

Chapter 0046

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"Renea did you buy so many clothes?" Carson asked on the phone, looking at the office filled with clothes.

When the delivery man sent the clothes to the door, he was stunned for a long time.

Renea replied, "Yes, you can use them as costumes for a drama. Even though they are not high-end, they fit the needs of our drama, 'My sweet home'."

"But we don't need this many. We still have many other expenses to consider. We need to save some money." he said.

"It's fine. These were given by someone else."

If someone was willing to be a scapegoat, how could she not take advantage of it?

"Alright, we're going to start filming soon, and we might need a significant amount of money. There's not much left in our account. Can you see if you can spare some?"

Carson was a little embarrassed to ask for money.

He knew the company had just started, and there were many things to take care of, invest in, and necessary expenses for piling up.

Sending money was like water flowing. It was difficult to save.

Renea pinched the space between her eyebrows and asked, "How much do you need?"

"It might be a more this time, around \$50 million."

To be honest, this amount was already the result of Carson cutting back on expenses as much as possible."

"Alright give me a day and I'll transfer the money to you the day after tomorrow." Renea hung up the phone and opened the stock market data website.

Currently, King's group was still at the limit down, she had just to wait for tomorrow's rebound.

Aron had heard that Renea bought clothes for him and sent her a message.

Renea was startled when she saw Aron's message that probed out. She thought of what she said in the mall during the day.

'It's probably Stella who blabbed to Aron.' she thought.

Renea replied to Aron, "The merchant has not shifted yet. Just wait a little longer."

Aron replied, "OK".

Renea then immediately called Carson and said, "Pick out that royal blue suit from the men's section, repackage it and have someone deliver it to Kingston Mansion."

Although she only looked once at the style and color of the clothes in the store, she already had them in her mind.

At that time when she saw the Royal Blue suit, she felt that the colour was suitable for Aron.

Carson didn't know what was going on, but he didn't ask. He followed Renea's instructions and sent the clothes to Kingston Mansion.

Aron, who had received the suit, put it on the next morning.

Seeing Aron, radiant in the royal blue suit, Stella couldn't help but burst out laughing.

"Uncle Aron when did you start following the young people styles?" Stella asked

One should know that in his wardrobe, apart from white and black, there was not a single piece of clothing in any other color.

And they were not of this young design either.

"Am I very old?" Aron was displaced.

Stella wanted to nod, but when she met Aron's piercingly, cold gaze, the words on the tip of her tongue were swallowed back. And she immediately changed her statement, "Not old at all. Not even a bit, if it were not for the fact that you are already 28 I would think you are only 18."

No matter what flattery or voice worked.

Aron withdrew his gaze and strode out.

"Uncle, is this outfit a gift from Renea?" Stella asked as she chased after him.

Aron tacitly agreed.

Stellar's mouth twitched. She thought, "Uncle, do you have to be so

double standard. When someone else gives you a gift, even if its priceless, you can't be bothered to take a look. But when Renea gives you one, even it's a low-end brand, you treated it like a precious treasure."

Aron sent Renea a message, "I was just passing by the school. Let's have dinner together after your class."

"Alright!"

Renea didn't think too much. She thought that, since they were not alone, and Stella was there, it wouldn't be too awkward.

But when it was the last class, the teacher called Stella away, and she didn't come back even after class.

Aron sent her a message. "I'm at the school gate."

"Stella has not returned from the teachers place yet." Renea replied.

"We don't have to wait for her. I'll send her the location later." Aron said.

"Alright."

Renea walked out of the school and saw the limited-edition Rolls-Royce at the entrance. It caught many people's attention.

She strode over and the driver and special assistant Marshall quickly opened the door of the backseat for her.

"Isn't that Renea?" Tia clenched her fist and looked at Renea with a pair of poisonous eyes. She felt even more indignant when she saw Renea getting into the luxury car.

'Why did the fake rich girl like Renea deserve such a good treatment?'

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"Hello Aron!" Renea greeted.

At a glance, she saw the clothes on Aron, and they indeed suited him. They didn't make him look gloomy but gave off a sense of seriousness.

"Hi!" Aron responded and I didn't say anything else. His eyes were fixed on the laptop screen on his lap, and the data on it made his expression serious.

Renea didn't disturb him. She sat quietly by the side and looked out of the window.

A breeze blew over lifting her hair.

A pair of hands reached over and gently smoothed their hair in front of her eyes, behind her ears.

Renea turned her head and met Aron's gaze.

"What would you like to eat?" Aron asked in a gentle tone.

Renea raised an eyebrow and said, "As long its not a western food."



Comments



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### Chapter 0047

"Marshall let's go to the restaurant on the Southwest Road." Aron ordered.

Marshall was stunned for a moment, then he replied, "Yes."

He didn't dare to ask what would happen to the pre-booked Western restaurant.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Aron directly requested a private room. He didn't like it when it was too noisy, just like Renea.

Renea intended to choose a private room.

"What would you like to eat?" Aron asked as he handed over the menu.

"Anything is fine." Renea didn't take the menu. She didn't know how to order food and had never ordered anything before.

"Order something you like."

Renea smiled slightly and said, "I don't particularly have any favourite dishes. Anything is fine."

This indifferent smile caused a slight pang in Aron's heart and his gentle gaze fixed on her face.

"Aron you had better do it."

Her words pulled Aron back to reality.

Aron ordered the specialty dishes in the restaurant.

The two of them sat there just like this, making Renea feel a bit uncomfortable. She could only keep looking at the time.

"Why hasn't Stella arrived?" She said.

"She's probably still busy." Aron lied without even blushing.

Renea fell silent again. She had a feeling that Stella would not come.

At that moment, Aron took out a gift box and handed it to Renea. She looked up at him, not knowing what he meant.

"A gift in return," Aron revealed a gentle smile.

Renea was even more puzzled now.

"I really like this outfit, and it suits me well." He said.

Renea understood and looked at the outfit Aron was wearing, feeling a bit guilty.

She pushed the gift back to Aron and said, "The clothes are thank you for your birthday gift. There is no need for a return gift."

"There is no need to thank me for the birthday present. It's only natural to give a return gift." Aron retorted.

"Take it with you. I think it suits you very well." Aron said.

He opened the gift box and a beautiful necklace appeared in front of Renea.

Especially the butterfly pendant on the necklace. It was gorgeous yet elegant.

Looking at the dark blue butterfly pendant, the man with a butterfly birthmark on her collarbone in the video of her past life flashed in Renea's mind.

"I don't like butterflies. Thank you for your kind intentions. Mr. Kingston." Renea closed the gift box, her cold emotion making it clear that her attitude had changed, even her way of addressing him.

Aron didn't understand it was just a necklace. How could she have such a big reaction?

"I'm going to the washroom." Renea got up and left.

Looking at her back as she left Aron's heart ached for no reason.

Renea, who entered the restroom with big strides, locked herself in a stall. Although she was strong enough now when she recalled the scene of the video. It felt like sharp knives were cutting into her body and each cut tore through her flesh.

Each cut was deep and painful as if it was tearing her apart.

After calming her emotions, Renea returned to her usual cold demeanor as if nothing had happened.

The sound of conversation comes from the room, causing her to stop in her tracks.

"Mr. Kingston X is breaking through our main system. The firewall you set up already has cracks."

'X?'

Renea frowned slightly. 'How could he have offended the top hacker X?'



She thought

X was particularly eccentric. If he didn't like someone, he would enjoy breaking into their internal confidential system, causing people to panic and feel helpless, as if doing so, give him a sense of accomplishment.

Anyone he targeted usually didn't end up well.

Renea pushed open the door and walked in. Aron immediately hid the chill in his eyes.

"You came at the right time. The dishes were just served. The food here is specially delicious."

Renea nods slightly. Both of them acted as if nothing happened.

Renea didn't like the bracelet and Aron didn't force her to accept it.

Just as Renea had guessed, Stella had not appeared in the restaurant even after the meal was over.

Aron sent Renea back to the Morris family.

After returning home, Renea opened her computer. Her slender fingers swiftly typed on the keyboard and a string code appeared on the computer screen. Soon, the screen was filled with code until it returned to the normal page, and she stopped.

After turning off the computer, she went back to her bed and lay down. The scenes of her previous life flash through her mind like a movie.

Her grandfather could not be considered someone who liked her very much. At least he never stood by her side or spoke for her when Susan troubled her.

But before he died, he gave her 50% of the Morris family assets.

This was something that Renea had always been puzzled about.

After pondering for a moment, Renea took out her phone and sent a message.

"You can take action now."

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Marshall rushed into the study with a shocked, puzzled, and delighted expression.

"Mr. Kingston someone helped us block X's attack."

Aron frowned and turned on the computer. The cracked firewall had been completely repaired and an additional layer of protection had been added. With even more meticulous and solid techniques than his own.

"Mr. Kingston, could it be Mr. Darren has helped us?"

The only powerful person whom Marshall could think of was Darren White.

Aron shook his head with certainty and said, "Darren's methods are not so direct."

"This person's techniques are like going to war, killing with a single blow without giving the enemy a chance to breathe. Darren's method, on the other hand, seems gentle like playing with a cat and mouse, manipulating people as he likes."

"Then, who is helping us?" Marshall was puzzled.

Aron's furrowed brows didn't relax. Whether this person was a friend or a foe was still unknown.

'This person could repair the company's firewall system quickly, indicating a deep understanding of his system.'

If he was an enemy, stealing the company's secret would be a piece of cake for him.'

Marshall looked at Aron and said cautiously, "Mr. Kingston, why don't we ask Mr. Darren for help?"

"There is no need." Aron rejected him immediately. His tone carries a hint of anger.

Marshall had no choice but to shut his mouth. 'These two grown men were still angry with each other after arguing. It wasn't a big deal.' he thought.



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