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Arielle ignored him and forcefully opened the door. Just as she was about to get out of the room, the man said, "There's a bomb on this ship."

Halting in her tracks, Arielle stared at the man closely, trying to see if he was telling the truth or not. However, the man's intentions were difficult to read, and it was hard to tell if he was lying or not.

He's too good at hiding his emotions. I can't tell what he's thinking or feeling at all with that neutral expression of his!

As the man watched Arielle's cautious demeanor toward him, he chuckled and said, "Look, if you don't believe me, why don't you open up the wardrobe in room 1201

and find out."

A loud thud rang out in the very next moment as the door slammed shut.

The man smirked as he remained in the empty room. What an interesting little kitten indeed.

Soon, his face morphed back into his usual cold expression as he used his chin to touch his special watch.

In less than two seconds, a man's polite voice came out from the watch. The voice was asking in a foreign language, "Mr. Aaron, is there anything that I can do for

you?"

"Those men have discovered me. I also found out that

they planted a bomb on the cruise ship. However, I was unable to find out who they were after. Pin-point my location and get me out of here."

The voice replied without any hesitation, "Yes, sir! Be careful. We'll be there soon."

"All right." After the call ended, the man's handsome features relaxed slightly. Under the dim lighting, he looked particularly attractive.

The man suddenly recalled Arielle. Don't even think about running now that you've crossed me, little kitten.

He had never expected that he would run into an interesting pet while he was looking into his enemy's background. She was calm in the face of danger and quite attractive too. It was a surprise for him. He decided that he wanted to keep her after capturing her.

Arielle put on a jacket and rushed toward room 1201.

After experiencing an explosion once, bombs or other explosives were a sensitive topic for her. Regardless of whether it turned out to be true or not, she decided to have a look first.

The twelfth floor of the ship was extremely quiet and empty as she stopped outside room 1201.

She gave the door a knock first. When she did not receive a reply from the other side, she took a few steps back before rushing forward with a kick. She was finally able to break into the room after several

attempts.

Since the curtains were drawn in the room, it was dark. Thus, Arielle clutched her dagger and entered the room cautiously.

The first thing she did was make sure that there was no one in the room. After doing so, she shut the door and switched on the lights.

When the room was lit, she approached the wardrobe that the mysterious man told her about.

However, she was utterly startled the moment she opened the wardrobe. Sitting inside was a literal ticking time bomb. Upon closer inspection, she realized that if the bomb went off, the entire ship would be destroyed.

Just our luck that you picked such a place, Henrick.

After that, she crouched down and stared at the timer. She was shocked to see that there were only three minutes left on the timer.

At that moment, Arielle's phone rang. She was startled by the sudden ringing since there was quite a powerful bomb in front of her now.

She took a deep breath to compose herself before taking her phone out. However, she was greeted by a foreign number.

Third day... overseas... Suddenly, Arielle turned her attention to the bomb and realized that perhaps it was

not a coincidence that Henry picked this ship. Instead, someone had planted the bomb after he picked it.

This bomb might actually be meant for me!

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Arielle's back was instantly drenched in a cold sweat at the thought.

She could not believe that the hacker was able to track her here all the way from Jadeborough. Moreover, he had even planted a bomb on the ship.

This reminded her about the conversation the hacker had with her. She was warned that if she refused to join them, the bomb in front of her would be her only outcome.

Thus, she took several more deep breaths before picking up the call.

"Who are you?" Arielle questioned coldly.

A robotic-sounding voice came from the other end, saying, "Ms. Moore, are you always this cold when you receive a call from an unknown number?" The person was speaking in a foreign language, their original voice masked behind a voice changer. Even so, she could tell how cold the voice sounded.

As expected, it was none other than the hacker. This only confirmed her initial suspicion of the bomb being planted just for her.

She could not believe how ruthless that person was to cause so many innocent deaths just to get to her. This was just like a repeat of the bombing at the Southall Group building.

Thus, she gritted her teeth and questioned, "What do

you want?"

The robotic voice replied, "Your three days are up. I only want an answer from you."

However, Arielle did not reply to him immediately. Instead, she crouched down to inspect the bomb. She was trying to see if she would be able to throw it into the water.

However, due to how close the bomb was planted to the wardrobe, there was no way she could separate the bomb from it. The only way would be to throw the entire wardrobe into the water.

The main problem was that the wardrobe was mounted to the ceiling and the ground. She could not possibly throw it into the water.

What if I have the cruise crew deal with it?

However, Arielle soon decided not to do that because no one would believe her. Moreover, it would take longer than three minutes for her to get anyone there.

"Did you hear what I said, Ms. Moore?" The voice sounded impatient.

Closing her eyes, she tried hard to suppress her unease and disgust. "I'm willing to join you guys."

She decided to play it safe and not gamble with everyone's lives.

However, the person scoffed and said, "Ms. Moore, we have a lie detector beside us, and the data shows us that you're lying."

Arielle was stunned and immediately said, "I believe that there's something wrong with your lie detector then. Vinson and I had an argument, so I no longer wish to work with him anymore."

"Heh..." The person scoffed and said, "Our lie detector has never been wrong. Oh, Ms. Moore, you're too smart for your own good. Such a shame that someone as smart as you will soon disappear from the face of the world. Goodbye, Ms. Moore."

"Wait, I-" The call ended before she could finish.

"Damn it!" Arielle exclaimed and furiously pounded the wall.

Although she could jump off the ship and leave the blast radius of the bomb, all the other people on board would not have that luxury. She recalled overhearing a crew member saying that there were more than three hundred people on board the ship when she first boarded.

Three hundred lives... Thus, she took a deep breath to calm herself.

After two seconds, she called a bomb expert she knew from overseas. There was only a minute left on the timer.

She switched it to a video call. When the person picked

up, he said, "It's been a long time, San. How have you been doing lately? You look pale. What's going on?"

Arielle went straight to the point. "Ronald, I don't have the time for small talk right now. I have a bomb in front of me. Could you walk me through how I could defuse

it?"

Ronald was startled by what she said. However, without wasting any more time, he ordered, "Show it to me."

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Thus, Arielle turned the camera over and showed the bomb to Ronald. After a couple of seconds, Ronald replied with a complicated look, "San, this bomb... is extremely simple."

Arielle was delighted when she heard that, so she immediately said, "Since it's simple, hurry up and tell me how to defuse it."

However, Ronald shook his head and said, "Well, here's the problem. This bomb is so simple that it's a gamble to defuse it."

"What do you mean?" Arielle asked with a frown.

Ronald explained in a serious tone, "Do you see those two exposed wires?"

Arielle nodded. "I do. There's a black one and a white one."

Ronald nodded and replied, "Yes. Only by cutting the right wire can you defuse the bomb, or else it will explode."

"What happens if I cut the wrong wire then?"

Sucking in a breath, he said, "If you're wrong, the bomb will explode immediately."

Arielle was annoyed to hear that, so she bit her lip and asked, "So, which one should I cut, Ronald?"

"There's no sure answer to your question. It all comes

down to how the person who made this bomb thinks," he answered with a shake of his head.

At that, she mumbled to herself, "How he thinks..."

I've never had any prior interaction with that person, nor have I ever met him. How could I possibly know what he thinks?

Ronald's voice echoed from her phone again. "Are you close with that person? Or know anyone that is close to that person and might know what color that person hates? That might be the key to knowing which wire shouldn't be cut."

However, Arielle shook her head and said, "I don't even know that guy...'

"What are you waiting for then? Run!"

However, Arielle bit her lips and said, "There are more than three hundred people on board this ship..."

"You..."

Suddenly, Arielle's eyes lit up. "Perhaps he would know about it."

"Who?"

"A... friend. I'm going to ask him about it, so I'll hang up now."

Ronald immediately said, "Hurry up! You only have

thirty seconds left! If you see no way out of this, just run! Run for your life, okay?"

Arielle chuckled bitterly when he said that.

She could run, but what would happen to everyone on board that ship?

Although she hoped that the explosion would take out Henrick since it would save her a world of trouble, why should everyone else on board perish along with him?

"I know. Thanks." Arielle hung up immediately and called a different number.

The call was placed to Epea, located in the Western Hemisphere.

After much effort, Vinson was finally able to gather everyone that was about to quit or had already quit.

The branch office's staff rushed over to the director's office and politely reported, "Mr. Nightshire, everyone has arrived. A few of them were adamant about leaving the moment they arrived. You should go."

Vinson gave him a grunt in acknowledgment before making his way over to the meeting room.

However, his phone suddenly rang just as he arrived at the meeting room.

The call was from Arielle, which made him wonder why she was calling him at this hour.

However, right when Vinson was about to answer the call, his assistant urged him, "Mr. Nightshire, we can't delay any longer! Those people are extremely arrogant. If you don't enter now, they might be even more displeased..."

Vinson paused for a moment before picking up the call and telling his assistant, "You can head inside first. I need you to buy me five minutes."

His assistant was stunned as he stammered, "This..."

However, Vinson ignored him and walked to the end of the hallway while asking Arielle through the phone, "What's the matter, Arielle?"

Although Arielle could tell that he was busy, she could not be bothered by it as she asked, "Vinson, do you know that enemy of yours well?"

Vinson paused and asked in a serious tone, "Why the sudden question?"

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Arielle, who was on the cruise, stared at the two threads as she summarized Ronald's words for Vinson.

Instantly, Vinson looked even tenser. "I don't know much about him since he's very secretive... But I remember hearing his voice when those people tried to kill me at sea. He called me a 'dirty black rat.' I guess he hates the color black."

At once, Arielle placed the dagger below the black thread. She put her phone between her shoulder and her cheek. "I'll cut the black one, then..."

Vinson's forehead began to perspire heavily. Agitated, he paced back and forth. "Wait! How much time do you have left?"

Arielle glanced at the timer. "Fifteen seconds."

"Let me think. Let me think..." Upon closer observation, there was a slight tremble in Vinson's voice.

Never in his life had he felt this nervous before.

A few seconds later, Vinson gritted his teeth and cried, "Don't cut it! Arielle, run! Jump overboard! I'm not entirely sure about this!"

At that very moment, immense fear, helplessness, and anger overwhelmed Vinson.

He hated that he did not catch that bastard who caused this mess and did not know much about that person. As

a result, he put Arielle in harm's way.

Vinson understood that he could not gamble with her life based on the limited info he had about that perpetrator.

He dared not take any chances.

Hence, Vinson tightened the grip on his phone and said with a quiver in his voice, "Ignore them, Arielle! Run! I can't let you die for me! We can't take chances!"

Arielle chuckled wryly. "Vinson, if I manage to escape in one piece today, I'll live in remorse and agony for the rest of my life. My conscience will keep haunting me."

"Don't think about that! There's always hope as long as you're alive!" Vinson added hastily, "Even if you don't care about yourself, you gotta consider your mother, too! Who'll find out the truth about her if you're dead? Didn't you tell me so? Apart from Henrick and Cindy, there could be another perpetrator..."

"But if I run away, I'll be no different from Henrick. I'll become a killer like them..." Arielle spoke before placing the phone away from her. Then, she turned on its loudspeaker and said, "I'm going to cut it, Vinson."

"No! Arielle, don't cut it!" Vinson yelled.

At that moment, the man with bloodshot eyes gave off a murderous aura. He seemed to be shrouded in a dark mist, and nobody would dare to look him in the eye.

Meanwhile, Arielle smiled bitterly and looked at the timer. There was only eight seconds left. "Vinson, getting to know you is the best thing that has happened to me since my return. Actually, I kinda like you. If I survive, perhaps, we can become lifelong friends."

Vinson shrieked, "Arielle! No! Don't do it!".

He hated himself deeply for approaching her. As a result, he brought danger to her.

Furthermore, he resented himself for his uselessness and for going overseas at this time.

Arielle inhaled deeply and placed the blade against the middle of the folded black thread. She was about to cut it when she heard Vinson's voice again. "Arielle! Don't cut the black thread! Cut the white one!"

She paused and asked skeptically, "Why?"

"That fellow is a twisted pervert. His brain is probably wired differently compared to a normal person. If you really want to bet on it, cut the white thread, then!"

Arielle tensed up. Next, she moved the blade from the black thread to the white one

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Only two seconds were left on the timer.

Arielle closed her eyes and let out a cry inwardly. Mom! Then, she cut the white thread.

Snap! The thread broke.

Then, the timer let out a long beep.

Arielle lowered her head immediately and closed her eyes. It was something one naturally did in the face of death.

Everything was quiet on Vinson's side as he was holding his breath anxiously.

It was eerily quiet in the cabin.

Tick tock, tick tock...

The ticking of the clock was exceptionally clear inside the silent cabin.

As Arielle listened to it, she noticed that the clock had ticked twice, which meant two seconds had passed.

Slowly, she opened her eyes. She was surprised to find that the bomb's timer had stopped at precisely one second left.

I have... successfully disarmed the bomb! I was right!

Arielle finally found her voice after a few seconds. She picked up the phone excitedly and exclaimed, "Vinson!

I'm still alive! Vinson! Are you there?"

However, there was no reply.

A few seconds ago, in a high-rise building in the Western Hemisphere, Vinson had placed his phone on the window sill. He forced himself to shut his eyes. Then, he lit a cigarette and took a drag.

He was afraid of looking at his phone.

Arielle had said that if she survived, she would live the rest of her life in remorse.

However, if she died, he would be the one living in guilt instead.

At that moment, he wished that he never knew Arielle so that she did not have to go through all of this.

Soon, half of his cigarette was gone.

With the smoke surrounding him, Vinson finally got the courage to check his phone again.

His phone screen indicated the call was still ongoing.

Vinson's heart began to beat rapidly, and a glimmer of hope began to appear within his forlorn gaze.

As he quickly pressed the phone against his ear, Arielle's concerned voice could be heard from the other end. "Where are you? Why aren't you answering?"

Vinson could not help but let out a laugh.

Arielle's alive! She's still alive!

"Hahaha..." The towering man laughed like a lunatic.

He pursed his lips, took a deep breath, and uttered, "Arielle..."

"I'm here." Arielle sounded weak, but there was a hint of delight in her voice. "I'm not dead! We were right! It was the white one indeed! That fellow has a loose screw!"

While Arielle bellowed, Vinson listened quietly, and his lips gradually curled into a smile.

For the first time in his life, he found her scolding to be pleasing to the ears, as though he was listening to an orchestra.

He even wanted to continue listening to her.

Suddenly, Jordan's voice appeared. "Why aren't you coming over yet? Had it not been for my help, those people would have escaped!"

Vinson looked up and saw a scowling Jordan. For once, he found the latter to be tolerable.

Arielle also overheard Jordan, so she interrupted Vinson. "Go help him, then. For now, everything's fine on my side."

"All right. Call me if anything happens," Vinson replied. He put his phone into his pocket after Arielle ended the call.

Jordan asked him with a frown, "Who were you talking to? You had tears in your eyes, but you also laughed like a madman..."

Vinson raised a hand. Instinctively, Jordan closed his eyes, for he thought the former wanted to hit him.

To his surprise, he merely felt a weight on his shoulder. When he opened his eyes, he saw that Vinson had placed his hand on his shoulder. There was a subtle smile on Vinson's face. "Thank you. I'll go now."

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Jordan was puzzled to see Vinson walking away.

Something's not right about him. Could he be....

Jordan widened his eyes in fear.

Don't tell me that Vinson is interested in me? After all, I'm good-looking and charming.

The thought of this possibility gave Jordan the shudders.

No way... That can't be it. Vinson couldn't be interested in me, right?

Jordan wanted to clarify this, but Vinson had already stepped into the conference room.

Hence, he had no choice but to keep this question to himself and walked into the conference room as well.

It was noisy inside in the room as the director was trying to comfort the technical staff but to no avail.

Right then, a burst of intimidating aura entered the conference room.

Everyone fell silent at that moment as they turned around to look at the man who walked in.

He was wearing a luxurious black suit with his cuffs fastened, walking into the room with a confident air about him.

It took only one glance for everyone to feel his domineering presence.

No one dared to utter a word as they were all intimidated by him, holding their breaths unwittingly.

Some people were meant to be leaders, and he was undoubtedly one of them.

The crowd needed no introduction from him, for everyone recognized him as Vinson Nightshere, their former chairman.

Right then, Vinson unbuttoned the bottom two buttons on his suit, but instead of taking a seat, he stood there by the desk and swept a cold glance across the room.

Those who had met his gaze subconsciously lowered their heads.

His aura was just too domineering.

After glancing at everyone in the room, Vinson finally started speaking in a deep voice, "I apologize for keeping you waiting. Something urgent came up just now, and I had to settle it first."

Those who were making a fuss about leaving earlier on cleared their throats upon hearing that, not daring to say a word.

However, there was a blonde guy with blue eyes who mustered up his courage and said, "Mr. Nightshire, I've already tendered my resignation, but they've been

delaying to confirm it. May I know what's your intention of asking me to come here?"

Vinson narrowed his eyes at that blonde guy.

"You've proven your ignorance by not knowing why I asked for you to gather here. I don't need ignorant people in my company. You may leave now."

"You..." The blonde guy gaped at him in surprise.

He had been picturing what Vinson would possibly say to them, and he had also come up with different responses to deal with the respective scenarios. Yet, he didn't expect Vinson to ask him to leave right away.

Shouldn't he be begging us to stay?

He didn't know how to react to Vinson's words.

Meanwhile, the others were stunned too, especially Jordan and the director in charge of this subsidiary. They were both shocked as they looked at Vinson with widened eyes.

What's he trying to do? Is Vinson out of his mind?

Vinson then continued, "I've traveled 11 hours to come here and another 11 hours to gather all of you. I didn't get to rest for the past 22 hours. So I'd like to think I'm here with great sincerity to meet all of you."

Everyone present was a little relieved to hear that.

Vinson paused for a few seconds before he added, "I don't know how much or what positions they're offering you. But seeing that all of you have resigned, it's obvious that they're offering you much more than I do."

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The blonde guy raised his chin upon hearing this as if he had once again mustered up his courage. "Mr. Nightshire, I will stop beating around the bush now that you've learned about everything. It's like what you Chanaeans always say, water always flows toward the low lands, whereas men will always try to climb up the ranks. Similarly, I think I can achieve more by leaving this company. Mr. Nightshire, I'm sure you won't blame us for this decision, will you?"

Vinson nodded in agreement. "I don't blame you. In fact, I agree with you. Every one of you here has great potential and talents, so it's only normal for you to want more than this. Let me get straight to the point then. For those of you who want to stay, the company will reward you according to your contribution in each project you participate in from now on."

Upon hearing his words, everyone began murmuring.

"Is he saying he will give us the company shares?"

"Reward us according to our contribution... Yes, I think that's what he meant."

The blonde guy sneered with disdain. "How much are the shares even worth? They're offering me the general manager position, and I can earn ten million in a year!"

Vinson raised an eyebrow upon hearing this. "I believe every one of you here shouldn't be earning less than ten million a year. The bigger the projects are, the bigger your contributions will be to the company, and of course, the more the company will be rewarding you.

Don't you wish to see how much you can make? In comparison to being promised a stable position and a fixed pay, don't you want to try and see how much more you can achieve?"

His words stunned the blonde man.

Not only ten million but higher than that!

Almost all of them were wavering upon hear that.

Vinson continued saying, "All of you have been working in this company for years, and I'm sure you've developed certain feelings for this place. What do you think?"

Will you be willing to stay here and see how far you can go, or will you be leaving for a different company in exchange for a fixed salary and a bland life?"

The blond guy gritted his teeth and was the first to say, "I will stay!"

He was keen to see how much he was worth to the company and how far he could achieve with his skills.

Following the blonde guy, many among the crowd raised their hands too.

"I'm willing to stay as well."

"Same here."

"Me too."

More and more people had their hands raised.

As Jordan looked over at the staff, he saw that everyone's hands were in the air, indicating their intention to stay.

He was shocked at the outcome, wondering what he did wrong earlier on.

Why is it that Vinson managed to convince them by just saying a few words, but I couldn't even keep them under control at all? What just happened?

Carter who had been standing by the door slowly curled his lips into a smile.

He had heard everything that happened in the room.

From the moment Vinson walked in, he had been keeping the situation under control with his domineering aura. Through his conversation with the blonde guy, Vinson made them believe that the company could still operate without them.

Vinson then started showing his sincerity before he lured them to tell him how much the opponent was offering them.

After that, he started reassuring them by giving them a better offer and showing them the bigger picture. Of course, he was not merely giving them empty promises.

The staff members were either international award winners or graduates from prestigious universities, so

they were confident and proud of their achievements.

For people like them, they wouldn't be contented with a fixed salary. They wanted to work at a company where they would be appreciated for their skills and talents.

Vinson's promise gave them the opportunity to do so.

Needless to say, this strategy was not necessarily suitable for all employers. Since Nightshire Group was one of the top companies worldwide, its employees had nothing else to worry about except for their capabilities to keep up with the group's reputation.

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Carter shook his head. It was terrifying for them to have Vinson, who was good at manipulation, as their boss.

Luckily, I'm not his staff nor his rival. Otherwise, I would have been a victim to his mind games, too, without me even realizing it.

He was impressed by Vinson's ability to settle the issue.

Before leaving the conference room, they had to sign a contract stating that they wouldn't resign in the next three years. Even after all of them had left, Jordan was still looking at Vinson with admiration.

Carter chuckled as he pushed up his glasses and patted Jordan on the shoulder. "Are you still in shock?"

Feeling the pat on his shoulder, Jordan immediately returned to his senses. He grabbed Vinson and asked, "How did you do that?"

Vinson glanced at him and said, "You just have to find out what they want, and then, you satisfy them."

Jordan took a notebook and a pen, ready to jot down Vinson's advice.

However, Vinson stopped talking.

Jordan tilted his head. "What's next then?"

Vinson was typing rapidly on his phone as he replied to Jordan, "Nothing else."

Jordan was once again left puzzled.

Nothing else? That's all? But I still have so many unanswered questions.

Jordan was still pestering Vinson with questions, but the latter's gaze was fixed on his phone screen instead.

Jordan was upset with his attitude. "Who are you texting? Your internet girlfriend?"

Vinson shot him a cold glare, and Jordan immediately kept quiet.

Carter, who had been standing at the side, felt that something was off. "What happened?"

Vinson's expression turned solemn. "I sent The Crew to protect Arielle in the dark, and I was informed that none of them turned up when Arielle almost died in an explosion. I suspect that they might have..."

Hearing this, Carter and Jordan's hearts skipped a beat.

Jordan blurted out, "Almost died in an explosion? What do you mean? Is that guy after Ms. Moore?"

Vinson nodded. "Not only that. I was late just now because they installed a bomb on the cruise Arielle and her family were on."

Upon hearing that, the talkative Jordan suddenly looked solemn and remained silent.

Carter's expression darkened. "I'll send some of my men to protect her now. You should focus on finding The Crew and also investigating the incident."

"Okay." Vinson nodded and started calling The Crew again.

However, he couldn't get in touch with all four of them, nor could he locate them. It was as if they had just disappeared into thin air.

However, all signs clearly pointed that they were still alive out there...

What happened to them?

Vinson got irritated as he abruptly suggested, "Come on. I want to go shopping. It's been a while since I last shopped in Epea."

Carter immediately caught the implicit meaning of his words. Vinson was trying to lure the mastermind out by using himself as bait.

He frowned. "Let me make some arrangements first... Don't rush into this. Let's wait for Harvey to return. He's got a lead, and I'm sure he's coming back soon."

However, Vinson remained silent.

He was never a reckless person, but somehow, he was always edgy whenever Arielle was involved.

Suddenly, Vinson was reminded of Carter telling him

that he was falling for her.

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His gaze darkened as his memories flashed back to that night when he shared a bed with Arielle and how he tossed and turned the entire night.

Vinson closed his eyes as his heart started thumping wildly at that thought.

He suddenly said to Carter, "Perhaps you're right."

Feeling puzzled, Carter asked, "What?"

However, Vinson didn't explain his words. "Nothing. You can go ahead and make arrangements first."

Carter left while feeling confused. Meanwhile, Jordan was even more perplexed. He gathered his courage and asked, "Vin, let me ask you something, and you have to be honest with me. After all, we're friends, and there should be no secrets between friends."

Vinson was still trying to locate The Crew as he replied, "I've already answered you just now."

"No. This isn't about that." Jordan inhaled deeply as if he had finally made up his mind and asked, "Tell me. Are you falling for someone?"

Is it... Could it be me?

Jordan didn't dare to ask that last question.

Vinson looked up at him, and there was a hint of surprise in his eyes.

Was it so obvious that even the insensitive Jordan noticed my feelings?

Vinson paused for a while before saying, "Maybe..."

He wasn't sure either, and he needed more confirmation.

However, Vinson didn't notice the astonishment in Jordan's eyes.

What? Does Vin like me? All this while, I've been treating him as my friend, but he seems to think of me as more than that

"I-I have to leave now!" Jordan didn't dare to stay in the same room as Vinson anymore. Immediately, he left the room as if he was escaping from some terrifying monster.

Although I do have respect for Vinson, I'm straight! I only like women!

Vinson was confused to see Jordan fleeing from the room.

Nonetheless, he didn't dwell on the matter as this wasn't the first time Jordan was acting weird. Soon, he prepared himself for the "shopping trip."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, a helicopter was flying above Arielle's cruise.

The door to the helicopter wasn't closed, and strong wind was constantly blowing into the helicopter.

However, Aaron who was sitting by the door didn't seem to be affected at all.

The man had oval-shaped blue eyes and porcelain skin, with half of his face covered by his hair.

His bodyguard couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Aaron, are we not leaving yet? What are you waiting for?"

Aaron raised his brow. "Waiting for the fireworks."

Waiting for my kitten to explode in the "fireworks."

The bodyguard didn't understand. "What?"

However, Aaron stopped responding. His attention was focused on the cruise beneath them.

If what he heard from those guys was true, the cruise would be exploding anytime soon.

He had reminded her out of kindness so that she could find a way to hop off that cruise. However, he still didn't see anyone leaving the cruise.

Maybe she didn't believe what I told her. Gee, what a pity. Looks like my interesting kitten will soon vanish with the fireworks.

After waiting for a while, there was still no explosion at all. Aaron then saw the cruise docking near the shore.

Aaron was puzzled at the situation.

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What happened?

The next moment, Aaron saw his "kitten" supporting an old lady down the cruise.

The "kitten" seemed to have sensed something, and her gaze fell upon Aaron, who was a hundred meters away.

Before Aaron could react from his helicopter, Arielle flipped him off secretly when Malorie was not looking.

Although Aaron was not from Chanaea, the middle finger gesture had a universal meaning.

"Haha!" Instead of looking furious, Aaron laughed out loud.

It seems that my "kitten" has dismantled the bomb. The situation is becoming even more interesting.

He turned over and instructed the bodyguard through the helicopter headset, "Let's go. Also, find out all her details."

The helicopter stopped at the pier for another two seconds before leaving.

As if she had seen nothing, Arielle softly reminded Malorie to mind the stairs in front of her.

Malorie did think of creating trouble for Arielle. However, she had not recovered completely and thus did not have the strength. Also, Henrick was busy with work and was picking up work calls from time to time,

so he had no time to take care of her.

As a result, Arielle had become her only support.

It was not a comfortable feeling for Malorie.

She murmured in acknowledgment and climbed the stairs with Arielle's support.

Soon, it was dusk, and Arielle and the others finally returned to the Southall residence.

Upon reaching the manor, Malorie headed straight into the room prepared for her and fell asleep. She did not even have the strength and energy to go to the backyard to look at Shandie.

Arielle predicted that Malorie would need at least another week to recover completely, given her age group's metabolic rate.

Shandie's burial would probably happen after the seventh day.

It was not possible for Malorie to cause any more trouble, but Arielle still had to put her guard up against Mason and Matthias.

She sat in the backyard, where Shandie's body was placed, deep in thought.

At this moment, she heard a loud noise on top of the wall behind one of the locust trees in the backyard.

She stood up cautiously and looked in the direction of the sound

The flower pot on the wall was moved half a meter away and there was a hand clinging to the wall. Soon after, a woman half covered in blood climbed over.

Arielle walked over instantly and shouted coldly, "Who are you? What are you doing? I will shout if you come in!"

The woman panted and said weakly, "Ms. Moore, I-I am one of the people sent by Mr. Nightshire to protect you. We were attacked, and I am the only one left. They are still chasing me."

Arielle recalled Vinson had indeed mentioned there were bodyguards protecting her from the shadows. However, she could not trust a stranger so easily.

"Don't move. Let me check first!" she said as she gave Vinson a video call.

After experiencing two explosion incidents, she had no choice but to be wary of everything as there could be traps.

It did not take long for Vinson to pick up the call. "Arielle, what's wrong?"

Arielle switched the view of the camera and aimed it at the woman on the wall. She asked, "Is she one of yours?"

Vinson's eyes immediately widened. "Sasha!"

The woman acknowledged weakly. Tears slid down her face as she said, "Mr. Nightshire, they are all dead. Those people crashed our car into the river. I was the only one awake, and I broke the car window and escaped."

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