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At this moment, she was regretful for her superiority and cheeky thoughts that made her lose her decent and high-paying job.

But there was not use crying over spilled milk.

She brought this upon herself.

At the eleventh floor.

Arielle and Henrick had waited in the meeting room for almost half an hour. But the people from the Nightshire Group were nowhere to be seen.

A staff came in between to refill the water for them, and he asked the staff for them, but the staff couldn't answer.

Henrick was getting anxious as time went by.

Did the Nightshire Group found out that Arielle was from the countryside, and they're trying to back out because she might not fit the image of an ambassador?

Henrick stood up.

They had already signed the contract. All we needed was the stamp from the Nightshire Group, and the deal for the ambassador would be sealed. How could I afford to lose this collaboration?

Henrick lost the glistening gaze he had on Arielle before and felt her useless.

"What's your education level? Did you graduated

from high school?" Henrick asked coldly.

When Arielle was about to make up a story, someone opened the meeting room door.

Both of them looked towards the door at the same time. Headed by Vinson, around ten higher-ups from Nightshire Group came in.

Most of them were prominent figures in the business circle. Henrick stared in surprise.

At the same time, he was also in a panic.

"M-Mr. Nightshire..." Henrick stuttered his words, "D-do you think my daughter's educational background is too low, so you don't want her? I can find someone to help with her studies. Even though she might be dimwitted and cowardly, but if we package her nicely, I think we can continue our collaboration. We can even negotiate again about the remuneration..."

"Dimwitted and cowardly?"

A hint of amusement flashed under Vinson's eyes, and he chuckled under his breath.

Was he talking about Arielle? It seems like Henrick does not know his own daughter.

The information showed that it was not long after Arielle had returned to the Southalls. If she hid it purposely, it would indeed be difficult to understand her. Because even he wasn't sure what kind of person was Arielle.

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Henrick was afraid to look directly at Vinson. When Henrick heard a chuckle from Vinson, he thought that he guessed Vinson's thoughts correctly.

Henrick quickly added, "My daughter is very honest. She would definitely cooperate with you earnestly. Please give her another chance!"

After he finished his words, he turned his head towards Arielle and commanded, "Arielle, come over here and get down on your knees!"

"Get down on my knees?" Arielle thought she had known Henrick well, but what he said today had given her a whole new perspective of him.

Henrick was furious when he saw Arielle didn't budge an inch. He roared, "Why are you still there? Get your *ss here now!"

He didn't show Arielle any respect at all.

Arielle bit her lips. This was the first time she felt such humiliation in her life.

She never kneeled to anyone. But...if this was for the sake of finding the truth and avenge for her mom, she was willing to do anything.

Arielle clenched her fist and walked forward.


But when she set her foot out, Vinson suddenly spoke, "Mr. Southall, there might be some misunderstanding here. We're not dissatisfied with Ms. Moore. On the contrary, we feel that Ms.


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Moore is perfect for the role of our ambassador. We just have to verify some minor details with Ms. Moore again."

Arielle looked at Vinson in shock. His expression was cold as if he was suppressing his anger.

He is angry? But why?

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Henrick didn't give it much thought and was elated at the fact that the collaboration with Arielle was not cancelled.

"That's great, that's great! Sannie, thank Mr. Nightshire quickly!"

Arielle gazed at Henrick intently.

Henrick would call her "Sannie" when she was useful. But when she was useless, Henrick would call her "Arielle". What a stark contrast...

She turned towards Vinson and forced out her words. "Thank you."

"No problem. Instead, I should thank Ms. Moore for collaborating with us." Vinson said and he continued to talk to Henrick. "I would like to speak to Ms. Moore privately for the details of the collaboration. Mr. Southall, please follow my staff to sign the contract next door."

"Sure, sure. Take your time."

Henrick followed the staff to the meeting room next door to sign the contract with a smile. The meeting room was now left with Vinson and Arielle.

Arielle bit her lips and broke the silence. "I'm sorry you have to see my dad like this..."

"You did nothing wrong. Why are you apologizing?"

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Arielle looked at Vinson. His gaze was dark, and she couldn't find a hint of disdain nor sarcasm in his eyes.

He protected her dignity.

Arielle pursed her lips and said, "Thank you..."

Vinson pointed at the seat beside her and said, "Don't thank or apologize anymore. Take a seat. Let's talk about business."

"Alright." Arielle pulled out the chair and sat. They sat facing each other closely, and she could even see Vinson's eyelashes clearly.

Vinson took out a contract and said, "The Soir Coffee is an important project for us this year. We will start the advertising and marketing campaigns tomorrow. Your shooting task might be tough for the following days. This is your schedule for the week. Take a look."

Arielle took over the densely packed schedule. Besides shooting tasks, there was a stream of tasks such as live streams and ribbon-cutting ceremonies.

She carefully looked over and nodded. "Alright, I will cooperate with you."

After a brief silence, Vinson spoke, "I thought you were not in favor of being our ambassador. What made you change your mind?"

Arielle smiled lightly. "I have my own reason. But

you don't have to worry, since I have agreed to this, I will give my best."

"Alright."

Vinson stood up and said, "They should be done with the contract soon. You can go back and rest for the day. Tomorrow onwards, there will be a team following you throughout. Let them know if you need anything."

"Thank you." Arielle stood up as well.

Vinson gazed at her with a doubtful look and asked suddenly, "Is Henrick your biological father?"

Arielle was stunned. "Otherwise?"

Even though my mom had passed away, but it was true that she and Henrick were a married couple. If my biological father was not Henrick, who else could it be?

"Maybe you should take a test. You're nothing like your father."

Arielle went silent.

Henrick was indeed very different from her in terms of look and personality.

But she never thought Henrick was not her biological father.

But since Vinson had mentioned it, a seed of

suspicion was planted in her head unknowingly.

Arielle left the meeting room. Henrick was hugging the signed contract as if it was his precious baby.

"Let me walk you down." Vinson made a gesture with his hand.


Henrick quickly waved. "I'm honored enough to have Mr. Nightshire sign the contract personally. How can I trouble you to walk us down?"


Vinson replied without changing his expression. "This project is very important to the Nightshire Group. So I will follow through with the project personally."


The person in charge behind him was stunned upon hearing his words.

How can Soir Coffee be compared to the other projects on Vinson's plate?

The person in charge glanced at Arielle with a knowing glance. He felt that he had probably discovered a shocking secret.

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