitely get better and better." Hans returned the sketches to her.

Molly didn't realize how she took the papers, only knowing that her boss's approval made her extremely happy.

After a while, she fell asleep. Hans watched the girl in front of him, thinking back to the time in the office when she tripped over her own torn skirt, slipping and falling into his arms again and again.

Then, her face was as red as a ripe apple, almost to the point of tears, especially at the end when her dress tore. Despite him quickly taking off his blazer to cover her, she still ran out of the office in embarrassment.

She was really cute then.

After a while, Molly felt a thin blanket gently placed on her. It must have been Hans, afraid that she would catch a cold, specially found a blanket to cover her.

Molly didn't dare to open her eyes, but her breathing became more and more tense.

Chapter 719

The next thing she knew, someone was gently replacing the IV drip bottle for her.

The guy was so gentle as if he was afraid to disturb her rest.

Hans' tenderness and attentiveness warmed Molly's heart.

God knew how much time had passed when the plane flew over Solterra.

Molly had a good snooze and woke up to find Hans making coffee by the coffee machine.

His tall and graceful figure and handsome face were really an eye candy.

"You're awake?" Hans noticed her gaze, brewed a cup of coffee for her, and placed it in front of her.

"Give it a try."

Molly noticed the needle on the back of her hand was gone. "Did you pull it out for me?"

Hans, "Yeah."

Molly was surprised at his skills. She didn't even wake up when he pulled out the needle.

He must have been very gentle, right?

And he pressed on the wound for her when he pulled out the needle.

With these thoughts, Molly couldn't help blushing. She took a sip of the coffee and immediately made a face. It was so bitter.

Seeing her reaction, Hans laughed, "You're not used to bitterness?"

Molly, "No, I can handle it!"

"You don't need to call me Mr. Collins in private," Hans added three cubes of sugar to her coffee, looking very friendly.

Molly, "What should I call you then? Hans?"

She should call him like Bella did to make it more personable.

"Still bitter?" Hans looked at her again.

Molly took another sip, not daring to say it was still bitter.

Hans added two more cubes of sugar to her coffee. "Try again."

"Mr. Collins, no, Hans, you're so considerate."

Even though she didn't say anything, Hans could tell she didn't like bitter coffee and added sugar to her coffee twice.

The plane soon landed at a private airstrip.

"Hans, thanks for bringing me back home." Molly got off the plane and was ready to hail a cab.

"There's no taxi around."

"I can walk out and hail one."

"Bella asked me to take you home." Hans kept the car door open. "Get in."

In the end, Molly got into his car.

Since there was a driver, she and Hans could only sit in the back seat.

They were a bit too close for comfort, which made Molly hold her breath.

To break the tension, Molly took out her phone, turned it on, and found a lot of missed calls and messages.

The person who called her the most was her mom, Iris. Molly quickly called back.

"Mom, what's up?"

"Molly, are you back? I saw you faint on the live stream at the competition. Bella said someone poisoned you to stop you from winning. Are you okay?"

When she couldn't reach Molly, Iris was very worried about her daughter's safety. Bella said on the live stream that this kind of poison was torturous.

Molly, "I'm fine, I'm already in Summerfield."

"That's good." Iris was finally relieved. "Don't go to the office. Go home first."

Molly, "What happened?"

Chapter 720

"Those old-timers on the board were unhappy with your performance in the competition. They've had a few meetings about it and even drafted a contract. It's on your desk, and they want you to sign it, give up your executive rights to the company, and just take a fixed dividend each month."

This was outrageous!

Iris was so upset and worried that her voice was more agitated than usual, and Hans, sitting nearby, could hear it.

Despite her anger at the board members, Molly kept her calm and asked softly, "Where are you now?"

"They've kicked me out of the company. I'm at home. Don't bother going to the company. I'm worried the old-timers will give you a hard time. Come home, and we'll figure something out together."

"We have to face this problem sooner or later." Molly thought that delaying the issue was not the solution, and they had no better ideas either.

Molly continued, "I'm heading to the company right away. Don't wait up for me for dinner. Don't worry, I got this."

"Molly." Iris's voice became hoarse, choked with sobs.

All the stress and difficulties fell on Molly's shoulders, and she felt terribly guilty.

"Mom, our lives will get better. Don't be sad. Wipe your tears." Molly could hear her crying, "The more people want us to fall, the more we have to stand tall and show them that we're not so easily beaten."

Iris was moved to tears by her words, and the sound of her soft sobbing came through the phone.

"Okay, Mom, you go calm yourself down, have a cup of coffee, look at some flowers. I'll be home as soon as I've sorted things out."

After comforting her mother, Molly hung up the call. Hans couldn't help but ask, "You in some kind of trouble?"

"It's nothing." Molly didn't say much, just feeling a bit overwhelmed.

At her age, with no managerial experience or notable achievements, it was only normal that the old-timers on the board disapproved of her. But they went so far as to kick her mother out, and this was just too much.

"Do you need my help?" Hans looked at her.

Molly shook her head, "You can't help with this."

This was something she had to face alone.

She said, "Could you drop me off at the Cooper Group?"

Ten minutes later, they pulled up at the front of the Cooper Group, and Molly thanked him gratefully.

"Hans, you brought me back home today, gave me a transfusion, cared for me, and drove me here. I should have treated you to a meal, but something's come up. I'll make it up to you when I have the chance. Thank you so much for today."

Seeing her being so polite made Hans feel awkward, "Don't mention it."

"I'll head in then."

As Molly walked into the company building, Hans watched through the car window. Two receptionists were pointing and whispering about her. They didn't welcome her arrival and even looked a bit disdainful.

He and his sister had thought that if they returned the company to the Cooper family, Molly and her mother's lives would improve.