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Panting, Matthias undid his belt as he spoke.

Then, he pinned Cindy down.

By then, Cindy felt as if her body had melted. She could not push Matthias away.

Not that she wanted to, anyway.

Although Henrick was a domineering man, he was as good as a dead fish in bed. She could only pretend to enjoy every time.

Only Matthias could fulfill her.

Forget about Arielle first. We'll talk about her later.

Cindy then took off her panties herself.

After the activity, the two were covered in sweat.

The musty scent of love filled the air in the room. As Matthias lit a cigarette, he sighed in satisfaction.

With a blanket wrapped around her, Cindy drawled, "Shall we talk business now? What have you found out?"

Matthias flicked the ash off his cigarette before muttering, "I don't know why you're so anxious. The girl's nothing but a country bumpkin."

Hearing him, she instantly furrowed her brows and sat upright. "What? Did you not find out about anything?"

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Flicking away his cigarette, Matthias then turned to kiss Cindy, but the latter pushed him away.

"Spit it out," Cindy hissed. Matthias knew she was two seconds away from losing her temper.

Stunned, Matthias then solemnly elaborated, "Everyone in the village knows the girl. They say she's raised there. I investigated her schools too. She studied her elementary, middle, and high school there. Her name is in the graduation records. There's no way that's an error."

After a few seconds of silence, Cindy asked, "What about her teachers? Have you asked them?"

Matthias nodded. "I have. I found her high school homeroom teacher. She said her grades are not bad, but she flunked her high school final examination, so she only managed to get into a third-rate university. However, due to its horrendous results, the university has now closed down."

At that, Cindy knitted her brows.

Have I really overestimated Arielle? Is she really just a hillbilly?

Matthias then leaned closer to her. "Cin, she's just a little girl. You're thinking too highly of her. Maybe she's a little witty, but she's still no match for you."

Hesitating, Cindy muttered, "But Henrick values her greatly now. He even loves her more than Shannie. How can I not be anxious about that?"

Moreover, there's something between Vinson and her. I can't let her keep this up."

"Why not?" Matthias kissed her earlobe. "In half a year, Southall Group will be ours. Henrick can love whoever he wants to. Why do you need to bother yourself with these minor matters?"

"But..." The worry remained in Cindy's eyes.

Henrick was not as foolish as he looked. When the Moore family turned into the Southall family, a bunch of Moores had appeared, trying to get rid of Henrick.

Yet, Henrick managed to suppress them. In fact, he even turned some of them into his men.

In other words, Henrick was more than capable of scheming on his own.


Cindy desperately needed Henrick's love, and she wanted to turn his men into hers. That way, she would be able to stop the internal conflict from happening again.


However, Matthias did not know that she was contemplating such things. He whispered, "If you really don't like her, I'll deal with her again. Back then, at the sea, she was lucky. I don't think she'll be that lucky again at Jadeborough."


Rubbing her temples as a headache began to make itself known, Cindy mumbled, "Let me think about it."

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"Don't. Let's do it again..."

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On the other side, Harvey had just received Carter's message. He sent a voice message back. "Hey Harvey, are you home yet? Don't sleep on the road. Some wild dogs might eat you alive."

"Hahaha! He'll be able to feed five dogs."

In a good mood, Harvey refuted, "Shut it, Jordan. I'm not going to drink anymore."

The other three thought they were hallucinating when they heard Harvey, the man who essentially lived in a bar, announced that he was not going to drink anymore.

Carter then texted: *What?*

Jordan was equally quick to add to that. *What the heck?*

Right then, Vinson, who rarely appeared in the chat, sent a voice message to the group. "What's wrong with you?"

Upon his arrival, Jordan shrieked and sent a voice message. "Holy f*ck! Harvey, your nonsense forced our busy man out from his hiding! Hurry and tell us you're joking."

He had been drinking continuously because he was unable to find her. Now that he had found her, there was no reason for him to keep drinking.

As long as Arielle was in the country, even if she did not give him a way to contact her, he would still find a hundred other ways to get to her. Then,

he would create the opportunity for them to encounter each other.

Love at first sight. That was what happened to him. It sounded absurd, but that was the reality.

Who wouldn't fall for a brave, kind, and pretty girl?

The moment Harvey's voice message was sent out, Jordan sent back a celebratory emoji.

Congratulations! May we know who this girl is? Hurry and propose to her! If she doesn't agree to it, we'll kidnap her and get her to your bed for you!

Upon reading the message, Harvey frowned. Perhaps he had been drinking too much, for he started imagining Arielle on his bed.

Unable to help himself, he turned and looked toward the bed.

However, in the next second, he slapped himself.

Slap! With the loud sound came his soberness.

What kind of scumbag am I? San's a goddess to me. How can I think of her in that way?

Irritated, Harvey responded, "Jordan, if you say something like that again. I'll skin you alive!"

Jordan's reply came quick. "Oh? Are you angry? It seems like you're serious this time. I won't say that anymore, all right? Let me apologize to your future wife. Come on, tell us who she is. Your grandma's

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The assistant took a long while to recollect himself after the call.

Is there something wrong with my ears, or is there something wrong with Vinson's head?

Could it be that he's in love?

In that case... Who cares about the project worth hundreds of billions?

It's more important to produce the next heir of the Nightshire Group.

The next day arrived in a blink of an eye. Early in the morning, the housekeeper woke Arielle.

"Ms. Arielle, the people from Nightshire Group has arrived. It's time to wake up."

After finding out about Matthias and Cindy's relationship the night before, Arielle's mood was greatly lifted. For once, she had a good night's sleep.

However, she was not grumpy about her sudden awakening. After rubbing her temples, she went to wash up.

The moment she went down the stairs, she saw dozens of people standing around. Even the spacious living room seemed cramped with them around.

That many of them?

Arielle could feel an oncoming headache. *It's going to be a tiring shoot, isn't it?*

Right as she was about to go down the stairs, footsteps from behind her traveled into her ears.

Turning around, she spotted Shandie walking toward her, an elegant makeup on her face.

On Shandie's head were the two buns that Arielle wore the day before. However, it did not fit her like it fitted Arielle, as Shandie had a sharper face and longer eyes. Instead of looking cute, Shandie looked odd.

"Shandie," Arielle greeted with a smile.

Henrick was dead drunk, and Shandie knew he would not be waking until noon. Hence, Shandie saw no point in keeping up with the act. She rolled her eyes at Arielle before continuing her way down.

When her eyes landed on the dozens of people in the living room, they lit up.

The film crew had informed her that they would be sending someone over to pick her up, but Shandie never thought so many would be here for her.

It seems like Vinson's business card is quite a good card to use.

I knew it. I'm Vinson's friend. Even Sam Sleight's got to get on his knees and beg me to be in his shows.

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See? I'm right. He's already displaying such a grand gesture in picking me. I'm going to forgive him for being so rude to me during the audition.

As she was in a much better mood after seeing the scene in the living room, she turned around to say to Arielle, who she had ignored earlier, "Arielle, I heard you're going for the filming too?"

"Yes." Arielle did not know why Shandie was concerning herself with her, but she nodded nonetheless.

The next thing she heard was Shandie's pretentious and proud voice saying, "You don't need to be too nervous. It's quite simple to film promotional videos, unlike the movie I'm going to film today. I'm sure I'll be exhausted by the end of it. All right, we'll stop talking about it. Look, there are so many people waiting for me downstairs. I'll go ahead first."

Arielle froze, and that was when she realized Shandie must have misunderstood the situation.

She was about to speak when she saw Shandie turned and ran down the stairs. To those people, she said, "All right. I'm ready, so let's head to the filming site now."

Then, Shandie walked toward the door.

It only took her two steps before she realized something was amiss—no one was following her.

Casting a perplexed look behind, she saw the

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people sharing a confused look with each other.

"What's the matter? Are we not leaving now?"

Walking down the stairs, Arielle cleared her throat. "Shandie, you've misunderstood this. They're here for me."

Shandie was silent for a moment before she blurted out, "Are you kidding me?"

It's just a commercial shooting; there's no need for so many people to be here.

"Arielle, there's a limit to your daydreaming, you know?"



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