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All presents were so stunned that the entire hall remained hushed even after her voice faded out.

Latte art had always been static, but Arielle's effort was animated!

A cup of coffee was a one-off, but this one was worth a few times more because that few seconds of motion itself could sell for hundreds!

While the audience below was still awestruck, Vinson in the front row was the first to start clapping.

There was no exaggeration to *The Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers Ushered Forth by the Night Breeze of Spring*, as that scene they witnessed expressed just that.

Now he understood why Arielle accepted the challenge.

There was not only curiosity in Vinson's eyes but also an element of admiration, as he did not expect that this uncouth lass could also exhibit such elegance and finesse.

What else was there to her that he did not know about?

Vinson's applause brought the crowd back to their senses.



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"Marvelous! I've never seen this form of latte art in my life. Could this be patented?"

"This is going to go viral. If the video goes online, it is going to take the coffee industry by storm!"

"Is she a student of the Crown Coffee Academy? How is it that I'm not able to find her within the list of alumni? Could it be that she isn't from the school?"

Henrick was delirious with glee and almost lost control as he jumped onto his feet. "She's not a student of the Crown Coffee Academy. She's my daughter, Arielle."

"So she's your daughter? I recall that you have another daughter onstage. You are one lucky man to have two talented girls like them!"

"The video! Could we play that segment again? I'd like to see it one more time!"

"Me too! Me too!"

"Could I get a sip of that coffee? Just one sip?"

"Excuse me, sir? Could you introduce me to your daughter? I'm the manager at Orecchiette Cafe..."

"I'm the CEO of XX Coffee and I'd like to get to know her too..."



Henrick's face was flushed red by the courtship of all the countless parties clamoring for his attention as never in his life had he been so popular with the sponsors, and for this, he had to credit his darling daughter Arielle for it!

Next to him, Cindy was already red in the face from rage, unaware that her fingernails had dug so deep into her own flesh that she was bleeding from it. All she could do was glare at Arielle onstage.

*Why? How did things turn out this way?*

There were no words to describe the hatred in her heart!

In less than the short one week since Arielle's return, she and Shandie had already lost out to her three times. And each time, it had been a complete slaughter.

Her own daughter who she thought the world of kept getting her thunder stolen by that wily fox Arielle!

She had to find out which burrow this vixen crawled out of so that she could bring the whole lair down as soon as possible!

Compared to Cindy, Shandie looked like she was about to explode onstage as the immense amazement she felt she saw the pear-flowers bloom and fell was supplanted by an irrepressible fury.

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"You are a liar!"

Shandie stormed up and grabbed Arielle by the collar. "Aren't you someone who doesn't even drink coffee? How do you learn about latte art? You liar!"



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Shandie's expression bordered on savagery, to which Arielle responded with a stern rebuke. "Get your hands off. You've been warned!"

She had really been overtly polite to Shandie all the time.

Shandie was stewing as she stared straight into Arielle's eyes, but what she saw hidden inside was like a gargantuan glacier that could swallow someone whole.

That intimidating coldness shocked Shandie as it was something she had never seen before.

Arielle tugged Shandie's offending hand off her own collar and turned to the host. "Sir, I think my sister might be a little agitated, so it might be best if you could bring her backstage to cool off."

Before the host could react, two black-clad bodyguards walked onstage and positioned themselves either side of Shandie before they escorted her off.

Arielle was a little taken aback by the appearance of the duo as she did not bring along any bodyguards herself on this trip back.

In the next second, a tall and stalwart man steadily approached her.

It was Vinson.



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His standout chiseled face appeared unapproachable without a smile, but perhaps owing to the lighting from behind him, he seemed a little more genial at this time.

"Are those two bodyguards working for you?" Arielle asked.

Vinson stopped less than two feet away from her and extended his right hand. "Congratulations for becoming the brand ambassador to Soir Coffee, the retail chain under Nightshire Group. I'll have my lawyer contact you regarding the details in due time."

Arielle did not manage to reply before Henrick's voice rang out again. "Thank you for giving Sannie this opportunity, Mr. Nightshire. As she's still young and unfamiliar with contractual agreements, I'll be standing in as her manager. So please, direct your lawyer to follow up with me."

Vinson evoked a rare smile at Henrick. "In that case, we'll be in touch again."

Seeing that Vinson was about to leave, Henrick quickly called after him. "Wait, Mr. Nightshire! To facilitate communications, would you be able to give me one of your name-cards?"

That only earned him a frosty look from Vinson.

The demeanor of his assistant beside him was just as aloof. "Mr. Nightshire's name-card is



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custom-made and is not something granted to just anyone. There's no need for you to try to reach us either, as we'll contact you as and when there's a need to."

Henrick's face shriveled and reddened and he cleared his throat awkwardly, not daring to bring up the issue of the name-card again.

The observing Arielle was a little taken aback by this.

*Isn't the assistant overreacting a little? It's just a name-card.*

After Vinson departed, the curious Arielle inquired of her father, "Why won't he give us a name-card, Dad? Is there any special meaning to it?"

"Of course, my girl." Henrick looked upon Arielle with the eyes of a kindly father as he patiently explained. "Mr. Nightshire's name-card isn't handed out freely, so when he chooses to give it to someone, it means that he's taken that person into confidence. Anyone in possession of Mr. Nightshire's name-card will be held in esteem, and will be able to enter and leave Nightshire Group's premises at will."

Arielle instinctively reached over the pocket holding the name-card Vinson gave her.

If what Henrick said was true, she had nearly thrown away an invaluable gift.



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She supposed that she probably would not find a use for something like that, but even if she did, she was certain she would not want to hand it over to someone like Henrick who would more than likely abuse the privilege.



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"That's why, girl," Henrick continued, "You've to try to get me one of those when you're better acquainted with him, got it?"

Arielle sneered quietly but nonetheless nodded dutifully. "Yes, Dad."

She then continued, "I'm going need more knowledge to perform my role as ambassador, Dad. As I haven't attended much school, could I use your study to do some reading? I noticed that you have quite a collection in there."

What she figured was that there might be some clues in there which may reveal the cause of her mother's death.

Henrick's study was not a place which she was allowed to access freely, so over the past week, she had not managed to find an excuse to get in.

The man hesitated before he nodded. "Sure! But you are not to go through any documents or the likes inside."

"Yes! Thanks, Dad!" Arielle's sweet smile drew the eyes of the people around her, and only she herself was oblivious to how captivating she was.

Those looks only served to improve upon Henrick's good mood, as he thought to himself what a gem he lucked out on.