

Chapter 41

Arielle, who was sitting at the desk and "reading her book" attentively, raised her head in confusion. Her gaze coincidentally met that of Henrick's.

She saw a flustered look in his eyes. He quickly concealed it, but Arielle still noticed it clearly.

She asked calmly, "Why are you back, Dad?"

When Henrick saw Arielle reading her book attentively at the desk, he became relieved.

Clearing his throat, he said, "I suddenly remembered that I still have unfinished work. It's getting late, so you should go back and rest first. You should come back another day."

Arielle did not want him to notice anything amiss. After all, she already discovered that the locked drawer contained something that would make Henrick panic. That was already an achievement.

"Okay." She flipped the book, *Global Finance*, closed.

When Henrick saw her reading the book, he shook his head and said, "This book is too advanced for you. Girls have no need to learn things like this too. I'll find something more suitable for you to read next time."

According to Henrick, girls should not even think of dabbling in business and finance. All

they needed to do was to look pretty and marry a rich man. Business and finance should be left solely to men. Women would only stir up more trouble if there were to get involved.

However, in reality, Cindy was almost done emptying out the company's assets. Henrick just had not realized it.

Arielle could not even be bothered to secretly insult Henrick. Instead, she walked out of the door calmly.

"Oh, right! Sannie?" Henrick suddenly called out to her.

Arielle turned around and saw Henrick staring at her with a sharp gaze. He asked, "Where did you learn latte art from?"

Initially, she thought that Henrick only cared about the outcome and would not ask about the details. *Seems like he's starting to get suspicious.*

Unfazed, she said, "I learned it in Norham. Back then, I worked in a cafe. The store owner is an extremely skilled barista who just returned from overseas. I learned it from him."

"I see... After you become successful, you should thank him."

"Okay, Dad. I have the same thought too." The grateful and innocent look on Arielle's face

dispelled any suspicions Henrick had.

She turned around and walked to her room.

On the way there, she surprisingly found out that her palm was sweating.

Things had not made any significant progress yet. Hence, she must not let Henrick realize anything amiss and be alerted.

However, it was obvious that Henry felt wary from when she lingered in the study room. That was why he returned mid-way.

She was too rash.

Arielle returned to her room, shut the door and leaned against it. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath.

Don't be too rash. The truth will eventually be exposed, so all I have to do is to be patient.

After half a minute, she finally opened her eyes.

Yet, she immediately realized something...

Someone had entered her bedroom!

As she was very alert, she deliberately scattered some inconspicuous silver powder on the floor. There was an obvious footprint on it.

It was not big, which meant that the intruder was female.

Arielle went to check the computer immediately. She had already cleared the browsing history, so the culprit probably did not discover anything. Furthermore, as the mouse was still in its original spot, the computer had not been switched on.

She went to search the other areas again. Eventually, she realized that Vinson's name card in her coat was gone.

"Shandie..."

She must have taken it. That girl never stops, huh?


However, as the name card was insignificant to Arielle, she planned to feign ignorance.


People who stole things that did not belong to themselves would always meet their karma.


Soon, the second day arrived. Arielle was woken up by the housekeeper early in the morning. When she went downstairs, Henrick and the others were already eating breakfast.

However, the moment Shandie saw her, she stood up and announced that she was already done eating. Avoiding Arielle's gaze, she directly walked out of the house.

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Arielle knew the reason—Shandie was afraid that she would accuse her of stealing the name card.

Henrick glanced at Shandie's barely-touched breakfast and asked Cindy, "Where is she rushing to so early in the morning?"

Cindy replied with a grin, "Do you know Sam Sleight, the director?"

Henrick nodded. "Of course."

She continued, "Mr. Sleight's choosing the cast for his new show today. Shannie received a chance to do the audition."

Although Shandie told everyone else that Sam had given the role to her, all she got, in reality, was merely an audition spot. Furthermore, she only got the opportunity due to Cindy's bribery.

However, Henrick did not know that. He exclaimed happily, "That's great! As their father, I'm so proud of my two talented daughters. Let's go out for a meal tonight. I've never properly welcomed Sannie after she returned."

When Cindy heard Arielle's nickname, she felt slightly unhappy.

The reason why she gave Shandie her name was because Arielle's nickname was Sannie. She wanted to come up with a name that sounded similar.

Her intention was to steal everything away from Maureen, her sister. However, it sounded exceptionally unpleasant now.

Forcing out a smile, she said, "Sure! Shandie also said that she's quite confident in securing the role. It's a great day today. Let's go out as a family and have a sumptuous meal together!"

"Of course." Henrick beckoned Arielle over. "Sannie, finish your breakfast quickly. We need to leave soon."

"Okay, Dad." Glancing in Shandie's direction, Arielle could already guess why she said that she was confident in securing the role.

She had heard of Sam's reputation before. As his movies all featured magnificent scenes, they required extremely good acting skills.

Even if Shandie managed to get the opportunity, it all depended on whether she was capable enough to grasp it well.

Arielle averted her gaze nonchalantly, sat down and ate her breakfast quietly.

When Cindy raised her head subconsciously, she saw the warm morning sunlight shine on Arielle's face. A faint golden glow enveloped her face, making her look as beautiful as an angel.

Her side-profile resembled that of the deceased

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Maureen.

Cindy could not help but tighten her grip on her spoon.

The person she had instructed to investigate her would report back to her today. *Soon, I find out this b*tch's true colors. Just you wait! Your good days won't last any longer.*

After suffering for two hours, Arielle finally walked out of the changing room.

She wore a tailored gown that had a slit up to the middle of her thighs, revealing her beautiful legs.

Her hair was tied up in a bun, making her look as exquisite as a doll. No one could tear their gazes away from her.

Arielle could tell that Henrick had spent a lot of money on her. Her gown alone already cost a lot, let alone the handcrafted shoes that she was wearing.

The moment she walked out of the changing room, the foreign stylist immediately gasp and clapped. "This is simply perfect and unbelievable!"

Even Henrick was stunned when he saw Arielle. He could see a shadow of his deceased wife on her.


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
In the past, he had loved Maureen deeply. However, as time passed, he grew to hate her. She was simply too talented and intelligent, so much so that she stole the limelight away from him. Every time he saw Maureen, he would be reminded of the fact that he was the Moores' live-in son-in-law.


Would Arielle become someone like Maureen in the future?

Henrick clenched his fists tightly, forcing himself to stop thinking about that.

He walked toward Arielle and said with a smile, "This look fits you so well. You should wear gowns more often in the future."

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