

Arielle's eyelashes fluttered, but she quickly covered it up by emotionlessly pointing in a direction. "He is in that room, looking at today's live broadcast record."

"Ah, I see. Thank you." Wendy beamed her reply, revealing her cute dimples before fixing her bangs. Then, she strolled toward the room.

The latter was watching Wendy's every move until she entered the room.

"Ms. Sannie? Ms. Sannie?" called the assistant.

Breaking out of her trance after some time, she turned to the assistant. "Yeah?"

"Are you okay?" The assistant stared at her strangely. "I've been calling you."

"I'm fine. Maybe it's the pressure from the live broadcast. Anyway, why are you here?"

"Nothing, I just want to bid my farewell. Since the filming is concluded, we might not meet each other again."

The assistant had always been kind toward Arielle, so the latter felt a bit reluctant to part ways. "Although there's a possibility that we won't work with each other again, we can still hang out sometime."

"Sure, it's a promise then!" The assistant raised her pinky finger, which Arielle accepted. The two then stared at each other with a smile.

In the meantime, the person in charge of the Soir Coffee project was reporting to Vinson in glee, "We're getting great response from the live broadcast, and the discount coupons are sold out. Maybe we can expect long lines of customers when we officially open the store tomorrow."

"Let's hope so," replied Vinson indifferently. "The promotion went well. Now it depends on the sales department to come up with ways to retain the customers. Instead of profit, they should focus on the quality first."

"Yes! I'll make sure to let them know."

Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and a sweet voice echoed from outside. "Excuse me, is Vinson in here?"

Everyone in the room, including Vinson, turned toward the door.

Wendy spotted the man among the group. Though this was their second time meeting each other, she was still attracted to his charm.

Her heart inevitably picked up its pace. "Um, Vinson, I brought dessert for you. Have a taste."

*I have never been this nervous since the college entrance examination.*

Fearing that Vinson would refuse her, she wanted to cover it by saying Susanne was the one who asked her to bring him the dessert. However, before she could, his cold voice sounded across

Chapter 177

the room. "Who are you?"

Wendy stiffened as she stared at Vinson in disbelief. *Has he forgotten about me?*

Feeling humiliated, Wendy bit her lower lip indignantly.

After a while, Rayson stood up and approached Wendy. "Sorry, miss. Outsiders are not allowed in here. Please leave."

The woman felt even more embarrassed when he referred to her as an outsider.

"I'm not an outsider," she refuted courageously. "I'm currently living with the Nightshires. Vinson, Ms. Stone asked me to bring you this dessert. Have you forgotten about me?"

"Oh, it's you," uttered Vinson after hearing her explanation.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Everyone in the room stared at Wendy differently now, especially Rayson.

*Living with the Nightshires?*

Rayson knew that Susanne was searching for a suitable spouse for Vinson.

*Could she be that person? But what about Ms. Moore?*

"What are you doing here?" questioned Vinson.

"I made some dessert earlier, and there's extra, so Ms. Stone asked me to bring it here for you to share with the others," replied Wendy as she raised the dessert in her hands.

At the same time, Arielle, who was delivering materials on behalf of the filming director, halted her steps by the door.

As she noticed Vinson and the woman standing there looking at each other, all she wanted to do was put the items down and leave as quickly as possible.

"No, thanks," Vinson refused. "I don't eat desserts."

Wendy froze. "But Ms. Stone said you love dessert."

"I used to. Not anymore, though. Now I only like to eat ravioli."

Upon hearing his words, the materials fell from

Arielle's hands, which created a loud sound, causing everyone in the room to look at her.

Noticing their attention on her, Arielle apologized before running out of the room with a flushed face.

Vinson stared at her back with a small smile, which didn't go unnoticed by Wendy as she, too, looked at the woman who had just left in a hurry.

Recalling the conversation between Vinson and Susanne this morning, the light in her eyes gradually dimmed.

*Oh, so it's her. She's merely a café waitress. Susanne definitely won't fancy her. But how did she manage to get Vinson to notice her? No, I can't let this be. She's not suitable for Vinson. If anything, I'm the only perfect match for him.*

When Vinson was about to chase after Arielle, Wendy pulled him back by the corner of his shirt.

"The dessert, Vinson," she said meekly.

The woman seemed so aggrieved that everyone almost pitied her.

However, when they thought Vinson was going to show some compassion toward her, he relentlessly pulled his shirt back before fishing out his branded handkerchief to wipe the spot that she had touched. Then, he threw the expensive cloth in the trashcan as if it were dirty.

Shocked by his behavior, Wendy turned pale as her lips trembled. "W-What's the meaning of this, Vinson?"

*Am I that disgusting to him?*

"There's no meaning," he replied coldly. "I hate it when people touch me. From now on, please don't send anything to me anymore. Otherwise, all of them will end up in the trashcan, just like that handkerchief. Since this is your first time making such a mistake, I'll let you bring it back home. Also, tell my mom to stop doing things on her accord."

With that, he left without so much as a glance toward Wendy.

What he said was not only aimed at Wendy but every woman in the world. He had no patience for them. The only exception was Arielle, and that was something he also could not quite decipher.

Wendy watched as Vinson left her just like that. She could feel the ridiculing stares of everyone else in the room.

Enraged, her eyes reddened as she bit her lip before running out of the room.

*They will pay for humiliating me like this, especially that stupid waitress!*

On the other side, Vinson ran as fast as possible and finally caught up to Arielle, who was about to enter the cab.

Grabbing her by the arm, he asked, "Where are you going?"

Arielle didn't know why she suddenly found it hard to face Vinson now.

*Sometimes, I seem to have no control over which direction to go to.*

Not looking him in the eye, Arielle lowered her head. "The shooting's finished, so I'm going home. Where else can I go?"

Vinson asked the taxi driver to leave before closing the door. "I have something to ask you. Please don't leave first. I'll drive you home later."

Staring at the taxi that was driving away, Arielle inhaled deeply before turning to the man. "What is it?"

"Um, I have nothing to do with that woman earlier. I'm not even familiar with her. My mom's the one who let her stay in our house, so please don't get the wrong idea," he explained.

"Why would I get the wrong idea?" questioned Arielle. "What happens between you two isn't my concern at all. If this has been troubling you, you can relax now because I don't care. Well, if that's all, I'll take my leave."

With that said, she extended an arm to hail a cab once again.

However, Vinson grabbed her wrist and turned her

"You're my..." he trailed off for a moment before continuing, "You're my friend, business partner, and savior."

"Which means I still shouldn't care that you're involved with other girls," stated Arielle with a laugh.

Vinson held his head high. "In my circle of friends, we ask each other's opinions whenever one of us has a girlfriend. That woman is not my type, and since you're my friend, please don't misunderstand."

Arielle was at a loss for words. Somehow, part of her felt happy, but another part of her felt disappointed, and she didn't know why she was having these feelings.

"Oh," she replied in the end, not knowing what else to say. "You said you have something to ask me? What is it?"

Hearing her question, Vinson remembered the question he initially wanted to ask before getting carried away with the whole Wendy affair. "About being my pretend girlfriend. Have you thought of the answer yet?"

Arielle was stupefied because she had forgotten everything about this.

"Um... I don't think it's a good idea." She paused for a moment before continuing, "What if I end up getting in the way of your suitors? I heard that your mom's looking for a partner for you."



"That is exactly why I need you to be my pretend girlfriend. Truthfully, that woman from earlier was a blind date my mom had set up for me, but I want to marry someone of my choice, so I need your help."

"I see," replied Arielle. "Since it's a blind date, I think you should go along with it. That woman has the looks, to be frank."

"She's not my type."

"Then what is your type?"

"Um..." Vinson stared at her intently with mouth agape. "As long as it's not someone like her. Please help me."

"What's in it for me if I help you?"

"You can enjoy all the benefits of being Mrs. Nightshire."

Arielle smiled. "I'll consider it."

"For real?" Vinson's eyes lit up.

Letting out a cough, Arielle uttered, "Let's talk about it some other time. Henrick asked me to return home as soon as the shooting's done. Maybe he needs me for something. Well, I'll be taking my leave first."

Vinson felt like he was walking on a tightrope when he didn't receive an answer from her, but he didn't want to force her, so he only nodded. "I'll

drive you home.”

“No need,” replied Arielle hastily. “Henrick will be delusional again if he sees you driving me home. I’ll just take a cab.”

“It’s not safe for a woman to take a cab alone. I’ll let Rayson drive you home.” With that said, he immediately instructed Rayson to drive Arielle home.

When Arielle left the place, Vinson instantly felt lost with her absence. *Could Carter be right? Have I fallen for Arielle?*

He then shook his head, trying to get himself back on track.

*No. It couldn't be! I know damn well that Arielle doesn't like me in that way. And I definitely will not have feelings for someone who doesn't have feelings for me. I must be hallucinating. As I said earlier, she's only a friend, business partner, and a savior to me. I chose her to be my pretend girlfriend to drive off other suitors and nothing more. Yes. That must be it!*

Meanwhile, Wendy had arrived home, and Susanne was coincidentally standing at the door.

Noticing Wendy returning with the dessert, Susanne hurriedly approached her. “What’s going on? Why do you still have the dessert?”

Wendy’s eyes reddened as tears trickled down. “I- I...” She could not bring herself to explain as she

kept on crying.

"He bullied you, didn't he?" said Susanne as she fished out her phone. "I'm going to ask him to come home right now and apologize to you!"

"Wait—" uttered Wendy, grabbing Susanne's hand. "Don't call him, Ms. Stone. He likes someone else. So, naturally, he didn't want to accept my dessert in front of her."

Susanne's eyes twitched upon hearing her word. "He likes someone else? Did you see her?"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

"Yeah," replied Wendy as another stream of tears escaped her eyes. "I didn't know that he has someone else already. Now that I know, I'm not going to bother him anymore. Ms. Stone, I know that you want me to be your daughter-in-law, but I guess I'm not meant to be."

Wendy sounded so pitiful that Susanne's heart ached for her.

"No, don't say that. Do you know who he likes, though? The Nightshires won't let anyone in that easily. For me, you're still the best choice."

Wendy pretended to think for a while before saying, "Yeah, and she's quite beautiful. When I saw her, she was wearing Soir Coffee's uniform, so she might be a waitress there."

"What!" shouted Susanne in disbelief, face turning dark. "She's a waitress!"

Wendy nodded. "If I'm not mistaken, yes. Otherwise, why would she be wearing Soir Coffee's uniform?"

"No! This is unacceptable!" Susanne yelled furiously. "Does she seriously think that the Nightshires will recognize a mere waitress like her? We're way out of her league!"

Seeing Susanne's reaction, Wendy was secretly delighted.

*Yes, that's more like it. Without Susanne's recognition, that waitress will not surpass me, even*

*if she's the one Vinson likes.*

Her dad had a mistress once, and the mistress was so haughty that she wanted to marry into the family. However, the elders of the Greenes refused to recognize her, so the mistress had to leave Horington in the end.

*In this day and age, status matters the most. Those without any significant background will always remain a small fry.*

At that moment, Geoffrey, the butler, came rushing in. "Mrs. Nightshire..." He stopped talking when his eyes landed on Wendy.

"School is about to start, Ms. Stone. I'll head back to my room to do revisions," uttered Wendy sensibly.

She was enrolled in Jadeborough University's elite class. Unlike regular classes, the elite class would conduct monthly exams. If the students performed poorly, they might not get the graduation certification from the university.

She prided herself on good grades, but she had heard that the courses and examinations in the elite class were challenging, so she could not take it lightly.

"Stay." Susanne grabbed her hand. "It's not like you're a stranger."

Since the other woman was merely a waitress, Wendy remained her top choice of becoming

Vinson's wife.

Raising her chin slightly, Susanne motioned for Geoffrey to start talking.

"Regarding the woman who managed to get Mr. Vinson's interest, I've found her. Here's a photo of her." Geoffrey handed Susanne the photo.

Since Susanne had met countless beautiful ladies in her life, she was not expecting anything. However, just when she thought she would be unimpressed, her eyes widened twice as much when she saw the woman in the photo.

*How can a café waitress be this stunning?*



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Even though it was just a passport photo, the woman looked graceful with a smile that bright. One could only imagine how ethereal she must be in real life.

Stunned by the beauty, Susanne gradually realized that the woman looked awfully alike to her deceased friend.

The uncanny resemblance made her recall horrible memories, which gave her the chills.

*This must only be a coincidence.*

"Is this the woman you saw?" she asked, showing the photo to Wendy.

Glancing at the unforgettable beauty, Wendy immediately recognized Arielle. "Yes."

Upon hearing her reply, Susanne let out a breath in relief.

*See. I knew this is just a coincidence. There's no way she's that woman's daughter.*

Then she turned to Geoffrey with a frown. "How did she get close to Vin?"

*A waitress like her shouldn't even have the chance to approach my son.*

"She was Mr. Vinson's g-gift from his business partners at the banquet in the hotel two days ago," replied Geoffrey a bit shyly.

In an instant, a stormy look swept across Susanne's face.

*Did he seriously reject a lady from Horington, whom I've personally selected, just for this "gift?" How foolish! He really can't see who matches him best!*

"That stupid unfilial son! How dare he get together with such a dirty woman! Phone him right now and tell him to come back right this instant!" she ordered in rage.

Other than a mere waitress, Wendy didn't expect that Arielle was also Vinson's sex slave gifted by somebody else.

*A sex slave surely won't challenge my position because the Nightshires definitely won't accept her.*

Wendy tried her best to control the smirk that threatened to appear as she held Susanne before saying softly, "Vinson is still young, and that woman is indeed gorgeous. It's normal that her beauty entices him."

"He can be normal all he wants, but not with her. I can't let this be. I'm going to bring him back here by myself. Get the car ready, Geoffrey!"

"Calm down, Ms. Stone!" exclaimed Wendy.

"Vinson is at the rebellious stage now. The stricter you are on him, the more he will do the opposite. Do you really think he'll willingly return home with you? If anything, it will only make things worse."



Susanne was quiet for some time before asking, "Then what am I supposed to do? Let him mess around with that woman?"

"Of course not," Wendy answered. "You know, if you can't persuade Vinson, then you can persuade the woman. I mean, women like her only approach Vinson with one purpose, don't you think so?"

"Ah!" Susanne's eyes lit up. "Money!"

*If I give that vixen enough money, she will stop sleeping with him. I bet she's aware that the Nightshires will never welcome her into the family.*

"You're brilliant, Wendy!" Susanne patted Wendy's shoulder in satisfaction. "A clever woman like you is really deserving to be Mrs. Nightshire."



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Wendy blushed and said, "Ms. Stone, you're making fun of me again."

Susanne smiled in response and was satisfied with Wendy.

Then, Susanne turned to Geoffrey and instructed, "Send her contact number to me."

"Understood." Geoffrey quickly sent Arielle's number to Susanne's phone.

Miles away, Henrick asked to see Arielle as soon as she returned to the Southall residence.

"Dad, what's the matter?" Arielle asked smilingly.

Sitting at the desk, Henrick waved at Arielle delightedly and said straightforwardly, "Didn't you say you wish to work in our company?"

Arielle nodded. "Do you allow me to work there?"

Henrick responded affirmatively, "I have rented the new office and need more staff over there. So, you can work with me starting from tomorrow and learn how to manage a company from the managerial staff."

After falling silent for a few seconds, Arielle proposed, "Dad, I wish to start working from the bottom instead of joining the managerial level right away. If I can be one of the managerial staff without any experience, I'm afraid that your reputation might be affected."

Henrick cared about his reputation above everything else. Once Arielle finished, he nodded satisfactorily. "You're right. The staff love to gossip about everything. Besides, it's good to have fun while learning about how the company works from the bottom. So, which department would you like to join?"

Arielle replied excitedly, "I heard from Aunt Cindy that there are not many profitable departments in the company, while the most profitable department is the AI technology department. Since I have some knowledge about AI, I hope to get some experience there."

Based on the information she acquired, the only department in Southall Group that made a profit was the AI technology department. Therefore, she wanted to find out how it continued making profits while all other departments suffered losses.

"Sure!" Henrick agreed to it right away. He didn't think much and only thought that Arielle wanted to have some fun there.

Since the AI technology department produced robots, he thought Arielle was intrigued by them.

*As I have expected, girls only think about having fun.*

Also, Henrick thought Arielle was different from Cindy. After Arielle mentioned how Cindy might turn against him, he eventually believed that Cindy was hatching a plot secretly.

Therefore, he decided to send Cindy to another place to reduce her chances of interfering with the company affairs.

On the other hand, he didn't feel the need to keep his guard up against Arielle. Now that she was close to the Nightshires, she had no reasons to scheme against Southall Group.

*Besides, how ill-intentioned can a lady from a village be?*

"Well, get some rest for two days and report for duty at the AI technology department on Monday. The department is located in our branch. By the way, you can hide your identity if you wish to do so because the staffs have never seen you before. On Monday, you can go to the company with Mason. Since he studied AI design before, you can ask him if you have any doubts."

Arielle rolled her eyes upon hearing it.

*Mason?* Arielle believed that he was probably the man sent by Cindy to kill her.

*Well, what a small world!*

Back then, Arielle was forced to stay on the uninhabited island alone for a week. While Arielle was looking for ways to retaliate against Mason, an opportunity appeared all of a sudden.

*What a coincidence.*

"Sure, I'll learn from Mason."

As Arielle smiled, a glint flashed across her eyes.

Meanwhile, Henrick was satisfied with Arielle because she seemed to be obedient. He was narrow-minded and still thought that women with intentions were not good women.

"Well, you should get back to your room and get some rest. I'm sure you're tired. Besides, I'll have to discuss the rent with Mr. Nightshire," Henrick said while putting both of his hands on the desk. Also, there was a pile of bills next to him.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Arielle glanced at the bills and the numbers with contempt.

Nonetheless, she didn't reveal her emotions but merely answered cutely, "Alright." She turned around and left the study.

The moment Arielle turned around, her smile faded away.

Later, once Arielle arrived at her room, she received a call from an unknown caller.

She tilted her head and gazed at it bewilderedly, for the calling code indicated that it was from Jadeborough. Since Henrick registered the number for her, not many people would call her on it. *In that case, who is calling me?*

Out of curiosity, she picked up the phone and asked, "Hi, may I know who this is?"

The next moment, a woman replied crossly, "Where are you? Let's meet up."

After confirming that the voice was unfamiliar, Arielle frowned and said, "I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

"Not at all," she said coldly, "I'm Vinson's mom. I'll meet you at Soir Coffee in Nightshire Square half an hour later."

With that, she ended the call without giving her a chance to say no.

Arielle's gaze dimmed as she put her phone down.

*If I'm not mistaken, Vinson's mom is Susanne Stone.*

To a certain extent, Susanne's attitude was similar to Vinson's, for both of them didn't give others any chance to say no.

Arielle remembered Vinson said that Susanne and her mom used to be good friends. Therefore, Arielle thought she could get some information from Susanne about her father.

Although Susanne didn't talk nicely, Arielle wanted to meet her anyway. She told Henrick that Vinson was bringing her out for supper.

Meanwhile, Henrick was delighted upon hearing it and agreed to it right away. He even reminded Arielle caringly, "I'm not a conservative man. So, I won't ask you to come home early. Have fun."

*In other words, he won't mind if I spend the night elsewhere.*

*What an open-minded father!*

Arielle pretended to smile in response and called a cab to the cafe.

Soon, the sky turned dark.

There was no traffic jam in Jadeborough at this hour. As such, Arielle arrived at the meeting place proposed by Susanne within half an hour.

Arielle used to visit Soir Coffee for commercial shooting. As such, the staff welcomed her excitedly once she entered.

"Ms. Sannie, it's our honor to have you here. Would you like to have coffee? We have just launched a new drink today. Would you like to try it?"

Arielle declined the offer with a smile. Then, she glanced around the coffee shop but didn't see Susanne.

A moment later, she asked, "Is there any private room here? I'm expecting someone but not sure where she is now."

"Oh, we do have a private room. The two guests in the room also say they are expecting someone. Please come with me."

"Sure, thank you." Arielle nodded and followed the staff to the private room.

Once the staff opened the door, Arielle saw the graceful Susanne in the private room.

Also, a girl with a sweet smile on her face was sitting next to Susanne.

She was the one who came to see Vinson after the shooting ended.

Since Susanne brought this girl, her message was clear.

Meanwhile, the two of them looked in the direction



of the entrance and frowned in unison the moment they saw Arielle.

Wendy frowned because she was shocked by Arielle's beauty and felt displeased.

Meanwhile, Susanne was stunned once she realized that Arielle looked like her old friend who passed away more than the photo.

Apart from Arielle's physical appearance, her demeanor was also similar to her late friend.

Susanne couldn't help but feel that they didn't have to apply any makeup to showcase their beauty.

As Susanne was deep in thought, she instinctively gripped the cup of coffee.

*How is it possible that they look alike? Could it be a coincidence?*



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Arielle was unperturbed by their slightly contorted faces.

Keeping her courtesy, Arielle walked into the room, nodded at both of them, and greeted, "Hi, Ms. Stone, how can I help you?"

Meanwhile, Susanne, who frowned a lot, began the conversation without beating around the bush. "I know what happened between you and my son. Tell me, how much do you need in order to stay away from my son?"

Arielle was startled by Susanne's directness. Also, Susanne seemingly didn't take into consideration the friendship between Arielle's mom and her.

Since Susanne was so cold, Arielle decided to stop being polite to her.

She sat in front of Susanne, crossed her legs, and said coldly, "What happened between your son and me? Ms. Stone, I'm forgetful and not sure which incident it was. Was it the day I saved Vinson's life on the uninhabited island? Or was it two days ago when I saved Vinson once again during the explosion at the building?"

Susanne stared at me in disbelief and asked, "What nonsense is that? When did you ever save my son?"

At the same time, Wendy couldn't help but interrupt, "Miss, please don't make lies that will be exposed within seconds."

Slowly, Arielle looked up and glanced at Wendy nonchalantly.

Instantly, a shiver ran down Wendy's spine. Given that Wendy's family pampered her since she was born, she had never seen someone with that demeanor before.

All of a sudden, Wendy was rendered speechless.

After glancing at Wendy for a moment, Arielle ignored her and responded to Susanne, "Ms. Stone, if you doubt my words, why don't you call Vinson to verify them? Please find out if the two incidents actually happened between us."

Susanne gritted her teeth in anger.

Deep down, she felt that Arielle was witty and different from her late friend, who was quite reticent.

Since Susanne wanted to end the conversation with Arielle as soon as possible, she proposed, "Vinson is at a loss because you have charmed him. I'm sure he'll cover up your lies for you. Name your price now, and don't show your face before me ever again!"

A moment later, Susanne added, "You should know your place. My son is way out of your league. Besides, you'll never have the chance to be married into the Nightshires. If you are smart enough, just grab your money and leave now. Otherwise, you won't get even a penny!"

Arielle burst into laughter upon hearing Susanne's offer.

*My god, it's so hard to communicate with this opinionated lady.*

*In that case...*

"A billion," Arielle proposed coldly.

"What?" Susanne was at a loss upon hearing it. She couldn't believe that Arielle would make such a crazy offer.

A moment later, Arielle put on a faint smile and gazed at Susanne composedly. "Ms. Stone, don't you think that your son is worth the price?"

With that, Susanne's expression turned grim. She threw a question at Arielle furiously, "Why isn't my son worth more than a billion?"

"Exactly," Arielle tapped the table twice as she continued, "In that case, we'll settle it at one billion. After all, your son is worth a lot more than that."

Susanne was stunned when she realized that Arielle used reverse psychology against her.


"You filthy woman..." Susanne stood up in anger and yelled, "You're outrageously greedy! A waitress like you can't even make a million in your life. How dare you ask for a billion?"


"Waitress?" Arielle raised her eyebrows and asked


Chapter 184

bewilderedly, "Since when have I become a waitress?"

As Susanne was startled as well, she turned to Wendy.

 Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

After gulping down her saliva, Wendy stood up and explained to Susanne, "When I saw her yesterday, she was wearing the waitress uniform of Soir Coffee."

Instantly, Arielle figured it what went wrong.

Despite being a good friend of Arielle's mom, Susanne was hostile toward Arielle because she thought she was a waitress.

Arielle shrugged and explained, "It appears that there is a misunderstanding. I'm not a waitress here."

Susanne frowned as she asked, "If you're not a waitress, why were you wearing a uniform? Stop making up stories."

Arielle gazed at Wendy for a while before turning to Susanne. "Ms. Stone, can I have a word with you for a while? I've something to tell you. If you can give me the time, I can lower the price from a billion to ten. Give me ten minutes, and you can then pay me ten to leave your son."

Miles away, Vinson, who was working overtime, suddenly sneezed. "Ah-choo!"

*Who's scolding me?*

Over at the cafe, Susanne felt tempted by Arielle's offer after listening to her.

Although Susanne could afford to pay Arielle a billion, she felt that a vixen didn't deserve the

amount.

Nonetheless, she also felt uncomfortable to pay Arielle ten as though Vison was worth nothing more than ten.

In the end, Susanne queried seriously, "What do you want to tell me?"

Susanne was intrigued to find out what nonsense Arielle would spew.

Meanwhile, Wendy, who stood beside Susanne, felt nervous unknowingly.

Given that Arielle looked surprisingly composed, Wendy instinctively felt that it probably wasn't a good idea to let Arielle and Susanne talk in private.

As such, Wendy couldn't keep her cool and pulled Susanne's arm anxiously. "Ms. Stone, please don't fall for her sweet talk. Why don't we give her the money and let her leave Jadeborough? I mean, a lowly woman like her is good at deceiving others with sweet words!"

Susanne had similar thoughts. Even if Arielle wasn't a waitress, she was not from a wealthy and noble family either. Otherwise, Arielle wouldn't have been sent as a gift to Vinson.

However, Susanne didn't think that Arielle could manage to deceive her with just words.

*Who am I? How can a vixen deceive me with only a*

few words?

Susanne looked at Wendy, patted her arm gently, and comforted, "Don't worry, Wendy. You can wait for me outside. She can never deceive me."

Wendy wished to dwell on it but was afraid that Susanne would be unhappy. As such, she had no choice but to bit her tongue.

Besides, Wendy was confident that the lowly woman surely couldn't sway Susanne's mind.

Wendy told herself silently not to be frightened by Arielle's demeanor.

Hence, she took a deep breath to calm herself down and grabbed her handbag to leave the room.

Once the door was closed, Susanne began to look more ferocious.

Apart from being Vinson's mother, Susanne had been through all sorts of dangers and bloodshed with Vinson's dad. Although she had retired now, her murderous and overbearing aura could still be felt.

She stared at Arielle nonchalantly and instructed, "Go ahead. You only have ten minutes."

Arielle didn't mind if Susanne was impolite to her.

Since Arielle wasn't interested in marrying Vinson to climb to a higher social stratum, she didn't care if Susanne liked her or not. Instead, Arielle only



wished to get the answer she wanted from Susanne.

Shortly afterward, Arielle said calmly, "Rest assured that we won't need ten minutes. I'll ask three questions and leave once you answer all of them."

Susanne frowned and asked curiously, "What are the three questions?"



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!