

Chapter 1961-Dior examined the footage the moment she received it.

True enough, it showed Sonia and George talking about their little deal. It also showed how Dior was telling the truth while they both ganged up on her.

Dior's frail heart felt as though it was rejuvenated once more, feeling as though blood was once more pumped into her heart. Her dull eyes devoid of hope regained their lost luster once more.

Not thinking twice, she dialed Harry's number with this evidence, though he had to be busy, seeing as he did not pick up even after the phone rang for a long while.

Just as she was about to hang up, Harry picked up the phone.

"What do you want?"

On the other end of the call was the voice that she had missed for so long. His low, hoarse voice sounded so cold and emotionless.

Hearing his voice brought Dior back to the image of his handsome face, and her heart skipped a beat.

She tried her best to restrain her fluttering emotions as she tried to speak calmly, "Do you have time? I'd like to meet up with you-" "No," interjected Harry coldly before Dior could even finish.

Dior froze like a deer caught in the headlights.

She held her phone tightly and pursed her lips, blurting, "I have an important thing to say to you." Worried that he would deny her again, she quickly added, "I won't bother you after this, and I'll never appear in your way ever again." 1 Guy sat opposite his sister, who treated this man so humbly and cautiously.

Guy's heart sank, evidently worried about his naive sister.

Harry hesitated for a moment, as if he was convinced by her promise that she would not bother her again, and curtly relented, "Time and place."

Dior felt relieved upon hearing Harry's response. "Eight o'clock tonight, at Scent Restaurant," she replied.

Harry thus hung up without responding.

Dior put down her phone and went into the room to start looking for a dress while Guy stood at the pavilion, gazing at a giddy Dior. He sighed gently.

Love truly could affect a person completely. 2 He would never have thought that his proud, willful sister would be so humble for a man, that she would be instantly energized by a word from his mouth.

Around seven in the evening, a luxury car pulled over outside Scent Restaurant.

The car door opened, and a long fair leg stepped out, sported with a ten-centimeter heel.

The beautiful Dior got out of the car, the breeze blowing at her well-curled hair.

She donned a chic dress, her face delicately decorated with makeup and her lips painted alluringly with red lipstick.

With a limited-edition bag at her side, she looked elegant and expensive.

She was a far cry from the Dior who looked dull and wasted back in Mount Village. She had become a high-above, wealthy heiress.

Dior made her way to a reserved table on the second floor. She leaned on one hand elegantly as she looked at the entrance of the restaurant.

After waiting for ten minutes, finally, the figure she missed dearly had arrived.

Harry got out of the car, his muscular figure draped in a fitted suit. He looked cool and sexy.

He took off his sunglasses, showing his handsome face.

His feet, fitted into shiny leather shoes, carried him toward the restaurant.

Dior instantly straightened herself and pretended to coolly pick up her glass to drink, but her heart was undeniably pounding like crazy.

True, she promised Harry that this would be the last time she would bother him, but...

There would be another story to this once he found out about Sonia's plot.

By then, would he finally turn back to have a look at her, the woman who had been waiting for him?