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If Cindy had the gall to siphon off that much money from Henrick without his knowledge, then it only proved how little she truly cared for him.

Arielle had always believed that what Henrick and Cindy had was true love. Why else would Cindy have done something as unglamorous as marrying her sister's husband?

However, judging by how things were going now, Arielle could tell that Cindy was up to no good. Perhaps, Henrick was merely a pawn in her game.

Once she had gotten to the bottom of the matter and exposed the truth, Arielle had no doubts that Cindy and Henrick would be at each others' throats.

It couldn't have been more than a couple of minutes after the last phone call when Ashley called again.

"You've found out so fast?" Arielle asked in surprise.

"No. There's something I forgot to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Someone here has been investigating you recently. Your company came close to being exposed, but I managed to thwart their plan."

"Investigating me?" Arielle asked worriedly. "Is it Cindy?"

"No. I traced the search back and realized the other party wasn't even covering their tracks. It's Harvey Jupiter, CEO of Jayhawk Group."

"Harvey Jupiter? I don't think I know him..." Arielle muttered. "Regardless, don't let him find out about my identity. I can't risk getting exposed now."

"Yes!"

After the call, Arielle again tried to recall if she had ever come across a Harvey Jupiter in her life.

Try as she might, the name didn't ring a bell at all.

However, there was still a possibility that Cindy had sent him to do the dirty work.

No, wait. Ashley did mention that Harvey's the CEO of Jayhawk Group, a world-renowned technology company. There's no way Cindy would be able to get a man like him to be at her beck and call. So the question is, why is he investigating me?

Frustrated with the lack of answers, Arielle decided to give it a rest. She was confident that her real identity would be safe, given how she had spent a lot of money and effort to conceal it. If anyone were to try, all they could ever dig up was the fake identity of Arielle being the girl who grew up in the countryside.

However, the fact that someone had managed to track her down overseas remained a cause for concern.

Back in the living room, Cindy finally got the call from Matthias.

Not wanting to attract Henrick's suspicion, she walked to an empty corner before answering her phone.

"Hello?" Cindy whispered gently. "You're back already?"

"Yes. Cin, I want to see you..."

Cindy smiled tenderly as her heart filled with warmth. "I know. I miss you too. Henrick's bringing Shannie and me out for dinner tonight, and I'll try to get him drunk then. Once I've sent him home, I'll go to you."

"I'll see you at our usual place then."

"Sure," Cindy replied, her voice so sweet and gentle it'd turn anyone into mush.

Despite being over forty, Cindy maintained her looks well, thanks to a strict beauty regime. She might pale in comparison to Maureen, but her beauty still left men breathless and wanting more. Besides, she had her ways with men and knew how to please them.

That was also the reason why Henrick hadn't strayed since his second marriage with Cindy. Cindy was the only one with the patience to put up with him and spoil him at every chance available.

Unfortunately, Cindy had played Henrick for a fool.

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The only time a woman could have that much patience for a man was when she didn't love him.

Soon, night had fallen.

As promised by Henrick, he took the entire family out to a famous restaurant in Jadeborough for dinner.

During their meal, the eagle-eyed Arielle noticed that Cindy kept plying Henrick with wine.

What is Cindy up to?

Despite her suspicions, Arielle kept her face straight as she pretended not to have noticed anything amiss.

Henrick, on the other hand, was blissfully unaware of his wife's intention. He was enjoying the day with his family and downing wine one glass after the other.

After several glasses in a row, Henrick soon became drunk and started spouting nonsense.

"You all better watch out! The one thing I hate the most is people who betray me. If any of you dare do that, I swear I'll skin you alive!"

Henrick's sudden outburst scared Cindy as a pang of guilt struck her.

She steadied a woozy Henrick and gently said, "Let's head home. You've had too much to drink, and it's also getting late. The kids have work

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tomorrow too.”

“Oh, right! There are movies and money to be made! Let's go home right now!”

Henrick was bubbling over with excitement as he made his way to the car, but once he got into it, he instantly fell into a deep slumber.

With her father dead to the world, Arielle also shut her eyes and pretended to sleep.

During the journey home, she took several peeks at Cindy and realized she had been on her phone the entire time, busy replying to messages.

Cindy's up to no good!



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

As expected by Arielle, when the car pulled up at the manor, Cindy did not follow them into the house. Instead, she beckoned for Alfred.

"Something has cropped up at the office, but Rick's too drunk, so I'll go on his behalf. Take good care of him for me."

"Yes, Mrs. Southall," Alfred replied before helping Henrick into the house.

Seeing Cindy hurriedly make her way down the hill only made Arielle more suspicious than ever. Without hesitation, she pretended to have received a call and answered her phone. "What? Do I have to get the schedule now? Fine, I don't have a choice, do I? I'll make my way to Nightshire Group now."

Arielle then pretended to frown in annoyance and turned toward Alfred. "I have to make a trip to Nightshire Group now. I'll be home later."

"It's late, Ms. Arielle. Why don't you take one of the family cars?"

Arielle rejected the offer with a wave of her hand. "It's all right. The company's sending a car over, and I can't turn them down."

"Okay then, please keep yourself safe. If you need a car to pick you up, let me know, and I'll send one over."

Arielle smiled gratefully at Alfred's thoughtfulness. "Thank you, Alfred. I'll make my way down the hill now."

"Very well, Ms. Arielle. Be careful on your way."

Shandie, who had been watching from the side, rolled her eyes in exasperation. "What's the big deal?" she muttered angrily. "It's just a brand ambassadorship contract with Soir Coffee. Talking so loudly on the phone as if she wants the whole world to know that she's working with Nightshire Group. What a prude!"

Alfred listened silently as his eyes flashed with conflicting emotions.

From what Alfred had observed of them, Shandie came across as bold and brash, despite having had a comfortable and cultured upbringing.

Arielle, on the other hand, was said to be a country bumpkin. However, she had grace and manners that could rival any socialite.

It was clear to see that the environment one grew up in was secondary. What determined the kind of person one would become were the inherent personality traits.

Arielle made sure to keep an ample distance from Cindy as she quietly tailed her. Before long, they had come to a neighborhood outside their manor.

Soon, Arielle saw Cindy walk into one of the villas in the neighborhood.

Cindy was on high alert the entire time, darting her eyes around even as she opened the door to the villa. Thankfully, Arielle had fast reflexes and

managed to duck behind a hedge before Cindy could spot her.

It was only after the door closed that Arielle could sigh in relief and come out of her hiding spot.

She got the coordinates of the villa and immediately texted it to Ashley: *Help me check who owns this villa.*

As soon as Arielle sent the text, a big hand suddenly landed on her shoulder.

Startled, Arielle immediately grabbed the arm and flipped the person over, pinning him facedown.

An unfamiliar voice rang out. "Please, don't hurt me..."

The man wore a flattop and reeked of alcohol. Arielle scrunched up her nose at the stench.

Is this drunkard trying to hit on me?

However, upon closer inspection, Arielle realized that this drunkard had on very nice and expensive clothes.

She frowned and reluctantly loosened her grip after a while.

The man flipped himself over, and only then did Arielle see how handsome he was. By her estimation, he also looked to be at least two heads taller than her.

An inexplicable sense of familiarity instantly hit her.

I think I might have met him before?

Just as Arielle was about to ask the man for this name, he exclaimed, "It's you! Oh my gosh, I can't believe it! I've finally found you, San!"

Alarm bells rang in Arielle's head when she heard the man use the name she had gone by back when she was overseas.

"You've got the wrong person," Arielle said warily.

As she prepared to leave, the man suddenly ran up to stop her.

"No, I haven't made a mistake. It's you, San! Or should I say, Arielle? I'm not dreaming, am I?"

A worried expression marred Arielle's face.

This man knows both my old and current names. I can't go on denying anymore.

"Who are you? Do I know you?"

The man, still under the influence of alcohol, nodded his head before shaking it frantically. "You know me. No, I've been looking for you," he slurred. "I-I... I can't believe I've finally found you. I-I..."

To her surprise, the man was on the verge of tears.