

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1806

He decided to present them with another gift on their wedding day as he deemed the twenty percent shares not enough.

"If you insist, I will accept it," Arielle said.

She knew how stubborn Aaron was. He would be furious if she did not accept the gift. Hence, she decided to just give him a big wedding gift in the future.

Aaron was pleased when Arielle finally relented.

"Since Aaron does not wish to accept this card, then throw the money into the company. Blacklist those who retracted their capital and never collaborate with them again," Arielle said.

She could understand them not helping her out in her time of need, but she would not tolerate those who tried to add insult to injury.

Vinson's company needed the money. Hence, he did not decline and accepted it readily. However, he also made a mental note to transfer his assets to Arielle after resolving the crisis as his betrothal gift to her.

As the two of them were back safely, Aaron did not wish to overstay his welcome. After all, there was so much work to be done in Turlen.

With that, Aaron got up and bade goodbye to them both. "Sannie, Vin, since the two of you are back, I don't think it's necessary for me to stay here anymore. I've decided to head back home. Even though the queen mother is remanded, I have yet to deal with her remaining forces..."

"Besides, there is the matter of human organ trafficking too. I'm going to deal with all of them when I go back to Turlen this time."

Vinson tried to persuade him to stay and said, "Why don't you stay for a meal first?"

"Yeah. Eat with us before you leave," Arielle added.

"Don't you like my cooking? Follow us back home and I'll make something for you. I don't know when am I going to see you again once you head back to Turlen," Arielle said wryly.

As the supreme head of state, Aaron was a busy man. Arielle had a lot on her plate as well. She had not finished filming the previous movie.

Initially, she thought of asking Sam to look for another actress in her stead. However, he put the filming on hold indefinitely and insisted on waiting for her to return to the set to resume the filming. Sam even intended to get the Wilhelms back and open up a traditional Chanaean medicine shop.

Hence, she would not have the time to go visit Aaron in Turlen, not at least until after she was done dealing with the matters at hand anyway.

Aaron agreed to join them for dinner after listening to what she said. In the coming year, it was plausible that they would not be able to meet each other. Hence, he had better seize the chance to spend more time with his sister.

Though Aaron was fond of Arielle's cooking, he did not wish to trouble her. After all, he reckoned she needed more rest after being submerged in seawater for many hours the day before.

"We can just have a meal together at a restaurant. I'm also in a hurry as well. It's going to take a long time for you to prepare the meal anyway," Aaron said with a smile.

Arielle agreed with him. Even with the housekeeper's help, she would still take a longer time to prepare the food. It would be wiser to take Aaron to Maureen's Kitchen instead.

"All right. We're going there right after Vin is done with his work. I'm going to call the restaurant to make a reservation," Arielle said, then, she proceeded to order Aaron's favorite dishes.

Aaron nodded and sat on the sofa. He took out his phone and texted his subordinates to ask them to continue looking for Alicia.

Aaron was starting to get worried as they had been looking for her for quite some time, and still, there were no signs of her.

Meanwhile, Alicia's belly was already starting to show.

Her grandfather, Clement, was infuriated when he first knew about her pregnancy. He was so furious that he wanted to hit her with a stick. However, he could not bring himself to do it in the end.

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Clement hurled the stick at the floor and slapped himself out of guilt. Alicia felt her heart wrench at the sight and knelt before her grandfather, begging him to stop hurting himself.

No matter how Clement pressed on, Alicia just would not tell him who the father of the child was. Alicia then told Clement that she would keep the child when he asked about her plans.

Clement disagreed with her decision but relented when she kneeled before him and cried. He would not let her do any household chores and asked her to take a good rest in the meantime.

“Grandpa, why are you making stew again?”

Alicia smiled at the sight of the stew that Clement served.

Her grandfather had come up with various recipes to make her good food every day. As a result, she had grown plumper. She reckoned that even Aaron would have trouble recognizing her right then.

Her mood took a downturn at the thought of Aaron. Alicia placed her hand gently on her belly as she missed the man dearly.

Aaron, I will give birth to the child and raise him properly. Don't worry about us and be a good king.

Alicia talked to herself as she looked out the window.

“You're pregnant, child. You have to take some good food, of course,” Clement said.

He was upset that his granddaughter had gotten pregnant out of the blue and refused to tell him who the father was. Not only that, Alicia even insisted on keeping the child.

Clement was worried about Alicia's future if she decided to keep the baby.

Huh... What will become of her?

If he were still alive then, Clement knew he could somehow help her out. However, he could not help but wonder how Alicia would get by when he was gone.

How does a young and unmarried girl with a child survive on her own?

Clement would get dejected whenever he was overwhelmed by those thoughts. How he wished he could live longer so that he could help shoulder her burden.

“Thank you, Grandpa!” Alicia smiled. “You're the best!”

Clement eyed his granddaughter with a wry smile.

You're my granddaughter, child.

After all, Clement was the closest kin that Alicia had in the whole world. As for Alicia's father, Clement would rather think that he was already dead.

On the other end, Vinson was finally done dealing with the matters at hand.

The retraction of capital by those companies had plunged his company into a crisis. Even though he directed capital from his other assets, he was still obviously short. With Arielle's card, Vinson could finally take a breather from his troubles.

Arielle and Aaron were both engrossed in toying with their phones.

Vinson got up and said, "Let's go and eat."

So soon?

I don't feel like I've done much at all?

Arielle then looked at the time and realized that it was already half past eleven.

She hurriedly said to Aaron, "Let's go. I'm going to treat you to a good meal."

Then, she took her bag and headed right out of the office while the two men behind smiled as they watched her rush out of the door.

When they were heading to the restaurant, they gave Susanne a call and told her about Aaron.

Initially, Susanne did not wish to impose on Arielle and Vinson's date. However, when she heard that Arielle's younger brother would be there too, she immediately agreed to join them. After all, it was her first time meeting Arielle's relative.

After reaching the restaurant, Susanne realized that Arielle's younger brother was the foreigner who agreed to transfer ownership of his shares unconditionally to Vinson and grew even more fond of Aaron.

Susanne chatted animatedly with Aaron throughout the whole time and inadvertently left out Arielle and Vinson. She even tagged along as they sent Aaron to the airport.

The three of them had only left the airport after Aaron's plane took off.

Susanne headed back home to take a rest while Arielle went to Moore Group. As for Vinson, there was a dark look on his face when he got back to the office.

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Vinson's gaze turned cold when he realized the investors who had pulled out their investments were now in the waiting room.

Upon seeing his icy expression, the receptionist hurriedly explained, "Mr. Nightshire, I've already told them you weren't around, but they..."

To her surprise, Vinson merely nodded and strode toward the elevator while pretending not to have noticed the men.

One of them, however, had already spotted him and hastily stood up.

"Mr. Nightshire..."

The four other men quickly followed suit, and the sight of Vinson sent them making a beeline for him.

"Mr. Nightshire!" they shouted in unison.

"What's the matter?" Vinson replied, narrowing his eyes as he stared at the men.

For a moment, the group could only exchange sheepish glances. They knew they had gone overboard with their actions, but no matter how embarrassing it was, they needed to stand up and face the music.

Of course, if they had known Vinson could make a comeback, they wouldn't have withdrawn their investments in the first place.

"Mr. Nightshire, we truly had no choice back then but to pull out our funds. We..."

"I don't see the need to bring up the past, and neither will I act against you people. However, there's no way we can work together again," Vinson replied as he coolly surveyed the five men in front of him. "Anyway, I still have a lot of work to do. Have a good day."

With that, he stepped into the elevator, leaving the few men looking at one another dejectedly before dragging themselves out of Nightshire Group.

They had to give up any hopes of having a business partnership with Nightshire Group again, but as long as Vinson promised not to seek revenge, that was good enough for them.

Nightshire Group might not be as impressive as before, but it still had significant influence and power in the business world. If Vinson wanted to, he could always take them down in the blink of an eye. Therefore, as much as the men were disheartened at Vinson's words, they also felt relieved that he had chosen to let the matter slide.

Not long after Vinson returned to his office, he ordered Rayson to gather their company's shareholders for a meeting.

As a matter of fact, the company directors had been on tenterhooks ever since Vinson's return. After all, they were the ones who had pressured Susanne into relieving the latter of his position.

Even though the sudden turn of events let Vinson end up with twenty percent more of the company shares and foiled their plan, the truth remained that they had coerced Susanne, and no one knew if Vinson would punish them for it. Hence, when the directors learned about the meeting, they quickly started a discussion in their chat group.

What should we do now?

Does Vinson want to settle the score with us?

At the rate my heart is racing, I can't help but have a bad feeling about this.

Oh, how I wish we hadn't been so forceful with Susanne. It feels like everything's beyond our control now. Even my son thinks we've gone overboard. He said we shouldn't have forced Susanne in Vinson's absence.

Before long, everyone in the chat group was airing their grievances and bemoaning their actions. Having read the entire conversation, Oswald whipped out his phone and immediately dialed a number.

I have to report our situation to that person and hear what suggestions he has for us...

As soon as the call went through, Oswald spoke up. "During the last meeting to replace Nightshire Group's chairman, someone suddenly transferred twenty percent of the company shares to Vinson, which ruined our plan. Now that Vinson is back, he's calling for a meeting with all of us. I have no idea what he's up to, and that worries me."

Upon hearing him, Gaspar narrowed his eyes and began drumming his fingers on the table. "In that case..."

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After hanging up the phone, Gaspar left to bid Micah goodbye.

He had had enough of playing games with Vinson and wanted nothing more than to seize Nightshire Group back.

At that moment, however, Micah was fuming and glaring at Abigail. It was time for his acupuncture session, yet Arielle hadn't taken the initiative to go to him.

Since he had to leave in a couple of days, he ordered his subordinates to fetch her, only to find out Abigail had thrown her into the sea.

“Tell me. Why did you throw Arielle into the sea?” Micah scolded.

I honestly don't want to lose my temper at Abigail, but how could I not when her actions have put my health at stake?

“She diagnosed herself with viral hemorrhagic fever, one of the most infectious and fatal diseases, so how can I risk exposing you to it? What if you contracted it from her and died? What would the kids and I do without you?” Abigail said while choking back tears.

Despite being almost forty, she was still irresistibly alluring, to the point where Micah's heart ached at the sight of her tearing up.

“Even so, you didn't have to throw her into the sea. She's a doctor, and I'm sure she'll find a way to cure herself. I still need her to nurse me back to health, for goodness' sake. You're too impatient!” Micah replied as he gently wiped away Abigail's tears.

Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't care about what happens to Arielle or any other woman. Unfortunately, my health is now an issue.

Micah gazed at Abigail, not knowing what to say.

I've traveled to so many places, but Dr. Moore was the only one who could diagnose me with just one look and cure me within a month.

Alas, the current situation has dashed my hopes for a full recovery.

“She's Chanaean, isn't she? If worse comes to worst, we'll go there. I'm sure she isn't the only one in Chanaea who's gifted in medicine,” Abigail reasoned.

Micah isn't the only one who needs medical treatment. I need it too!

I want to give him another baby! If he hadn't developed ulterior motives toward Arielle, I'd have fought to keep her around despite her illness. It's all Micah's fault for revealing his feelings and making me scared of losing him!

Micah's eyes instantly lit up at Abigail's suggestion.

Oh, that's a brilliant idea! Once my work is all settled, I can head to Chanaea for a short break and get a doctor to examine me.

“All right, let's do as you say!” he exclaimed before being informed by his subordinates that Gaspar had arrived.

With that, Micah immediately instructed them to send the young man in.

“I’ll leave you two to it, then. I’ll get the housekeepers to prepare dinner,” Abigail said as she made her way to the kitchen like the gentle, loving wife she was.

Micah couldn’t help but break into a smile.

Oh, wouldn’t it be nice if we had another son?

Abigail had just stepped into the kitchen when Gaspar showed up, saying the goods had been delivered and it was time to take his leave.

Having known each other for almost a decade, Micah knew how busy Gaspar was and merely handed a card to him with a nod.

“Here, this is the payment for the goods. What time are you leaving?”

Gaspar’s original plan was to leave that very day, but in the end, he changed his mind at the last minute. “I’ll set off tomorrow morning!”

“Good. Stay for dinner and take it as a farewell meal from us. Abigail has already told our housekeepers to start cooking,” Micah replied with a chuckle.

Of course, Gaspar was only too happy to comply.

Anna joined them for dinner later that night, and it wasn’t long before she learned about Gaspar leaving the island.

She turned to him immediately and blurted out, “I want to go with you.”

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Before Gaspar could say anything, a deep frown had already crossed Micah’s brow. “Anna, what nonsense are you talking about?”

How can she tag along with Gaspar?

Does she even know what he plans on doing? It’s not that I’m being unreasonable, but after ten years, I can confidently say I know Gaspar like the back of my hand.

He may look all friendly and jolly, but deep down, he’s a wolf in sheep’s clothing!

Anyone who crosses him won’t live to see another day. More importantly, he hates having women follow him around. The only exceptions he makes are for his female subordinates, so I’m sure Gaspar won’t agree to Anna’s request!

"I'm not spouting nonsense, Daddy," Anna retorted as she turned to Gaspar. "Are you okay with me following you?"

If he says no, there's nothing else I can do, is there?

I've already fished for as much information as I can from Daddy and learned quite a bit about Gaspar.

Gosh, have I fallen for him because he's my first man? One thing's for sure, if we went our separate ways now, it'd be the end of our relationship. That's all the more reason I want to be with him. I want to win him over!

As soon as they heard Anna's question, Micah and Abigail promptly turned to Gaspar.

"Sure. You're free to come along if you like," the latter answered smilingly.

Oh, what good timing! I had already planned on taking her away from this island, but she has saved me the trouble of asking Micah for permission!

Micah, however, couldn't hide the shock on his face as he stared at Gaspar.

He had been so sure that the young man would turn Anna down, so when the rejection didn't happen, warning bells instantly went off in his head.

Why did Gaspar agree to take Anna along so readily? What are his intentions?

"G-Gaspar, how are you okay with that?" Micah queried.

Gaspar knew Micah's mind must be swirling with questions, but if Anna didn't want to say anything more, it wouldn't be appropriate for him to step in now.

In the end, he looked at Micah and laughed. "Oh, I don't mind. She can do whatever she likes. Besides, given our friendship, you can rest assured that I'll keep her safe."

Upon hearing that, Micah nodded.

Hmm, that's true. After all, I've known Gaspar for ten years. With him around, I'm confident she'll be in safe hands.

"Since you want to follow Gaspar, remember not to cause any trouble for him," Micah warned as he gazed at his daughter. "If you do, I'll send someone to haul you back immediately."

Having gotten her father's approval, Anna smiled even brighter. However, she quickly collected herself before turning to Micah.

“Don’t worry. I won’t give you any reason to bring me back here.”

How could I?

I’ve already decided to follow Gaspar for the rest of my life. Our fates seem to be intertwined, and I’m sure we’ll be able to live happily together.

Abigail, on the other hand, was silently observing the young lady.

Something told her that Anna was looking at Gaspar with love in her eyes, but she knew she could also be wrong. After all, the two of them had only been together for a few days and barely interacted with each other.

How, then, could they have developed romantic feelings in such a short period?

Even though Abigail chose to keep the questions to herself, she had to admit she was against letting Anna leave with Gaspar. In fact, the more she thought about it, the more she felt like things were going out of her control.

I want to keep Anna on the island, but what else can I say when even Micah has given his approval?

I guess the only thing I can do now is to find out what’s going on between Anna and Gaspar.

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With that thought in mind, Abigail quickly had a subordinate sneak into Anna’s mansion before dinner ended. Of course, she couldn’t do the same to Gaspar, especially since she knew how vigilant he was. Sending someone to tail him would only risk exposing her sooner rather than later.

“Gaspar!” Anna shouted when she saw the man walking back to his room.

As it turned out, Gaspar had already anticipated that and instantly stopped in his tracks with a smirk. “What’s the matter?”

“If I hadn’t insisted on following you, would you have left me here?”

Seeing how Anna was pouting her lips in annoyance, Gaspar knew it’d be fun to tease her.

“This is your home, though. Isn’t it normal for you to stay here?”

“But...” Anna said before her words trailed off.

No matter how open-minded people in her country were, what she wanted to say was still a little embarrassing.

Gaspar inched closer, his gaze never once leaving her. "But what?"

"I'm already your woman. How could you ditch me?" Anna mumbled before another thought crossed her mind and made her frown.

"Hmph! What if I'm pregnant? Wouldn't you be leaving your child behind too?"

Gaspar's smirk immediately faded as he stared intently at Anna. "Are you really pregnant with my child?"

Although I've slept with many women, none of them are qualified to carry my child.

Anna, however, is an exception. I'll gladly marry her if she's pregnant and wants to keep the baby. That way, we'll be able to raise our child together.

Anna hurriedly shook her head when she felt the man's intense gaze. "How would I know? It's only been a few days!"

It'd take at least a month before I know if I'm pregnant, wouldn't it?

Then again, why is he staring at me like that? Does he not like kids?

The next second, she stared back into Gaspar's eyes. "Do you not like kids?"

Anna's question came so suddenly that for a moment, Gaspar was tongue-tied.

Do I like kids?

After recalling everything he had experienced as a child, he wanted to nod and say he didn't like children. However, when he saw how hopeful Anna was, he decided to shake his head instead.

"I don't like other people's children, but that won't apply to my own," he replied.

When he saw Anna's eyes lighting up, he smiled and lightly pinched her chin. "So, will you give me a child?"

To his surprise, Anna harrumphed and slapped his hand away. After taking a few steps, she suddenly turned around and stuck her tongue out at Gaspar.

"Do you think you can impregnate me in just one try? Are you even that capable?"

With that, she hightailed it back to her mansion, knowing her words would undoubtedly bruise any man's ego.

As expected, Gaspar was stunned momentarily before giving chase and pinning Anna against her room door.

"Oh, I'll let you know just how capable I am," he said as he swiftly picked her up and threw her onto the bed.

Meanwhile, an hour ago in Chanaea, Oswald had ended his call with Gaspar and promptly sent a text to his chat group.

Let's attend the meeting at Nightshire Group. Don't worry. Just stay alert and act accordingly...

Later, Oswald arrived at the office and went straight to the conference room. Alas, when he saw the documents that Rayson had given out, his face instantly turned ashen.

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Isn't this... I thought I told my men to destroy them?

Why do they still exist?

The others' faces turned ashen just like Oswald.

As Vinson wasn't in the country for a year, they used their power to gain some benefits for themselves. Prior to this, they had destroyed all evidence. Alas, none of them knew Vinson was so capable that he managed to dig out everything they did.

"Rayson!" one director immediately called out before Rayson could leave the room.

Rayson halted in his tracks and turned to look at the director then said, "You can talk to Mr. Nightshire. He'll be here soon..."

Having said that, Rayson opened the door of the conference room and strode out. The director who spoke earlier watched as he left and turned to look at another director, whose face was as pale as his.

"Did he also have something on you?"

"Don't tell me we're on the same boat..."

Both men stared at each other silently when they realized Vinson had something on both of them.

Oswald gripped the file in his hands as a scowl marred his face. He then sent a text to someone.

Soon, his phone beeped, signaling an incoming text message.

He was about to check who it was when the door was pushed open. Vinson marched in swiftly with Rayson behind him. The latter closed the door after stepping into the conference room.

As Vinson was already there, Oswald didn't have a chance to check the text he had just received.

After stepping into the conference room, Vinson glanced at the directors with his deep, dark eyes and let out a derisive snort. "Did you see what Rayson show you earlier?"

Hearing that, everyone else wore grim expressions.

Taking in their reactions, Vinson narrowed his eyes.

Oh? Are they scared over some trivial matters?

If they are such cowards, why bother going to such extremes to do that?

"You've caught us. What do you want?" Oswald feigned nonchalance and looked straight at Vinson.

I nearly take over Vinson's position. What a pity!

Vinson's gaze landed on Oswald after he spoke.

Rayson told me he was the one who messed around after news of my disappearance got out.

In fact, Vinson knew what Oswald was up to. As Oswald and the rest were loyal to his father, he didn't reveal his misdeeds. After all, the minor gains Oswald took were nothing to him. However, Vinson never knew that Oswald was greedy enough to yearn to be the chairman of the company.

It looks like he wants control of an entire company. Why don't I fulfill his wish?

"Mr. Waysea, you want to be the chairman of Nightshire Group, right?" Vinson squinted his eyes.

“That will never happen. You can, however, be the chairman of your own company.”

Oswald’s heart sank as he stared at Vinson. “What are you talking about?”

“Mr. Waysea, if you want to be a chairman, why did you hire someone else to be the chairman of your company?” Vinson responded.

He then glanced at Rayson, who placed a file before Oswald.

Oswald flipped the file open instinctively. After going through the contents, he raised his head incredulously and stared at a calm Vinson.

I can’t believe he found this!

I underestimated him. Indeed, he is a capable man to have brought the company to such heights.

What should I do?

He gripped the file tightly as his knuckles turned white.

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“Since you’ve discovered everything, I have nothing else to say. What will you do?” Oswald asked after he shut the file.

I might have done many things behind his back, but he won’t get rid of me for his father’s sake.

“You’ll be dismissed from your position and Nightshire Group won’t pay you for your services anymore. If you’re willing to sell your shares, I will buy them from you. If you’re not willing to sell them, you will receive dividends according to the percentage of your shares every year... However, you no longer need to attend the annual general meeting,” Vinson revealed as he stared Oswald in the eye.

Oswald’s eyes turned as wide as saucers. He worked hard his entire life for Nightshire Group but ended up getting kicked out of the company.

“You are welcome to state your disagreement,” Vinson added nonchalantly when he realized Oswald was staring at him incredulously.

Resentment brewed deep within Oswald.

All I did was use my position to gain profits for my company. So what if I took a few million from the company?

Is there a need to fire me?

Oswald wanted to say that he disagreed with Vinson's decision, but he dared not voice his objection out loud. He was afraid that Vinson would abide by the law and send him to jail.

That was something he never wanted.

"I don't have any objections..."

With that said, Oswald slammed the file onto the table and stomped out of the room.

Vinson's face remained devoid of expression even after Oswald left the conference room in a fit of fury. He then turned to look at the other directors.

"Vinson, I know I was wrong for being corrupted. I shall repay the money I embezzled from the company, so please don't dismiss me," one of the directors, Patrick Chance, immediately pleaded.

I wouldn't have done that if my wife wasn't ill and in need of money for treatment. One wrong move and I landed in the darkest pit.

My reputation is destroyed. I've wronged the company and Vinson. Most importantly, I've let Vinson down for be trusted me.

"Mr. Chance, you don't have to repay the money..."

Before Vinson could finish, Patrick cut in, "Are you insisting on firing me?" He then lowered his head despondently.

It was my fault. I shouldn't have gotten greedy. I thought giving back the money later would suffice.

"I deserve to be punished for what I did. Getting dismissed from my position is punishment."

"Mr. Chance, listen to me. Take it that the company has paid for Mrs. Chance's treatment. Don't you think of resigning from your job," Vinson uttered.

Patrick gazed at him in disbelief. He promptly heaved a sigh of relief when Vinson smiled and nodded at him.

"Vinson, I'm an idiot..."

Vinson instantly interjected, "We didn't do a good job. Mrs. Chance was seriously ill, but we didn't give you the necessary help."

Patrick and his wife only had a son, but the latter passed away in a car accident not long after he graduated from university. Thus, they only had each other.

Mrs. Chance was ill, but my mom and Rayson didn't know anything. It was our fault Mr. Chance had to resort to corruption.

"Don't worry. After my wife gets better, you can deduct the money from my salary. Just leave us some money for our daily expenses," Patrick told him.

They weren't in need of that much money anyway.

"Sure!" Vinson knew that Patrick wouldn't relax until he agreed to his suggestion, so he nodded with a grin.

After that, he turned to another man as his expression turned icy.

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"Vinson, I..."

"You will be dismissed from your position just like Mr. Waysea. You are free to sell your shares or keep them for yourself. There is no need for you to join the subsequent annual general meetings."

The man knew that his fate was sealed.

After Vinson disappeared, he sold the company information in secret, causing the price of the shares to drop drastically.

"I understand..."

With that said, he slumped his shoulders in dejection and trudged out of the room.

After that, Vinson decisively dealt with the remaining directors before adjourning the meeting.

After Vinson returned, Nightshire Group's share price increased bit by bit. The minority shareholders were delighted. Previously, they refused to sell their shares despite Oswald's constant persuasion. Right now, their shares would be worth more.

Arielle stayed in Moore Group for a while and was informed about the company's current situation. She then headed to Maureen's Kitchen.

Maureen's Kitchen was packed at that hour. The people in the restaurant were all excited when they saw Arielle.

Oh, our goddess is back!

They snapped photos of her secretly and posted them on social media.

Arielle was sharp enough to realize they were taking photos of her. As they were her fans, she didn't mind their actions.

"When did she come back? Why did no one hear about her return?"

"Yes. We last met her over a year ago. Look how gorgeous she is now!"

Everyone loved receiving praises, including Arielle.

After hearing their praises, she decided to be generous that day.

"To thank you for your patronage for the past one year, your food and drinks will be on the house. You are free to order anything you want. However, remember not to waste food," she announced.

Her fans were elated to hear that. They couldn't believe that they were getting a treat from their goddess on their first encounter.

After Arielle made the announcement, she went to the kitchen to help out. It was ten at night when she finally got off work and returned to Nightshire Manor.

Susanne was already asleep by the time she came home. The former wasn't feeling well and slept earlier than usual. Vinson was still on the way back.

Arielle had already had dinner in Maureen's Kitchen. She was exhausted after working the whole night, and her shoulders were stiff.

After taking a hot shower, she lay in bed and unlocked her phone.

Aaron had sent her a text to inform her that he had returned home safely.

Arielle texted him back a curt acknowledgment and clicked into her social media. She wanted to stay up to date on all the latest gossip and news. She immediately noticed that she was trending the moment she checked the comments.

Netizen A: Our goddess is back! She is still as gorgeous as ever.

Netizen B: My goddess gave me a treat during our first encounter this year. Thank you for your generosity! The food was delicious!

Netizen C: Oh, I envy those who went to Maureens's Kitchen today. I'm sad as I missed out on that.

Netizen D: Subs. I had to work overtime tonight and missed the opportunity!

Arielle's eyes crinkled up in laughter after she read everyone's comments. Finding the netizens' reaction adorable, she clicked into Netizen D's comment and replied: Dinner is on me tomorrow.

After that, she was about to check her WhatsApp messages when someone replied to her.

It was Netizen D, who asked, "Are you my goddess?"

She responded, "If I'm not mistaken, I should be your so-called goddess."

Her reply received so many likes that it ended up as the hottest reply in the thread. Everyone started leaving messages on Netizen D's comment.

Arielle had already exited her social media and was about to check her WhatsApp messages when her phone rang.

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She was still using her old phone number on a new phone, so none of her contacts were saved on her new phone. However, only those who knew her in person would call her.

Without hesitation, Arielle answered the call. "Hello? Who is this?"

"Boss, when are you coming back? If I hadn't seen your photo on social media, I wouldn't have known you were back!"

Recognizing Jared's voice, Arielle chuckled lightly and replied, "I just came back and didn't get to tell you guys yet."

After a pause, she asked, "How is life at Maxwell University? Can you keep up?"

Jared turned solemn the moment she mentioned their studies. They had Arielle to thank for being accepted into the university. If she hadn't tutored them, they wouldn't have made it and studied there.

"We're doing well, so don't worry."

"Good. When you come back, I shall treat you to a meal." Arielle's lips curved when she heard how confident Jared sounded.

Jared actually wanted to ask about his sister-in-law, but he had no idea how to start the topic.

He only parted his lips hesitantly after a while to ask, "Boss, what kind of person is my sister-in-law? Is she nice?"

"Why? Are you afraid Harvey's wife is hard to get along with?" Arielle joked.

On the other end of the line, Jared ran a hand through his hair meekly. Indeed, that was his very concern.

Jared, Harvey, and their grandfather were the only ones left in their family. The three of them lived together over the years.

If Harvey gets a difficult spouse, I can move out and live by myself but Grandpa...

"Don't worry. Your sister-in-law is a graceful, generous, and adorable woman. She will certainly get along with you. You should trust Harvey," Arielle assured him after realizing that he was truly worried.

Jared finally heaved a sigh of relief.

A few days ago, he contacted Harvey and was told that his brother would be back a few days later. As it coincided with his holiday, he could take the chance to head back home to meet his sister-in-law and nephew.

After they chatted for some time, Arielle asked about Trisha.

Jared stuttered when Trisha's name was mentioned, so Arielle immediately realized something was wrong.

She asked, "Did you get into a fight with her?"

Jared massaged his brows.

I wish we got into a fight.

"No!" Jared sounded frustrated as he explained, "One day, our friends joked that Trisha was my girlfriend, and I refuted them firmly. She happened to overhear our exchange and stopped talking to me ever since. I went to her, but she refused to see me. She has also ignored my calls and texts..."

Arielle couldn't hide her surprise.

It looks like Trisha has fallen in love with Jared.

When did that happen? I don't even have an inkling.

"Jared, be honest with me. How do you feel about Trisha?" she asked.

Jared was taken aback by the sudden question.

Feelings? Aren't we just friends?

What else should I feel? What does she mean by that?

Does she think that Trisha is in love with me just like my friends? That's impossible. I didn't even sense anything!

"Boss, do you think that Trisha is in love with me?" Jared asked carefully.

"If I'm not mistaken, yes," came Arielle's answer.

Jared felt helpless to hear her answer.

What should I do?

I don't want to get into a relationship for the time being.