

The color drained out of Cindy's face. She realized they had fallen into Arielle's trap once again.

This girl is not as naïve as we thought.

The cop reprimanded the mother-daughter duo. They had no choice but to apologize since there were no surveillance cameras around to record the incident.

This incident also marked the fourth time they fell prey to Arielle's trap.

From now on, we have to put our guard up!

Once the cop left, Shandie immediately yelled at Arielle. "Stop acting, b*tch! What a coward!"

Arielle shrugged. "What? How could you expect me to confess something I've not done?"

"You are a shameless b*tch!" Shandie cursed.

Arielle snorted. "The pot calling the kettle black."

"You!" What Arielle said had rendered Shandie speechless.

Had Cindy not stepped in to stop her, Shandie would have thrown a punch at Arielle.

Since their car had arrived, Cindy immediately told Shandie to get into the car, leaving Arielle

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alone at the airport.

Arielle did not intend to travel with them, anyway. She had even thought of making an excuse to get down halfway through the journey home. A corner of her mouth quirked up when Cindy and Shandie left without her.

It was difficult to hail a cab at the airport, so Arielle had no choice but to wait patiently.

Soon, a black SUV arrived.

Arielle put her guard up and took a few steps back. The person sitting at the passenger's seat behind then wined down the window. It was Vinson.

Just when she was hesitating on whether to greet him, Vinson initiated the conversation. "Have you lost your memory again?"

Arielle was at a loss for words. "I.."

"Come on, get in," Vinson did not give her a chance to turn him down.

Arielle hesitated and rejected. "I think I should get a cab..."

"Are you scared that I might take advantage of you?" Vinson took a sidelong glance at her. The way he looked at her was as if he looked down on her.

Arielle did not know how to react to that question. *Excuse me? I'm not that narcissistic, okay?*

Since Vinson had made an offer, Arielle decided not to waste time anymore. She opened the door on the other side and got into the car.

After closing the door, Arielle said, "Please drop me at any bank around this area. Thank you."

Vinson kept mum and read the newspaper in silence. It was as if Arielle was invisible to him.

Vinson's assistant, who sat next to the chauffeur, wondered why he decided to read a newspaper when he never had the habit of doing so in the past. After noticing how he deliberately ignored Arielle, the assistant figured what Vinson was thinking.

He only did it on purpose because he cares about her.

The assistant believed Arielle was someone special to Vinson. He then replied on Vinson's behalf, "We'll drop you at the bank in Tribusbridge then. It'll be easy for you to get a cab later too."

"Thank you." Arielle expressed her gratitude.

"You're welcome." The assistant could not stop himself from smiling at that beautiful lady.

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All of a sudden, he saw a hard glint flashed across Vinson's eyes.

Vinson's murderous look sent chills down the assistant's spine. He instantly refrained from talking to Arielle.


Half an hour later, Arielle arrived at the bank at Tribusbridge. When she was about to thank them after stepping out of the car, Vinson ordered the chauffeur, "Go!"


The car then immediately peeled out, leaving Arielle stunned in disbelief.


What's wrong with him? What a weirdo!

Arielle then took out the supplementary card Henrick gave her and walked into the bank.

The information the bank provided her took her by surprise. She walked out of the bank a few minutes later.

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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She could not believe that there was only twenty million worth of cash in his main account.

Is that all the cash flow the Southalls have? Does Henrick still have some other cards that I'm not aware of?

Arielle dialed an overseas number and instructed, "Help me investigate all the assets under the Southall family, including their overseas assets."

"All right!" her subordinate replied.

By the time Arielle arrived at the Southall residence, her subordinate had sent her a detailed email.

Arielle opened it and was instantly struck dumb.

Henrick's total assets, including fixed assets, were less than five hundred million.

The Moores' assets were in the billions during their heyday, yet the figure had dwindled to less than five hundred million since Henrick took over.

What has he done to the family wealth? Did he transfer most of the assets to Cindy?

Arielle texted her subordinate another message: *Investigate Cindy Moore's account.*

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Arielle then pressed the gate bell outside the manor.

Someone in the manor then reported this to Shandie immediately.

"She's back!" Shandie's eyes brightened as she looked at the young woman.

This young woman was Yvette Actonward. She looked like a life-sized Barbie doll as she had delicate features and long and wavy blonde hair.

Yvette was Shandie's cousin, and she was also voted as last year's top socialite in Jadeborough.

The Actonwards were also one of the prominent families in Jadeborough. Yvette's father had a close relationship with the Bakers, so he had arranged for Yvette to marry their eldest son when they grew up.

Knowing that she would eventually marry into the Baker family, Yvette had been acting willfully among the socialites in the city.

Once Shandie got home, she immediately called Yvette over and sought her help.

Yvette stood up slowly and said, "Come, let's go and teach her a lesson."

Shandie asked, "What's your plan?"

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"I brought Magnus over today," Yvette said, "A vicious dog will know how to deal with a vicious b*tch."

Magnus was Yvette's beloved large-sized pit bull.

Upon hearing that name, Shandie shuddered.

"Bring Magnus over!" Yvette ordered her bodyguard.

Soon, the bodyguard, who was fully armed, brought the drooling pit bull over.

Shandie nudged Yvette and asked in fear, "Are you sure? Dad will kill me if anything bad happens to Arielle!"

Yvette pursed her lips in annoyance. "Since when have you become a scaredy-cat? Tell your Dad I did it. Besides, I only planned to teach her a lesson, not kill her. Okay?"

Shandie took a deep breath as she was relieved to hear that.

Well, if Yvette said so, we should let Magnus teach Arielle a lesson then!

When they were about to reach the gate, a housekeeper walked past them and shrieked after seeing Magnus.

Magnus charged at her and bit her ankle.

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Instantly, blood seeped through her pants and started dripping all over the floor.

She could not help but scream in pain.


"Stop it! Don't you dare hit Magnus!" Yvette warned.

The housekeeper could only look at her colleagues, hoping that they would step forth and help.


Yet, all the other housekeepers exchanged glances with others, but none of them had the courage to go up and help her.

When Yvette brought Magnus to the Southall residence in their last visit, the pit bull even gnawed at one of the housekeeper's arms.

The housekeeper continued to scream in pain and tried to defend herself by pushing the dog away.

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Yvette approached the pit bull and said something to it, which had managed to calm it down as if it understood her.

While the housekeeper was brought for treatment, Yvette led Magnus, her dog, to the main gate.

As she was on her way, she noticed Arielle standing outside the metal gate. Though she could not see the other woman's face due to the distance, she could feel Arielle's unique charisma. Even so, she was unbothered.

Shandie had described Arielle's physical appearance to her, but she could not care less because she was confident that she was the prettiest woman in the whole of Jadeborough.

In no time, Yvette had arrived at the gate, and this time, she could see Arielle's face as clear as day.

Arielle was indeed flawless. Although she was wearing an extremely ordinary outfit, she still looked breathtakingly graceful that even the word "gorgeous" could not begin to describe this woman.

Yvette's eyes went as round as a plate the more she studied Arielle.

What the hell. How could a country bumpkin like her be this stunning? On top of being such a beauty, her charisma is also splendid. Maybe

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even more so than me—the prettiest woman in this city. How could this be? Are my eyes playing tricks on me?

In an instant, jealousy took the better of Yvette.

Now that I know how she looks, instead of a quick lesson, I will put her in her place with a harsh method. Before anyone notices her beauty, I must get rid of her!

On the other hand, Arielle noticed Shandie behind an insufferable-looking blonde woman holding a big dog.

"What the hell are you doing, Shandie? Open the gate!" she exclaimed with a frown.

Shandie looked at Yvette, who took a piece of raw meat from the bodyguard and threw it to the gate, which landed on the ground.

"You must be Arielle," uttered Yvette arrogantly. "I'll give you two choices if you want to get in. Either you feed my Magnus or crawl through me. It's your call."

Upon hearing that, Arielle's expression gradually turned indifferent.

"Who are you? Did your mom not teach you any manners?"

"Who do you think you are to be saying that? If you don't make a choice, then go back to your

village and remain a mere country bumpkin!"

Arielle's eyes turned frostily cold. She had found her way back just to seek the real reason behind her mother's death and why the Moores had become the Southalls.

From the looks of it now, I can't take a step closer toward my goals if I don't deal with these people first.

"Do you really want to do this?" she questioned coldly.

Despite her tone, Yvette was not frightened. Shandie, however, felt fearful when she noticed Arielle's expression. The pain of the woman breaking her arm still lingered deep inside her, and she felt chills traveling down her spine every time she recalled the painful sensation.

"Yvette, I think we should just let this go."

"Hell no!" shouted Yvette.

Shandie might be afraid of Arielle, but I'm not. A pretty country bumpkin is never a threat to me.

"You better make a choice now. Or else, you can kiss your ass and go back to your village!"

Putting her phone back into her pocket, a smile slowly spread across Arielle's face.

I will not mess with people if they don't mess

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with me. But if they do, I won't show mercy at all. That has always been my life principle.

With that thought in mind, Arielle took two steps forward before stating, "Okay. Open the gate. I choose to feed your dog."



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A ridiculing laugh immediately escaped Yvette's mouth.

What a stupid woman! She should have gone for the other choice!

With a smirk displaying on the corner of her lips, she instructed the bodyguard to open the gate.

Since she had chosen to feed Magnus, she better not blame me when she gets bitten!

"Go, Magnus. There's food right there," uttered Yvette after untying Magnus.

The pit bull slowly approached Arielle with low, fierce growls as if the woman were its prey.

Oh damn, this is not good!

The housekeepers covered their eyes, not daring to watch the scene in front.

However, Arielle stood there unmoved as if she was totally oblivious of the danger.

When Magnus was only a few steps away from Arielle, it increased its speed, preparing to attack the woman.

"Ah!" screamed one of the housekeepers, which triggered the pit bull as it jumped up, aiming for Arielle's face—the most dangerous spots.

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One bite was enough to tear Arielle's face apart.

Still, Arielle remained there calmly, waiting for the perfect timing.

Right before the moment of attack, Arielle turned sideways to avoid Magnus. When everyone had not even processed what had happened, she quickly turned around and grabbed Magnus by its neck before the pit bull landed on the ground.

Magnus was at least sixty pounds. To be able to hold him the way Arielle did, especially with one hand, must mean that she was stronger than she appeared to be.

Witnessing everything with both her eyes, Yvette, who had anticipated Magnus to bite Arielle's face, was shocked to the core.

Where did this country bumpkin get such strength? She must have been carrying things non-stop back in her village, and that's something wealthy socialites like me would never do!

"You hoyden! How dare you! Let go of my Magnus!" she shouted, deeply worried about her dog.

However, instead of listening to her, Arielle shook the pit bull in her hand to show dominance. Then, she used her free hand to pat

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certain parts of Magnus.

Not understanding what tricks the other woman just did, Yvette saw it as bullying. Enraged, she took a big step forward. "You scoundrel! Are you deaf? I said let go of my Magnus!"

As soon as she said that, her eyes landed on her dog, only to notice that it was gradually calming down from its struggles. Slowly but surely, it was now wagging its tail toward Arielle, taking everyone else by surprise, including Yvette.

Am I seeing it right? Is my Magnus seriously wagging its tail at Arielle? It even seems like it adores her more than me.

Since Magnus had been trained by a professional dog trainer before, it had always listened to Yvette and would never take anyone else as its owner.

However, how could a country bumpkin make it behave like this? Do dogs also judge people by their looks?

Thinking about this, her rage increased as she yelled, "What did you do to my Magnus, you wretch? Let it go!"

"I didn't do anything," replied Arielle with a small smile. "I'm just feeding your dog."

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"Bulls***! Let it go!"

"Okay, then. You asked for it," uttered Arielle as her eyes sparked a hint of hostility and mockery.

With that, she released the dog before bending down to pick up the raw meat near her feet.

"Magnus!" called Yvette as soon as Arielle let it go. "Bite her!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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The housekeepers turned to look at Yvette in shock.

*She is certainly spoilt, but isn't this too much?
This is a crime, for heaven's sake! Poor Ms.
Moore.*

Contrary to their expectation, instead of biting Arielle as per Yvette's order, Magnus turned toward the latter and started at her dangerously.

"Magnus, you..." Yvette trialed off, shocked by its behavior.

On the other side, Arielle crouched down to feed the pit bull and waited for it to finish. When it was done, she patted Magnus' leg before instructing, "Go!"

Letting out a loud bark as a response, Magnus began running toward Yvette, not to return to her but to bite her.

Upon noticing the dog's intention, Yvette's face lost its color as she turned around and ran as fast as she could.

Magnus chased after her while barking fiercely as if it wanted to tear Yvette apart.

The turn of events shocked the housekeepers so much that they forgot how to react even when Yvette was shouting for help.

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At this moment, Cindy hastily ran out to see what was going on.

One of the housekeepers feared that the situation between Arielle and Yvette would blow up, so she went to get Cindy. Yet, when they walked out, the sight of Yvette being chased by Magnus greeted them, which was confusing, as they knew that Magnus had always been obedient toward the woman.

Meanwhile, Yvette had stopped running because she ran out of breath.

When Magnus caught up, it immediately bit on the corner of her skirt, causing her to lose balance and fell to the ground.

She looked utterly miserable, but it was not the time for her to worry about her image. Right now, all she thought about was the threat of getting bitten by the pit bull to death. "Help!" she wailed.

Regaining her senses, Cindy frantically looked around before spotting a stone. She then picked it up and threw it toward Magnus, hitting the dog in the head.

Bam!

Magnus fell to the ground but quickly got up, and this time, its attention shifted to Cindy as it charged toward her.

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"Help! Somebody help me!" Cindy shouted, hiding behind the housekeeper, but the latter also ran for her life.

As if she was awaiting death, Cindy stood rooted with her eyes shut tightly.

However, when she fell to the ground, all she could feel was the dog's weight on her body with a stream of liquid dripping on her face.

Fluttering her eyes open, the first thing she saw was a hole in the pit bull's head. Magnus had died on her.

Who shot the dog?

Her eyes instinctively darted toward a spot nearby, finding a handsome man standing there.

It was not just any man, though. It was Jordan Baker, the man with whom Yvette had a marriage arrangement.

"Mr. Baker!" Yvette called out after coming back to her senses.

Though the man was holding a silver-colored gun with both his hands, he seemed calm.

He was here because his family had forced him to invite Yvette to dinner, but he didn't expect to encounter such an interesting scene.

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And there's also someone interesting.

Jordan retracted his gaze from Arielle and stared at Yvette with an arched brow. "If my mom finds out that your hobby is ordering your dog to bite others, she will definitely fancy you more," uttered the man sarcastically.

Yvette turned pale after hearing his words as she quickly explained, "That's not true, Mr. Baker. I was just taking my dog out for a walk. But that woman did something to Magnus, and before I knew it, Magnus was determined to bite me!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Unbeknownst to her, Jordan was watching everything from the start, for he had arrived quite a while ago.

A smile tugged on the corner of his lips as he replied, "I see. Well, you can rest assured now since it won't bite you anymore."

His statement caused Yvette's face to turn paler as realization dawned on her.

My dog's dead! Magnus had been with me for three years, but it left me just like that. This is all Arielle's fault!

Yvette glared at Arielle. I will not let you off!

In the meantime, Shandie already helped Cindy to get back on her feet.

"I'm so sorry you had to see that, Mr. Baker," uttered Cindy. "I failed to teach Arielle well. She just came back from the village."

Jordan threw a glance at Arielle, who was not even attempting to defend herself, which sparked something within him.

Shrugging, he stated, "I heard a beautiful woman has returned to the Southalls, and she's indeed gorgeous."

Both Cindy and Yvette's faces darkened upon hearing his comment.

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"Well, this has been interesting, but I should take my leave now. Let's go, Yvette. My mom has invited you to dinner."

Without bidding goodbye to Cindy, Jordan turned and left.

Cindy didn't mind that Jordan ignored her, though, as she watched him leave with a smile on her face. After all, she didn't dare to show him an attitude.

On the other hand, Yvette instructed her bodyguard to bring along Magnus' body before chasing after Jordan. "Wait for me, Mr. Baker!"

Despite hearing Yvette's call, Jordan didn't wait for her. However, he slowed down when he passed by Arielle.

Ignoring both the man and Cindy, who was calling her, Arielle entered the mansion.

Henrick was the master of the mansion. If Arielle could convince him and get on his good side, then Cindy would not be of use anymore.

Though flushed with anger, Cindy could not do anything to Arielle.

In the meantime, Jordan and Yvette had arrived at the Bakers, but the man remained in the car after she hopped off.

Staring at him quizzically, Yvette questioned,

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"Aren't you coming, Mr. Baker?"

Deciding not to hide it from the woman, Jordan smiled wryly before declaring, "You know, Ms. Actonward. Since there's no one else here, I'm going to be blunt with you. I'm not done fooling around, and you're not my type, so I don't want to get married. Before I cancel the marriage arrangement, you'd better talk to my mom about it. Otherwise, people will laugh at you if I'm the one who cancels it."

Yvette's face reddened as she clenched her skirt. "I don't get it. What about me that you don't like? You never told me you hated me before."

The man shrugged. "Initially, I was fine with marrying anyone. After today, I realized that I'm fine with marrying anyone but you."

Hearing that, Yvette's flushed face instantly turned pale.

"Why? Am I lacking something? I'll change! I swear!"

"It's not that. I don't want to marry a murderer," replied Jordan as he stared at her, causing the woman to stiffen.

"Are you referring to me? When did I-"

"If that dog of yours weren't restrained, that woman would have been dead by now. I'm sure

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you are aware of that.”

“I told you I didn't order Magnus to bite her. It was the other way around.”

After hearing her explanation, Jordan completely lost his patience.

“Do not take me for a fool, Yvette.”

With that, he rolled up the window and stepped on the pedal, leaving the woman standing alone in the night breeze.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Yvette's hands slowly balled into fists as immense hatred filled her wards.

"You'll pay for this, Arielle."

On the flip side, Jordan had arrived at a bar and was lying on the deck. When he caught a glimpse of a tall man approaching him, he immediately sat up straight. "Mr. Nightshire, I'm glad you came," he greeted as the said man sat down.

With his arrival, the most prominent men from the four most significant families in Jadeborough were all there—Vinson, Jordan, Harvey, and Carter.

Among the four, except for the Nightshires, the other three families had always been rivals.

However, in this generation, all four of them were good friends.

"Since you asked me out here, is there anything important to discuss?" questioned Vinson coldly as he stared at the other three.

"The womanizer of our group, Mr. Baker, said he finally found his true love," stated Carter.

Vinson remained expressionless even after learning that. "If it isn't something important, then I'll take my leave."

With that, he stood up, trying to leave as soon

as possible so he could continue running a background check on Arielle.

Usually, it would take him only ten or more minutes to get the results of someone's background. This time, it had been one week since he started investigating Arielle's background, but he had yet gotten any results. Even if some data came up, he couldn't believe it.

"Hey! Wait!" Jordan quickly grabbed the corner of Vinson's clothes. "It's for real this time. I met a unique woman at the Southalls today. Um, it's my fiancée's cousin's house."

Upon hearing the particular family's name, Vinson halted his steps, allowing Jordan to pull him back to his seat. The latter was delighted because he thought Vinson was interested in listening to his story.

"Why do you think she's unique?" asked Vinson.

Pouring Vinson a glass of wine, Jordan placed the bottle down and rubbed his hands together. "Because she's calm, smart..."

Jordan then proceeded to recap the Magnus' incident, which managed to pique Harvey's interest, who had been bored all this time.

"Are you sure you're not talking about the plot of a movie?" questioned Carter playfully.

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"I swear I'm not. If this tale is fake, then I shall be struck by lightning!"

"Then, you should think about it thoroughly," Carter laughed. "It will be hard for you to manage a woman who's not even afraid of a fierce dog."

Jordan shook his head. "You have no idea what she's like. Not only does she have a good personality, but she's also extremely gorgeous. Oh, gosh. That face, that body—"

"What's her name?" questioned Vinson out of the blue.

"Err..."

"Dear Mr. Baker, were you smitten by her that you have forgotten to even ask for her name?" teased Carter.

Jordan let out an awkward cough before saying, "It's not like that. That woman only glanced at me once the whole time I was there, so I didn't have the chance to ask her. Besides, my fiancée was there too, so it would be inappropriate."

Images of Arielle instantly invaded Vinson's mind.

It seems like she's not only indifferent to me but to Jordan as well.

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For some reason, Vinson's mood had improved. Instead of hurrying to leave, he was now taking sips of wine.

"Oh?" Carter's eyes lit up. "It's rare that a woman would not be interested in you. Now I really want to meet her."

Hearing that, the corners of Vinson's mouth curled up a bit.

While they don't even know her name, I've already gotten intimate with her.



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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However, Vinson's smile faded gradually.

Having intimate contact with a girl from an ordinary background was not something to rejoice over. He was still considering if he should marry her.

In fact, he might not even be interested in her!

Just when Vinson was silently debating about it, Carter patted his shoulder and asked, "What about you, Vin? Why don't we ask her out to meet her?"

"That's lame. I refuse to meet her," rejected Vinson expressionlessly.

Not surprised by Vinson's reaction, Jordan teased, "Mr. Nightshire's only interested in work. It'll be a miracle if he starts developing an interest in women. But isn't your mother forcing you to go on blind dates? She's waiting to have a grandchild. Are you really that not interested in women?"

"Yes," replied Vinson firmly. "Women are so troublesome. Amongst the four of us, you're the only person free enough to be interested in them."

Women meant trouble.

His parent's marriage was a complete disaster —one that even resulted in his father's death.

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Hence, he was reluctant to marry. In fact, he was afraid of it.

"Who says that I'm the only person free enough?" Jordan did not notice the grim expression on Vinson's face. Pointing at Harvey, who was drinking gloomily, he said, "Didn't this dude become depressed because he's been looking for a woman?"

Carter denied, "Harvey's not like you. He's trying to find his savior, so don't you drag him down with you."

Jordan scoffed, "Look at his lifeless gaze and gloomy look. Is he just looking for his savior? Who'd believe that?"

Vinson glanced at Harvey, who looked dazed. Then, he snatched Harvey's glass away.

"Stop drinking! How much have you had already?"

Harvey frowned. However, as Vinson was the one who robbed him of his alcohol glass, he could not snatch it back. Hence, he merely sat there silently.

Carter asked curiously, "It's already been half a month. Why haven't you found the girl who saved you when you were overseas?"

Jordan chimed in and teased, "If even you can't find her, do you think that she's a ghost? Did

you get saved by a female ghost?"

Vinson immediately frowned.

He had been investigating Arielle for almost a week but discovered nothing. But, she was definitely a human being, not a ghost.

He chided coldly, "Don't make such a lame joke!"

When Jordan noticed Vinson's serious expression, he shrugged and protested indignantly, "I'm just joking! Why are you overreacting? You only defend Harvey, you biased jerk!"

Ignoring Jordan, Vinson lowered his head and took a sip. A gloomy feeling surfaced within him.

What's the girl's backstory?

Meanwhile, in the Southall residence, Arielle finally received the information about Cindy's financial assets sent by her subordinate.

Cindy's assets amounted up to three billion. Furthermore, most of them were deposited in secret accounts overseas. The fixed assets overseas were all managed by the same man.

Staring at the computer screen, Arielle narrowed her eyes.

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If she was not wrong, Henrick probably did not know about all those money.

In addition to Henrick's poor management, most of the Moores' money most likely found its way into Cindy's pockets.

Looks like the real owner of Southall Group isn't Henrick, but Cindy. This is an interesting discovery...

Just when Arielle was reviewing the email attentively, someone suddenly knocked on the door.



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Arielle walked to the door and opened the door warily, revealing a slight gap.

Holding a plate of fruits reluctantly, Shandie said, "Dad told me to give this to you. He wants you to go over to the study room."

"Okay," replied Arielle as she took the plate of fruits from her hands.

Shandie glanced into the room subconsciously, but Arielle took a step to the left and blocked her view. She asked coldly, "Is there anything else?"

Shandie pouted and left.

After closing the door, Arielle walked back to her computer and cleared her browsing history. Only then did she open her door and head toward Henrick's study room.

Unbeknown to her, Shandie crept to the door two minutes later, holding a pair of backup keys.

With a click, the door opened. She entered briskly and shut the door behind her.

Scanning the room, she mumbled to herself, "Arielle refused to let me see her room. I wonder if she's hiding something bad in this room..."

Shandie quickly rummaged through Arielle's

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shelves, but did not find anything.

Just when she was about to leave, she suddenly caught sight of Arielle's coat, which was hung on the coat rack.

She walked over briskly, patted the pockets and fished out a name card from within.

After seeing whose name card it was, a greedy glint immediately appeared in Shandie's eyes.

It's Vinson's name card! Arielle actually has his name card!

Evidently, she didn't tell Dad. Otherwise, the name card would be in his study room instead of here. How bold of her to hide this from Dad! I'm going to tell on her.

Shandie was about to visit Henrick with this name card. However, when she reached the door, her mind suddenly changed.

Instead of giving this name card to Dad and letting him gently chide Arielle, why don't I keep it for myself? With this name card, isn't it easier for me to meet Vinson or to create opportunities for myself?

After making up her mind, Shandie returned everything in the room to its original form. She hid the name card well and snuck out of Arielle's room secretly.

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Meanwhile, Arielle had arrived at Henrick's study.

When she pushed the door open and entered, Henrick grinned brightly and beckoned her to take a seat.

She obediently sat opposite him.

Henrick pushed a stack of contracts toward her and said, "I've got the contract for Soir Coffee's ambassador. After reviewing the contract, I think that it's fine. You should review it too. If you're also fine with it, you can sign the contract."

Henrick's tone was affectionate yet firm, not giving Arielle any chance to not sign the contract.

Arielle took the contract and scanned it silently.

The remuneration offered by Nightshire Group was extremely high. In fact, it exceeded the endorsement fees top celebrities usually received.

Furthermore, after becoming the ambassador of Soir Coffee, she could enjoy complimentary stays in any of Nightshire Group's hotels for ten years.

Even without the remuneration, the offer of staying in any of Nightshire Group's hotels for free for ten years was already tempting

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enough.

However, Arielle was still unfazed. She had absolutely no interest in becoming an ambassador.

However, to achieve her goal, she had no choice but to agree and feign delight.

Placing the contract down and suppressing her unhappiness, Arielle said with a smile, "I'm fine with it! I'm going to sign it, then."

"Just sign it. I'll accompany you to Nightshire Group tomorrow and pass the contract to them. Since you've just arrived in this bustling city, I'll be worried to let you go to an unfamiliar place alone."

Since when is Henrick so nice? He definitely has an ulterior motive!



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Feigning an innocent and happy look, Arielle nodded and exclaimed, "Thank you, Dad! I was just feeling scared to go there alone."

Henrick was over the moon. It was his fortune to have such an easily manipulated daughter.

Taking back the contract, he stood up and said, "We'll head to Nightshire Group tomorrow morning at ten. I'll bring you to the stylist two hours before that. It's getting late, so I'll go to sleep now. You should rest earlier too."

Grabbing the opportunity, Arielle asked, "Dad, I still can't sleep. Can I read in your study room?"

Henrick hesitated for a few seconds before nodding. "Sure, but you can only read the books on the left side of the shelf. Don't touch the other areas."

"Okay, Dad," replied Arielle.

After Henrick left, the obedient look on Arielle's face disappeared.

Standing up, she closed the door before turning around and scrutinizing the room.

The shelves, tables and chairs were all made from luxurious rosewood. Furthermore, they looked quite old.

Arielle ran her fingers over the shelf. *Mom has probably touched these spots before, right?*

She had lost all her childhood memories due to a high fever. All she could remember was her mother.

She could still remember the feeling of her mother's hands gently caressing her face. In addition to her gentle smile, Arielle could also remember her saying, "Run away, Sannie! When you grow up, take revenge for me..."

However, she could not remember what exactly happened that prompted her mother to say that.

When she investigated her mother's cause of death, Arielle discovered that she had been going for health check-up every year. Even though her health report did not show anything wrong with her mental state, she had committed suicide due to depression.

She had asked the doctor who gave her mother the check-up. The doctor had a strong impression of Mom and was certain that she did not have depression.

In that case, her mother did not die of suicide. Instead, she was murdered!

Arielle closed her eyes. She felt a layer of mist obscuring her vision, preventing her from discovering the truth.

When she opened her eyes again, she could finally think and see clearly.

I will definitely discover the truth!

Arielle rummaged through the shelf carefully, but did not discover any of her mother's belongings. There was not even a photo in sight.

Logically speaking, after someone's wife died, he would still keep a few photographs of her. However, she could not spot a single memento of her mother in the study room.

There were two possibilities for this...

Either Henrick did not display a photograph because he was scared that Cindy would be jealous, or he did not have any feelings for her mother at all. In fact, he might even have detested her.

It was impossible for him to be scared that Cindy would be jealous. His male chauvinistic ego would have no room for Cindy's crap.

Hence, the latter explanation had a higher possibility.

Of course, there was another alternative—Henrick was so scared of her mother that he did not even dare to look at her photograph.

Regardless of whether it was the second or third reason, both proved that her mother's death was closely related to Henrick.

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Although others claimed that Arielle's mother committed suicide due to depression, it was impossible for someone like that to tell her daughter to "run away quickly" and "take revenge" for her.

In the meantime, she had also conducted an extensive investigation on Henrick.

Back then, the Southalls was just a small family in Jadeborough who owned a coal business. On the contrary, the Moore Group was considered one of the major corporations in Jadeborough.

Based on her mother's status back then, she would never have married the son of a coal mine owner.

If Henrick was someone with good morals and principles, it would still be understandable. However, he was the opposite.

The investigation also revealed that they got married in a flash. After being introduced to each other, they married within a week.

The fact that they married was already very strange.

After rummaging the shelf, she went to search the drawers in the desk.

There were a total of four drawers. After combing through the first three, Arielle still did

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not find anything. When she tried to open the fourth drawer, she realized that it was locked and she could not pull it out.

Just when she was about to find something to unlock it, she heard the sounds of footsteps coming from the corridor.

A few seconds later, the door to the study room was flung open quickly.



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