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*Even if she wasn't the one responsible for my mother's death, the things that she did to me after she returned home are more than enough of a reason for me to despise her!*

Meanwhile, Cindy, who was carrying firewood in the mountains, suddenly sneezed.

*Is someone cursing me?*

Miffed, Louisa turned around and yelled, "Hurry up or we won't be able to make it back by sundown!"

"Yes," Cindy replied with a sullen look on her face.

*After I'm done with Henrick, I'm coming for you next, you little wench!*

In the meantime, Arielle was heading back to the set for her commercial shoot. She could finally continue with the shoot now that the incident pertaining to the explosion had settled down.

Vinson, on the other hand, was woken up by a call from the director on set.

"Mr. Nightshire, we are ready for the shoot now. Can you come over?"

Surprised, Vinson got up from his bed and asked, "You're ready for the shoot? Is Arielle already there?"

"Yes, Ms. Moore has already arrived."

Vinson was stupefied. *Does she not feel exhausted*

*after what happened yesterday?*

*I don't know if she's hardworking or just plain stupid.*

*Nevertheless, that's her character.*

He let out a resigned sigh before replying, "Okay. You guys can start the shoot first. I'll head there as soon as I can."

"Yes, Mr. Nightshire." The director hung up the call.

Vinson did a few stretches and went to brush his teeth.

*I wonder if Arielle has eaten her breakfast yet? I should buy breakfast for her on the way there.*

Vinson suddenly recalled the question asked by Carter yesterday on whether or not he had a crush on Arielle. To avoid any misunderstandings, Vinson decided to buy breakfast for everyone on the set.

After Vinson was done brushing his teeth, he dashed downstairs.

Just as he got down to the living room, his path was obstructed by a hand that had a jade bracelet on it.

It was his mother, Susanne.

Vinson raised his eyebrows and asked impatiently, "What's the matter, mom?"

Susanne pursed her lips. "I told you countless times to come home earlier. Why won't you listen? I've been staying up to wait for you!"

Vinson replied apathetically, "I've been busy with work recently. You don't need to wait for me."

Susanne scowled at Vinson. "Is your work more important to you than your marriage? Enough of that, I want you to eat with me and Ms. Greene. It's been a long time since we last had a meal together."

Vinson aligned his eyes with Susanne's. "Ms. Greene?"

Susanne smiled before answering, "The Greenes were originally supposed to return to Horington today. However, now that Ms. Greene has been enrolled in a university here, they are here to stay. In fact, Ms. Greene will be staying with us throughout her study period."

Vinson's eyes looked lifeless and cold as he remained silent.

Seeing as Vinson was quiet, Susanne quickly dragged him over to the dining table.

"Come, let me introduce Ms. Greene to you."

Delighted, Susanne had a big grin on her face.

Not only was Ms. Greene from a prestigious family, but she was also very polite and ladylike. Moreover, since the Greenes had quite an

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influence in Horington, marrying her would definitely benefit the Nightshires.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Susanne liked Ms. Green a lot and saw the latter as a potential daughter-in-law candidate.

"Come, Wendy, say hello." Susanne grabbed Vinson with one hand and Wendy with the other. "This is my son, Vinson. The two of you will be living under the same roof from now on. By the way, he's an alumnus of Jadeborough University. You can ask him anything regarding the university."

Wendy, who was very shy, finally built up the courage to look at Vinson.

Upon seeing his face, Wendy was stunned in place.

She was captivated by Vinson's suave appearance and the aloof aura surrounding him. With just one glance of his face, Wendy was enamored of him.

*I knew that he was good-looking, but I didn't know that he was this attractive!*

*Even the faces of famous actors on TV pale in comparison to his face.*

*It seems like God has spent a little more time on this human being here!*

Even though Wendy was a fairly composed woman, she couldn't help but blush after seeing Vinson's face.

It was literally impossible for a woman to keep her composure in front of this man.

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After seeing Wendy's facial expression, Susanne knew that Wendy was into her son.

In high spirits, she let out a bright smile.

As she turned around to glance at Vinson, she was disappointed to see him staring at his phone and ignoring Wendy.

*This daft son of mine!*

Peeved, Susanne exhorted, "Vin, this is not the time for work. You should say hello to Wendy!"

Vinson would've pushed Susanne aside if she wasn't wearing high heels.

"Vin?" Susanne frowned and snatched his phone from him before uttering, "Hey, I'm talking to you. Do you hear me?"

Vinson finally lifted his head up to look at Wendy in the face.

Wendy deliberately straightened her back to appear more elegant.

She was rather confident with her own looks.

*My appearance should be more than enough to please him.*

Her skin was bright and firm while her black lustrous hair was soft and fluffy. Furthermore, she had charming features. She was the epitome of beauty from the south.

However, Vinson showed no interest in her.

He gave her a quick glance and nodded out of courtesy. The time he spent glaring at her didn't even last a second.

Wendy was chagrined.

It was the first time she got neglected by a man.

In an instant, Wendy's face turned pale. *Is my complexion a bit off today? It must be because of the lack of sleep yesterday.*

Vinson directed his eyes toward Susanne and said, "Something urgent came up at work. I can't accompany you any longer. I might just sleep in my office over the next couple of weeks."


He turned around and walked away.


Gazing at the melancholy look on Wendy's face, Susanne comforted her with a few words before going after Vinson.


She even took off her high heels in order to catch up to him faster. Having caught up to Vinson, she blocked his path.

"Vinson! Do you not even see me as your mother anymore? I told you to greet Ms. Greene, but you just gave her a nod instead. And also, what do you mean you're going to sleep in the office? How do you think Ms. Greene would feel when you said that? You're making her feel unwelcomed!"

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"She's right."

"What?" Susanne asked in shock, unable to immediately process what her son said.

Vinson replied coldly, "Why should I be welcoming to a stranger? But you can let her stay here if you really like her that much. Just inform me when you get sick of seeing her around."

"You—" Susanne's face was flushed red with anger. "I dare you to say that again! I'm helping you choose your future wife and not a playmate!"

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that. I can find my own wife. Besides, I've already found her."

Susanne was startled at Vinson's words and suddenly recalled the phone call earlier. Her pupils constricted as she exclaimed, "You didn't make that up just to brush me off?"

Not wanting to continue the conversation, Vinson glanced at his watch and said, "I have work to attend to." Then, he strode off.

Only then did Susanne realize Vinson was being serious and pressed on excitedly, "Who is she? What are her qualifications? What's her name? Have I met her before?"

Of course, she was most concerned about the woman's family background.

She would never accept a woman from an average family to be her daughter-in-law.

Even though it was extremely rare that her son took interest in a woman, Susanne would not make any exception.

"You will meet her someday," Vinson said before entering the elevator, which took him straight to the underground garage. He then drove off in his sports car.

*Susanne did not have the patience to wait. I need to find out who this woman is and run a background check on her. After all, the Nightshire family shall accept women of prestigious families only.*

As such, she ordered the butler to find out Vinson's recent whereabouts and consolidate a list of the women whom he had interacted with.

After giving her instructions, Susanne returned to the dining room. With an apologetic smile, she said, "I'm so sorry, Wendy, my son is good at everything except dealing with women. Please don't take it to heart, yeah? It will be fine once you two get to know each other better."

However, Susanne was not aware that Wendy had heard their entire conversation. Worried that the mother-son pair would end up in an argument, the latter had chased out after them.

But Wendy pretended that she knew nothing. Looking a little upset, she replied obediently, "Don't worry about it, Ms. Stone. It's normal for Mr. Nightshire to be dismayed. After all, it's true that I'm imposing on your family. M-Maybe I should just stay at the house."

"That won't do! Jadeborough is still an unfamiliar city to you. I will worry if I leave you all by yourself. Just stay here and ignore that fella. I'll be happy to have you as a company."

Susanne smiled warmly at Wendy and held her hand.

However, the woman had her own plans.

If Vinson's love interest had a family background and qualifications comparable to that of Wendy's, Susanne would allow Wendy to leave, citing the reason that she was already familiar with Jadeborough and that she should move out so that she could enjoy her privacy.

However, Wendy, who could read people well, fully understood Susanne's intentions.

She would have left immediately if it were another man.

Back in Horington, she was the picky one. She would not have expected for herself to become the subject of selection.

However, after meeting Vinson, and taking into account the Nightshires' prestigious status, the woman was willing to stay and take a gamble.

As she was the most outstanding woman in Horington, she would naturally want a man who shared the same status or more superior. Hence, Vinson was the ideal candidate.


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Even though both women looked happy on the surface, they each had different aspirations.


Meanwhile, Vinson sped all the way to the filming site.

After Vinson arrived, he got Iris to distribute the breakfast which he had bought to everyone while he and his assistant made sure that the filming surroundings were safe.

Vinson only entered the studio after he had finished inspecting the area.

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They had a few scenes left to film when the explosion happened abruptly on the previous day. As such, the director amended the script so that no additional filming was required.

The agenda for that day was just to take some promotional materials which were rather relaxed.

When Vinson entered the studio, Arielle, dressed in Soir Coffee's waitress uniform, was carrying a coffee cup and following the photographer's instructions.

When the director spotted Vinson, he immediately walked up to him and greeted, "Mr. Nightshire—"

Vinson made a shushing gesture and continued gazing at Arielle.

Arielle was a natural in front of the camera. She did not need any additional prompting to get into position and could perfectly execute any pose requested by the photographer.

The director, who was observing the shot, said softly, "Ms. Sannie is born to be a model. Mr. Nightshire, you're in luck to be able to find such an ambassador."

Even though Vinson never liked flattery, for some reason, he felt really happy to hear the director singing Arielle's praises.

Arielle managed to complete the filming tasks for the next two days within that day itself.

After she was done with work, the woman found Vinson, who was working on his tablet.

"Are you free tonight?"

Vinson's heart started beating faster when he heard Arielle's question. Pretending to be busy, he cleared his throat and replied, "I'm quite busy, but I guess I can still squeeze out some time for dinner. If you are asking me out for dinner—"

"It's not that," Arielle interrupted the man and continued, "You still have my stuff. When are you passing it to me?"

Vinson froze for a moment and his expression darkened.

*Why did I overthink?*

Pulling a long face, Vinson passed his tablet to his assistant and replied, "I've already called Carter. He will be sending it over later."

Just when Vinson finished speaking, Carter arrived.

"Chief," Carter greeted Arielle before handing over a password-protected briefcase to her and said respectfully, "Your item is inside."

Arielle was stunned to see the password-protected briefcase.

*What the heck is this?*

Carter cast a glance towards Vinson and said, "Someone told me that your item has to be stored safely. That's why I found a briefcase for it. I'll open it for you now."

At once, Carter unlocked the briefcase and took out the diary.

Arielle took over the diary and looked at Vinson instinctively.

With an awkward expression, Vinson replied, "I always do my best to fulfill my promises to others. Now that you've gotten your stuff back, I'll make a move first."

To prevent Carter from uttering more nonsense, Vinson dragged Carter along with him.

Arielle, who was hugging the diary to her chest, stood rooted to the spot for quite a while before suddenly letting out a chuckle.

She suddenly realized that Vinson could actually be quite adorable.

On her way back home, the promotional videos and photos, which the post-production team had worked overtime to complete, were released on the internet.

Netizens were astonished by the promotional materials and started following Arielle on social media. Within minutes, Arielle's follower count rose to millions and was comparable to any other popular artiste out there.